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MORNINGS OF THE RECESS.

VOL. I.

MORNINGS OF THE RECESS.

1861—64.

A SERIES OF

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY PAPERS.

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THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN ELIOT.*

THERE is no man living who is so well entitled to be heard on any preliminary or incident of the great struggle between the English Monarchy and the English Parliament as Mr. John Forster, who has made it the honourable pleasure, pride, and labour of his life to illustrate the construction of our present English liberties. He occupies this position very naturally and fairly, because, more than almost any of his studious contemporaries, he has resolutely devoted himself to one object of great compass, but of which the particulars have a very close connexion as cause or effect. It is a felicitous application of a man's energies to accomplish this concentration, especially as the opportunities of so applying them are rare. Moreover, Mr. Forster has been lucky in the lie of the game in the particular manor over which he has so exclusively sported. For his earlier biographies of the Statesmen of the Com-

* 'Sir John Eliot: a Biography, 1590—1632.' By John Forster. 2 vols. Longmans, 1864.

monwealth, for his histories of the Grand Remonstrance and of the Arrest of the Five Members, of a later date, he has obtained access to certain stores of information which were practically unknown to any of his predecessors, if we except only Mr. Sanford, as to certain portions of them. In the present instance, Mr. Forster has set the crown on his former good fortune by deciphering, among other papers at Port Eliot (Lord St. Germans), a memoir of the first Parliament of Charles I. by Eliot himself, of which the historical importance is great and the personal interest unrivalled—in which we have the record, not insufficient, however incomplete, of the opening scenes of one of the grandest conflicts in which the men of one generation ever engaged to secure the happiness and freedom of generations that were to follow. "In the very title given to his manuscript by Eliot himself," says Mr. Forster, "that idea appears. Not for ourselves we did these things, made these sacrifices, underwent these toils and sufferings, but for you. It was not our business we were then transacting, but yours—*Negotium Posterorum.*"

This nobly significant title of Eliot's memoir is amply borne out by the nature of its contents, while Mr. Forster, on his side, has brought the stores of his erudition to the illustration of the papers of Eliot himself, and has combined them together in a biography of the great patriot, the excellence of which it would be exceedingly difficult to over-estimate. Our constitutional historian, Hallam, who compassed the whole range of English history, singled

out and set apart Sir John Eliot as "*the most illustrious* confessor in the cause of liberty whom that time produced;" and now comes Mr. Forster with a monumental biography to make him familiar to the posterity to whom he confided his work. Where the avenue of statues leading into our Houses of Parliament commences, Mr. Forster as it were, adds him to the august series, as their predecessor, if not superior, and as entitled to the same tribute of posthumous fame.

Now Mr. Forster has performed his office very faithfully, though he certainly pants a little in the process, like a stout man who is tramping over a heavy soil. It is possible, however, with a little mutual assistance, to get at a *resumé* of this biography, which shall show the chief points in Eliot's character and conduct; and to this we accordingly proceed. John Eliot was "a Cornishman born, and an esquire's son." He was born at the Priory of Port Eliot, on the river Tamar, on the 20th of April, 1590, though his family were of old Devonshire descent. His youth had few of the restraints which should have been applied to a temper impetuous and ardent, and he committed one outrage while he was hardly yet a man, which brought upon him some temporary discredit. In a fit of passion he drew his sword and wounded a neighbour in his own house, but his subsequent apology for the injury he had done was honestly redeemed, and he even obtained the love of the man whom hastily he had injured. Mr. Forster reminds us of the prevalence of duelling in

the time of James I., and he specifies several examples; but these are hardly to the point. The main consideration is this, that Eliot frankly acknowledged his fault, and was startled for the future into a perfect self-control.

In Michaelmas Term, 1607, at the age of fifteen, he became a gentleman commoner of Exeter College, Oxford. He remained about three years there; but though he left without a degree, he afterwards showed that the three years were not misspent, and that he was most familiar with the schools of philosophy of Greece and Rome. The evidences of his early training appear in every part of his story, and "to the habits and commencement of this early time must also be ascribed the fervency and simplicity of his religious belief. He was not a Puritan; but his sympathies went strongly with all that advocacy of the pure in faith and worship to which the term was applied. . . . In the first speech he delivered after the accession of Charles I., as in his last letter to Hampden from the prison to which Charles consigned him, the Bible is the compass by which he steers his course to the haven in which he finds his rest." The consolations derived from religion were interfused with all his habits of thought, and sustained him in every part of his career.

Another characteristic was his love of active and athletic exercise, evinced not only in his own practice, but in his urgent charge to his boys' tutor that their recreations and exercise should be, not less than their scholarship, the object of his solicitude. When a friend had fallen into

inactive habits, he addressed to him from his prison a most touching remonstrance, which impressed upon him the necessity of a more active life, and concluded with this significant language:—"I know I need not counsel you, who have Abraham and the Prophets; but yet one coming from the dead, who, by privation, knows the benefit of exercise, which God appoints for the recreation of man, may have some creditt more than ordinary to make some light impressions upon the minde." His latest enjoyment in the Tower, of which he was deprived by closer custody in the last year of his imprisonment, was the game of bowls, that he had first played in his boyhood on the green at Port Eliot.

After leaving the university he went to one of the inns of court to obtain some acquaintance with the common law of England, then generally required for an English gentleman's education. When next we get sight of him he is travelling on the Continent, as had become also very generally then the custom of young men of family and fortune. Here Eliot and Villiers, afterwards duke of Buckingham, met and journeyed together to several places. It is said they became intimate, and it is probable that for some time they were so, though in after years their deflecting sympathies and a widely different destiny struck them finally apart. France had greatly interested Eliot; and he commended to his sons in after life the advantages of knowledge and experience to be acquired from an observation of its troubles. "But he would not allow them

even to enter Spain, and the Italian territories of the Church they were to avoid as dangerous." This was the indication of his cordial antipathy to the cause of Spain and Rome.

After his return to England, in 1611, Eliot married, and instead of carrying off his wife surreptitiously, as Mr. Disraeli has represented, he has had ascribed to him simply a delinquency of his son. "He was, unhappily, deprived of his wife by death in 1628, before the first recess of the memorable Parliament of that year, after she had presented him with several children." He had scarcely married when the House of Commons opened its doors to him; and he was undoubtedly a member of the House, though this was previously unknown, upon the assembling of James's second Parliament in 1614. Among the men, young like himself, whom he then saw on the benches round him, were Robert Philips, Pym, Sir Dudley Digges, Oliver Luke, and a tall young man from Yorkshire, Thomas Wentworth, hereafter to become the dread and fated Earl of Strafford. Besides these youths were men of older and larger experience—Sir Francis Bacon *for the last time,* Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Edward Giles, Sir James Parrot, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir John Savile of Howley, the opponent of the Wentworths in the West Riding, with those experienced and liberal lawyers, Crewe Hakewell, Hoskins, Thomas Wentworth of Oxford, Nicholas Hyde, and Sir James Whitelocke. The Parliament was a somewhat unruly Parliament, and there was an aspersion

of "undertaking," as it was termed, upon the service of some of its members, "from whence," says Eliot himself, "there grew a jealousy in the rest, that the whole business was confounded by those principals who had beforehand given the King assurance of what he desired." Thus "opposition branched itself to faction," and the Parliament separated on the 7th of June, according to Eliot's own words, an admitted failure. "All good people were very sorry for it, and I pray God we never see the like," was the thought in his heart and the prayer upon his lips. But it was Eliot's fate to see many more such.

From 1614 to 1619 events in London were pregnant with their sinister warnings. Somerset at this time held rule as absolute as Villiers afterwards, with whom Eliot's own early intercourse bore some resemblance to that of Somerset with Overbury. Overbury was poisoned in the Tower in 1615, and Eliot afterwards had further reason to linger on his memory. "He died where I now live," said he; and, speaking of Overbury's poem entitled *The Wife*, alleged to have been sent to Somerset while his crime was actually in progress, he added, "As it is of my own country, I honour it the more; and as it was the production of *this place*, my admiration is the greater that in solitude and darkness, where sorrow and distraction mostly dwell, such happy entertainments and such minutes were enjoyed." Again, two years after Somerset's trial, occurred the execution of Raleigh, and that Eliot was present may be inferred from a description he afterwards gave of the

scene, carrying with it a strong presumption that he must himself have witnessed it.

"Matchless, indeed, says Eliot, was his fortitude. It was a wonder and example which, if the ancient philosophers could have witnessed, they had acknowledged as the equal of their virtue. 'All preparations that are terrible were presented to his eye. Guards and officers were about him, the scaffold and the executioner, the axe, and the more cruel expectation of his enemies. And what did all this work on the resolution of our Raleigh? Made it an impression of weak fear, or a distraction of his reason? Nothing so little did that great soul suffer. He gathered only the more strength and advantage; his mind became the clearer, as if already it had been freed from the cloud and oppression of the body; and such was his unmoved courage and placid temper, that while it changed the affection of the enemies who had come to witness it, and turned their joy to sorrow, it filled all men else with admiration and emotion, leaving with them only this doubt,—whether death were more acceptable to him or he more welcome unto death.'"

That famous Englishman passed away, doing more harm to Spain by his death than ever he did in his life, though he had never ceased to hate and assail her, and retribution swiftly overtook his betrayer. The Court deserted Stukeley under the load of ignominy which fell upon him; and Eliot became afterwards a candidate for Stukeley's office, that of the Vice-Admiralty of Devon.

In May, 1618, he was doing duty as Vice-Admiral of Devon, and it was undoubtedly at this time that he received the dignity of knighthood. In January, 1619, the Marquis of Buckingham, his old travelling companion, was appointed as his chief to be Lord High Admiral of England. His own duties were extremely arduous. "He was himself judge, as well as administrator and captain. He pressed men for the public service at sea. He boarded private ships; decided upon the lawfulness of prizes, adjudged salvage claims for wrecks, and, in return for his charges and exertions, divided his various seizures and fines with the Lord High Admiral. He took the risk of great dangers in addition to great responsibilities. Where a seizure was successfully contested, on him the loss fell. It was at that time far from unusual that a pirate should have powerful friends, not merely in the foreign governments under whose flag he sailed, but among the very courtiers and favourites at Whitehall, whom he had bribed and corrupted. Eliot's position, which had pointed him out for his office, kept him above the temptations to which other Vice-Admirals had been known to succumb; and the power and success of his Admiralty administration were not more attested by the good opinion of his friends than by the number and pertinacity of his enemies.

During the absence of the Lord High Admiral in Spain, in April, 1623, Eliot was in communication with the Privy Council and busy pressing seamen for the King's service. His most important impediment in this duty was the

notorious pirate, Captain John Nutt. He succeeded, however, in apprehending Nutt by the exhibition of a pardon which was out of date. The country round was delighted, and it was intimated to him by Mr. Secretary Conway, that when the time should serve for his attendance at Court to render personal account thereof, he would be admitted to the favour of kissing the King's hand. On the other hand, there was a hostile influence working against him in the King's Council, which Nutt was powerful enough to have set in motion. Mr. Secretary Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, had had occasion for Nutt's services in Newfoundland, and now he interfered to protect the culprit. Eliot had now "to learn the strength of the influence which, from what seemed to be a very abyss of defeat, captivity, and hopeless disgrace, the pirate captain could yet direct against him." Before the close of July, the Vice-Admiral of Devon himself lay a prisoner in the Marshalsea; and "by the middle of the month following, there had passed under the King's own hand, the same which Eliot was to kiss in full reward for having rescued the land from Nutt's piracy and plunder, a free and unconditional pardon to the pirate and the plunderer."

We have not space for the particulars of this transaction, which Mr. Forster details with a complete knowledge of its cause and course, but without being able to tell us the precise date at which Eliot was liberated from the Marshalsea. He conjectures only that it may have been the first week in October, which witnessed Bucking-

ham's return from Spain, and found his Vice-Admiral still in prison. Perhaps Eliot thought little for the moment of his own wrongs in the popular welcome of the Prince and the favourite after their return from Madrid. At all events, somewhere about this time he was most righteously set free, while Nutt was released to roam the seas again in search of plunder. He became at length incomparably the greatest nuisance in His Majesty's dominions, and even made prize of Lord Wentworth's shipful of luggage, furniture, wardrobe, and plate, for his due equipment as Lord Deputy, though Wentworth was the intimate friend of his own friend and patron, ex-secretary Sir George Calvert.

It is a mistake of Wood to suppose that Eliot sat in the Parliament of 1620-1, which opened on that day of ill-omen to the Stuart race, the 30th of January. This was at the time that the kingdom was moved to save the Palatinate, or, at least, to hold a grand inquest on the perils which were menacing our Protestantism. A protest was debated for three days in the middle of December against the construction by the King of Parliamentary privilege, and this protest was torn out of the Commons' Journal by the King on the same day that he went and tumbled into the New River, an ominous coincidence. In the Parliament which met on the 12th of February, 1623-4, Eliot, however, took part as member for Newport. After an order made in his own business, in answer to a motion by his countryman and friend, Sir Edward Giles, to make

stay of a trial instituted against him, Eliot himself arose and made the first speech of the session. It appears to have been an understanding that the differences which broke the last parliament, and especially the famous protest for their privileges torn from their journals by the King's hand, should not for the present be revived; but Eliot refused his assent. His speech, which has been left in his handwriting among the papers at Port Eliot, and which Mr. Forster quotes largely, had, doubtless, a great effect upon the house. Coke himself came to his rescue in the debate, and having in effect supported what Eliot had said, the matter resulted in the appointment of a committee, "not above 12," to take into deliberation the liberties and privileges of the house, and consider of a way to maintain them in time to come. Two days later a debate on the two treaties for the marriage and restoration of the Palatinate ended in an unanimous vote for an address to the King, advising him to declare both treaties broken. Eliot also spoke against the treaties, and for the "more manly English way," and he was one of the deputation which carried the address to Theobald's. Already, in fact, he had obtained a position in every way striking. Though not practised in debate, he was already not only a leading speaker, but was accepted as a mediator between two sections of what were called the county members, those who had "undertaken" the manageability of the Commons on certain conditions obtained from Buckingham, and those who resented all such undertaking

upon doubt of its expediency or of the sincerity of the parties to it. Mr. Forster has a happy passage, which indicates beyond a doubt (Vol. I., p. 149—150) that he would never so quickly have obtained this position if the independence so constantly denied to him in later time had not been unreservedly conceded to him by his contemporaries, and why this should have been he explains very clearly. He also refers to the course which Eliot took upon Grys's case and Duncombe's case too minutely for us to follow; and, finally, he quotes Eliot's speech against Spain in the debate on supply two days after. "Are we indeed poor?" cried Eliot. "Be it so. Spain is rich. We will make *that* our Indies. Break with her, and we shall break with our necessities also." Bonfires at the very gates of the Spanish embassy; all the world in the city run into debt for fagots and gallons of wine; the Spaniards connected with the embassy insulted, to the great joy and exultation, as the aristocratic Wentworth phrased it, of the cobblers and other bigots of the time; such were the echoes of the language of Eliot, and other members of the Commons, with the retort to the complaints of the Spanish ambassador that the house was an assembly of the chief gentlemen of the kingdom, and that freedom of speech was their hereditary privilege. When the money voted was ordered, on the motion of Eliot, on the 24th of the same month, to be paid into the chamber of the city of London, and the proceedings were closed by a further speech proposing thanks "to the prince, the

king, and God for the happy result of their deliberations, "*wondrous fine*" the speech of Eliot is said to have been; but it has unhappily perished. The war question being settled, the house went to other topics—questions of legal reform, disputed points of university privilege, more equitable settlement of Crown lands, the impeachment of Lord Middlesex, on which again we have Eliot's speech denouncing corruption, with the help of Tacitus, and impositions by prerogative, which he confronted with an argument for free trade, most plain and irrefragable; so that the great statute of monopolies was thereupon passed, with the invitation to every man to take note that it enacted no new thing. For thirteen years legislation in England had been silent, and it thus found fitting voice. Notice of prorogation was given for the 29th of May, and the king, for answer to the statements of the Commons' grievances, said that, having perused them, he thanked God with all his heart they were no worse. But this was his last Parliament, and he never met the house again.

Eliot, as Vice-Admiral of Devon, now went down into his county, and took part in the necessary recruiting of men and ships, the men for operations under Mansfeldt, on the Rhine. The conditions of their equipment and the fate of most of them read like a page out of Motley or an expedition of Walcheren, such was then the disorganization of our military resources. Eliot's official duties kept him from joining Buckingham as soon as he intended, and,

indeed, altogether from participating in a mission to France. A question of prize, Plymouth and Saltash in dispute, and the extent to which the pirates of the East took part in the plunder of our defenceless coast at this time, furnished him with ample employment at home. One of the captures at sea by Algerines was estimated at more than a quarter of a million, and the inhabitants of our coast villages were carried into slavery to the number of several thousands. Thus we find Eliot hanging twenty of the captured "Turks and *Renegadoes*," for there were Christians as well as Moslems engaged in these abominable outrages. Yet at this time Buckingham was rather pressing Eliot, with a view to his own emoluments, and encouraging his creatures in the West to work against him, than he was co-operating in Eliot's official duties or patriotic endeavours. The day of their complete severance upon other grounds was, moreover, very rapidly approaching; for Buckingham, for reasons of his own, connected partly with his previous pledges to some of the popular leaders, but more directly arising from the uses to which he already contemplated applying the great fleet then preparing for sea, was resolved to break with the Parliament at whatever cost. Some of the other ministers were so dismayed at this intended disturbance of the settlement of what they could not themselves but admit to be a fair vote of supply that, at the request of Sir Humphrey May, Eliot went to the Duke as a mediator, and then ascertained the true nature of Buckingham's design, from which point

their personal intercourse closed, and they never met again until they met as accuser and accused. Eliot's record of their interview, contained in his own memoir, completes a piece of secret and previously unpublished history.

The popular anticipations at the opening of the reign of Charles I. were, as Eliot testifies, most cheering. "A new spirit of life," says he, "possessed all men, as if the old genius of the kingdom, having, with Endymion, slept an age, were now awake again, and a successor to their great Queen at last was come." His own memoir of Charles's first parliament, in the glorious "Negotium Posterorum," is one of the most important contributions to our history which has ever come up from a singular oblivion. He has described and explained clearly the whole scope of its discussions; and the disasters of the reign have had no such practical or conclusive comment as Eliot's picture of its opening scenes will afford. "It is not," says Mr. Forster, "that we are listening to the arguments and reasoning of a partisan and actor in the strife, but that by a rare and unexpected privilege, the curtain of the past is uplifted for us, and we see and hear what was said and done on either side at the critical moment which was to decide the position of both. The pains which Eliot takes plainly and strongly to set forth the steady and increasing march of discontent against one are not more marked or remarkable than his manifest wish to do justice, irrespective of that principal offender, to all."

"The brevity and plainness" of the king's speech, says Eliot, in the first place drew a great applause, for the members had been "wearied with the long orations of King James, that did inherit but the wind." It seemed to promise the gentlemen of England that with the manners of their ancestors they might resume their fortunes, and in that turn and revolution of events "meet the whole world again." The lord keeper, then Bishop Williams, in his paraphrase of the royal text, dropped a note of discord on those highly intelligent ears when he suggested that "all were subventions that they granted, *nor could that be unparliamentary which was resolved by Parliament.*" It was considered as an "insinuation to new ways," and was apparently admonished in the speech of Serjeant Crewe, who was elected Speaker, and who asserted that the parliamentary privileges or fundamental laws were what held the body of the commonwealth together, and that *being suitable to the nature of the people they were safest for the sovereign.* Eliot himself drew his distinction between the lawyers and divines in consequence, in much the same spirit as it might have been drawn by Selden. He added that "Divines use glosses on their texts. But for the instant satisfaction was pretended, and both houses thereupon prepared them to their business."

At the same time the French match with a Roman Catholic princess was unpopular; the deceptions practised by the king and Buckingham in the attempted Spanish match were leaking out; and later came the knowledge,

that, only eight days after the death of James, Laud had gone by desire to Buckingham with a schedule prepared for the king, in which were written the names of many Churchmen marked with the letters O. and P. It came out simultaneously that the money given for an effective equipment had been scandalously wasted. Popish divines, disqualified by Abbot, had been reinstated in power; penal laws had been secretly suspended; special pardons for offences against these laws had been granted to many Roman Catholic priests; and the very scandals and resentments had again been actively roused which were to have been scattered for ever by the war with Popish Spain.

Moreover, as we have intimated already, the disagreement with Parliament began, in a deliberate intention on Buckingham's part, with the discovery of a concert on the part of the court, involving danger to the Government and to religious freedom. The disclosure, however, of much of this misgovernment, not fully known till the subsequent sitting at Oxford, was only yet in progress. The Parliament, therefore, went to its business methodically, first appointing a committee for privileges, then the three grand Committees, also permanent and standing, for Religion, for Grievances, and for Courts of Justice. Into what a settled system the lower House had already thrown its forms of procedure and its laws for its own government may now in consequence be learned for the first time; and they derive additional interest from establishing an earlier date than is fixed in Hatsell for some of the rules

most identified with modern parliamentary practice. The houses then were not only transacting the "Negotium Posterorum," but they were doing it very much in the way in which we should now do it ourselves.

The Parliament had scarcely opened when the northern men proposed an adjournment on the ground of "the sickness" (meaning the plague), "which had a great infection and increase; but," as Eliot continues, "most men did suppose *that* but the colour and pretext, and something more within it, which jealousy the sequel did confirm." He himself opposed the motion, and it was "rejected as improper, and by some held ominous and portentous. Upon an attempt being made to get rid of the Committee for Grievances, Mr. Pym unexpectedly asked what, in the event of the Committee for Grievances being dispensed with for the present, they proposed to do as to the Committee for Religion?" Was that to be postponed also? Eliot, in explanation, remarks thus of the temper of the house:—"As their whole story gives it, that wherever that mention does break forth of the fears or dangers of popery their affections are much stirred; and whatever is obnoxious in the state, it then is reckoned an incident to that. For so it followed upon the agitation of this motion." He himself made an elaborate speech against it, and the move of the northern men was apparently contraried. Then came the proceedings against the cleric Montagu, who was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, and of whose attitude and tone Eliot says that he and some few others

took a nearer view, and found in it matter for more grave reflection. Those that looked the more narrowly, he says, conceived one reason for both, and that Montagu's boldness and the archbishop's remissness *were by command.* Upon Wentworth's election for Yorkshire, and the debate which arose out of it, and upon the course taken later in matter of supply, Eliot has also that to say which none of the histories have said previously. In the debate on the former subject he himself came into collision with Wentworth, as he saw him moving up from the bar while his own case was under consideration. "*In Senatum Venit!*" he exclaimed, in the language of the old Roman when denouncing a greater criminal, for he had reason to believe thus early that Wentworth was faltering on the main point. Weston, indeed, carried him quite over at last; while out of the unceasing court-plotting, and conspiring which tarnished so many fair reputations, Eliot's reaches us clearly and entirely without a stain. At a later date Wentworth recalled his power and penetration deferentially. When matters had grown more serious, and after twelve years' intermission the name of Parliament again sounded through the land, Wentworth's spirit rose to the danger by raising up Eliot's image, and nerved itself for the coming struggle by thinking of that old antagonist, to whose memory no greater tribute has been ever offered than the words he uttered then:—"Sound or lame you shall have me with you before the beginning of the Parliament. I should not fail, *though Sir John Eliot were living.*"

When the house had cleared itself of three-fourths of its members, from apprehensions of the plague, advantage was taken of this to force on a debate on the subject of supply. The modification of the tonnage and poundage bill was in debate, when Eliot was invited, as we said, to his final interview with Buckingham. He "comming to York House finds the duke with his ladie yet in bed. But, notice being given of his comming, the dutchess rose and retired into her cabanett, and soe he was forthwith admitted and lett in." Ourselves, says Mr. Forster, admitted also to this strange interview, the curtain of the past is uplifted for us at a critical time.

"Judging the present moment of time by what we now know to have followed it, will it be too much to say that if Eliot could have here prevailed with Buckingham, and if the result had been that better understanding between the Parliament and the Court which he desired to establish, the course of English history might have changed? To Charles's quarrel with his first Parliaments, Clarendon ascribes all the troubles of his reign, and now the good or the ill understanding publicly is to date from this day. What privately is to flow from its two hours' conference, not alone to the men sitting in that bedchamber of York House, but to the royal master they would both have served, will not have exhausted itself for many years. It will not have closed when Buckingham's wretched death has come. When Eliot sinks beneath the king's unrelenting persecution of his favourite's fiercest assailant, it

will be working still. Not until that harsh persecution of Eliot is remembered and put forth in later years, to justify the harshness dealt out to an imprisoned king, will the cycle of wrong and retribution be complete that this day begins."

Eliot reasoned and pleaded; and he has told his own story of the interview, with the finale that Buckingham listened impatiently, and then let fall a hasty word, so that the whole truth flashed upon him. Success was not so much desired as reasonable ground for quarrel. "The proposition must proceed without consideration of success, wherein was lodged this project *meerlie to be denied.*" "For the present," he concludes, this observation of Buckingham "gave that gentleman (Eliot himself) some wonder with astonishment; who with the seals of privacie closed up those passages in silence; yet thereon grounded his observations for the future that *noe respect of persons made him desert his countrie.*"

Two days more were spent at Westminster amid discouraging influences, and Eliot went to pass the recess in the west, and to hear again of Turkish pirates. Having landed in various parts of Cornwall, they had committed devastations on a scale which at this day we can hardly realize. Eliot, in his character of Vice-Admiral, received an urgent entreaty for help from some of the principal western traders to protect their defenceless shores and sea; and, as he had manifestly closed his intercourse with Buckingham, he made direct appeal to the king. The

result showed the impossibility of any man obtaining, so long as Buckingham and his parasites ruled, any share of that settled protection for property as well as person, without which all government is imposture. On the other hand, illustrations even of their treachery were forthcoming from abroad, in the existence of a design to lend English ships of war to France for service against the Protestants of Rochelle. The consignment was so absolute and unreserved that Cardinal Richelieu might have used them (not merely as he did) against the port of Rochelle, but against the port of London. Pennington, the commander of this fleet, was commanded, according to His Majesty's express pleasure, to obey entirely the command of the Admiral of France; but Pennington, as he himself observes in a letter to Buckingham, would rather put his life at the king's mercy at home than go forward in this business. When he did go, under pressure himself, he reached Dieppe roads alone, for the merchant captains had refused to follow him, and he only induced their co-operation ultimately by the intervention of a royal warrant, which charged him to use all means possible to compel obedience, *even unto the sinking of the ships*. The intense religious feeling, the passionate Protestant zeal, which now animated the common people of England, was never more strikingly shone than in this incident, which concluded with the desertion of the crews of all the ships and their return to England, since they were resolved not to fight against their brother Protestants of France.

The Houses re-assembled at Oxford on Monday the 1st of August, and the first business was a complaint of the release of a Jesuit priest by a royal pardon, as Sir Edward Giles was passing through Exeter. Eliot, clear on the constitutional question, was urgent to fix the responsibility of this, exclusively on the ministers of the king, and not on the king himself. Mr. Forster shows how Hacket, Oldmixon, Echard, and Disraeli have blundered over this incident. Another debate was held on Montagu and the Oxford high churchmen, and Charles himself met the Houses on the Thursday following in Christchurch hall. Of the transactions then, and the morning after, the narrative of Eliot affords a most vivid picture. We see Sir John Cooke going up to consult His Majesty and the duke, previous to making his speech, and returning, adds Eliot, with a grim sort of humour, "As from an oracle inspired with a new spirit and wisdome." But Cooke was not very persuasive, either that day or afterwards, and on Friday Mr. Whistler, Sir Francis Seymour, Sir Humphrey May, and Sir Robert Philips pursued the main controversy, the latter in one of the most remarkable speeches ever uttered within those walls, and by which the narrow issue which Buckingham had sought to raise was put aside for ever. The speech of Sir Richard Weston, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was elaborate, but made small impression, after Philips's, while its final sentence was a threat, that "Beyond that day there would be no place for counsel." This was followed by one of Coke's

greatest efforts, for the first time adequately reported here —in the first place refusing to give the invited subsidy, and then especially informing on the modes other than a subsidy by which subsistence might be found for his majesty, if the present waste of the royal revenues by *eight* present outlets were arrested; and for this he added "there was but one way, the selection of good officers and ministers, the incapable and bad being dismissed." Eliot remarks that the scope, gravity, and weight of this speech had a prodigious effect, and that one point especially was felt as a homethrust for Buckingham. Members of the country party continued to address the house, but Heath, the solicitor-general, alone on his side proferred conciliation on the part of the duke. 'No resolution could be come to, and the house adjourned to the following day, the canvassing, in the meantime, going on upon both sides with the intensest excitement. What an unusual use of the hall while the students were down and enjoying, as we conceive they were, the repose of the long vacation!

On the next day, when the house met, the contest caught up further fuel from various storehouses. A recusant had been wrongfully protected in Dorsetshire, so complained Sir Walter Erle. Among other matters, Sir Nathaniel Rich read from a paper, doubtless, a result of the previous night's consultations, five heads of subjects that they ought to have full time to consider and decide on before voting further subsidy. There was wanted security in the matter of religion, information as to the prepara-

tions for hostilities, a remedy for the disorders in public affairs, a stoppage of the waste of His Majesty's revenue, and, lastly, all doubt as to impositions should be cleared; for without it no man could say what truly was his own. Mr. Forster considers that Eliot had been concerned in preparing these heads. On the other hand, the moderate section of the councillors went to the chief minister with a proposal of compromise, but to little purpose, "his parasites were more powerful than his friends, which then," says Eliot, "increas'd his troubles, and after proved his ruine."

The parasites, indeed, had a plan of their own. A goodly comedy was in preparation. There should be another field-day in Christchurch Hall, when Buckingham should play the first part. The king's answer to the petition for religion was to be presented by his hands. Eliot himself, however, subsequently criticised the chief actor, and noted the obvious failure of the performance. An honest old salt, Sir Robert Mansell, turned against Buckingham on the subject of the naval expedition, and the comedy was soon succeeded by a serious afterpiece. Among others, Philips made another splendid speech, as we may judge by the extracts; while Eliot, crammed with all the learning of Sir Robert Cotton in that library which Milton grandly calls a shop of war, where "anvils and hammers kept incessantly working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth,"—Eliot surprised everybody, and moved "with that worthy gentleman

(Philips) that we pursue a remonstrance to the king, and in due time we shall be ready to supply him."

After much debate, a remonstrance to the king was determined on; and for the king's part, on the other hand, an immediate dissolution was proposed in Council. Sir John Cooke made a final effort in the House of Commons, and Littleton a brilliant first speech in support of Eliot. Then we come to the last debate, when, while yet the Chairman was reading, for the House sat in committee, the knock of the black rod was heard at the door, and the Speaker rose to resume his chair and admit that royal messenger:—

"'No, no,' was the general shout; other members rose to prevent him; the protestation was put to the vote and passed; and order for its instant transmission was made. Mr. Solicitor was required to take charge of it; all the Privy Council who had seats were to present it; and it was 'to go with all speed.' It was thus hastened to the king while yet the Usher of the Black Rod waited without, undelivered of his fatal message."

Then this opening Parliament of the reign came to a close at Oxford in little more than six weeks after its first joyous meeting at Westminster.

Into one paragraph we must compress here 134 pages. Eliot returned to the west. Charles began the practice of raising money without a Parliament. The Cadiz expedition sailed, to become a great disaster; in speaking of which we must twit Mr. Forster with something like an

inconsistency, if we may assume that he adopts with approval Eliot's own language so far back as page 155. Beyond question, however, this Cadiz expedition was the turning point of Buckingham's fortunes and of the hopes of the new reign. A cry of shame arose on every side. There was no hope for the kingdom or the king till his all-powerful and all-incapable Minister should be struck down. Sir John Eliot's father-in-law was designedly assessed to an exorbitant amount in the collection of the Privy Seals, and Eliot interceded. But he wavers in no sense. Other members, Coke, Philips, Seymour, are excluded as sheriffs from the second Parliament about to sit, but he is to be there, a host in himself. Very interesting and significant are his instructions to his agent in London. That man had no sinecure in procuring him political information. On the 10th of February, 1625-6, the Houses met, and Eliot went up, in effect to lead the Opposition. We hasten past his speech on grievances and the necessity of redress before supply; yet there was the hinge of the whole question—should England be governed by a Parliament or a despot? "View the state we are in," cried Eliot; "I presume to say, though no man undertook it, you would find the ancient genius of this kingdom rise up to be accuser." His exertions were unparalleled, and here Hampden quietly helped him in his 'Paper of Causes,' which is the germ of much that came after from Eliot and others. But Eliot was still the leader, and he aimed directly at Buckingham. The king, on the other hand,

arrested Lord Arundel, but he was obliged to release him; he exasperated Lord Bristol and brought down a criminating explanation upon himself. In the meantime, in Eliot's hands Buckingham's delinquencies took more and more definite shape. Speech after speech roused the House, cleared its judgment, and confirmed its purpose. Eliot's precedents bit too sharply; the king threatened, but the House vindicated them. Then came the impeachment of Buckingham, pressed home in its several articles by each most competent hand respectively, and wound up by Eliot's masterly epilogue on the whole case; and in the course of business the day following comes the interruption. Eliot and Digges are called to the door of the House of Commons, a warrant is shown them by two of the king's messengers, and they are sent to the Tower. There is no standing that outrage. This is quite against precedent and privilege. There is a hint, too, of putting Eliot *to the question.* On his examination, nothing is ascertainable against him, and he is again liberated. Then the Remonstrance goes forward again. This Remonstrance will tell the people all that has passed since the accession. It is the preface to that of Pym and Hampden. Charles attempts to serve Buckingham by substituting an information in the Star Chamber for the process of impeachment, and he determines to dissolve. But the Remonstrance is settled, and the Speaker holds it forth as he approaches the throne, craving compliance with its humble petition for the removal of the duke. Without a word the disso-

lution of the second Parliament follows. Whereupon the unhappy king proceeded to try the effect of those new counsels which he and his servants had so often threatened.

The ruin of Sir John Eliot was now resolved upon at whatever hazard. His Admiralty accounts for the last three years were demanded, and proceedings began, unexampled in personal animosity, and in the artifices to which his enemies descended. We cannot pursue Mr. Forster's narrative here into its numerous and curious details, but it is highly elaborate, and it is also conclusive. The conspiracy against Eliot took the form of a memorandum for the constitution of a commission, who were avowedly "well affected to my Lord" (meaning Buckingham), and the suggestion of Nicholas that Sir John himself should name half the commission was overruled. Eliot had taken a vessel called the 'Fortune of Hamburg' out of the hands of certain Welshmen who had piratically surprised her, and the whole country side was with him here, so that little was obtained from this incident. But Buckingham and his creatures were only the more exasperated, and the last cases in which he exercised the authority of Vice-Admiral were all passed in malevolent review. Bagg, a parasite of Buckingham, engaged in this infamous plot, had nevertheless a wholesome dread of the contingency of the king summoning another Parliament. Moreover, he and some of the other rogues fell out, also to the advantage of the truth, so that the proceedings against Eliot were practically a miscarriage.

But we are speaking of a life which was then a large part of the History of England. When Parliament had been sent about its business there was, of course, no way left but to try the "new counsels" of which Mr. Vice-Chamberlain had given warning. A proclamation was issued to the sheriffs to take the votes of the freeholders for a voluntary levy of what the House *intended* to have granted. Orders for levying tonnage and poundage, and a commission for the extortion of fines under the cover of improving Crown lands, were issued among other expedients. 120,000*l.* was peremptorily demanded from the city of London, which was also required, in common with other seaport towns, to furnish a certain number of ships and troops for the protection of commerce in the narrow seas.

The towns and counties commenced to protest against these exactions; and Mr. Forster gives us specimens of the style in which they raised their remonstrances. The Earl of Suffolk, for example, told Buckingham that he had assembled his county at Bury, and that they answered him that they could not give; that the Government did not protect them, and they could not live, for that their ships were taken and fired in their havens before their faces, insomuch that they durst not look out of their ports. It was a common avowal that towns and counties were ready to supply His Majesty, but that they had ascertained the general desire to be that this should be done in a Parliamentary way. There was not a single parish in their

county, said the Cornish justices, which, if it had but two kine, would not sell one for the supply of His Majesty's and the kingdom's occasions *in a Parliamentary way.* But Buckingham was bent on a war with France, for the strangest imputed personal reasons, and, at whatever risk or cost, money must be had, and, the so-called voluntary project having failed, recourse was had to a *General Forced Loan.*

Commissioners were named in every county, with directions to take the last subsidy book for their guide, exacting from each person in that precise ratio, and with a commission almost unlimited to deal with the refractory. The refractory, however, were numberless. Soldiers were billeted on Eliot's town, St. Germans, as a special infliction on him. The High Church pulpits pressed into the service of the loan, now echoed with the cry of the highwayman, improved into, "Your money or your life eternal!" The poor, who could not or would not pay, were pressed into the army or navy; tradesmen were dragged from their families and flung into common prisons; and upon quiet, humble homes, in the midst of wives and children, were quartered the remains of the disgraced and infamous troops who had survived the affair of Cadiz.

It was not the men of wealth and rank alone who proved their tenacity under these trials. "Nay, sweetheart," wrote George Radcliffe from the Marshalsea to his wife, eager to have him with her to eat his Christmas pie at

Overthorpe, "*now* it shall be thought that I prejudice the public cause beginning to conforme, which yet none hath done, of all that have been committed, except two poor men, a butcher and another, *and they hooted at like owles amongst their neighbours!*" Thus an emphatic "No" rang incessantly from all parts of England. Printed copies of the remonstrance of the Parliament were everywhere dispersed, in defiance of the king's proclamation ordering it to be burnt. Hampden was bound in a 500*l.* penalty to answer at the Council Board; and in the next month Philips, Wentworth, Erle, Eliot, and many others were successively reported to the Council. Denzil Holles, enumerating some of these, adds, "*cum multis aliis quos nunc perscribere longum est;* or rather, *quos non proscribere longum est,* for that is the English of it." Though himself a recusant, he could pun upon the situation. In one district in Lincolnshire the people attacked the house occupied by the Commissioners. The northern parts resisted almost from end to end. Shropshire, Devonshire, and Warwickshire "refused utterly." And at last the Council table were startled by hearing that in more than one county the very Commissioners appointed to collect the loan had themselves refused to pay it.

Meanwhile Buckingham went desperately forward. He singled out individuals for admonition; but whole counties waited to be dealt with; and the Council table were fairly at their wits' ends as the struggle still went on. The first step was to remove the principal recusants into confine-

ment in counties away from their homes; but with the second step of bringing up the refractory to Whitehall the real difficulties began. Such numbers were brought up as at once to stop all business, and nothing could be done. The prisons filled, yet the crowded passages to the Council board were not emptied. At last it was discovered that there must be limits to putting the majority of a nation into prison; selections had to be made, and of course Eliot was one of them. He was lodged in a London prison when Buckingham sailed for Rochelle.

And Rochelle did not benefit much by that, nor the Protestant cause, nor the high-reaching Buckingham when militant himself. In the sixth week after the ships set forth, Charles

"Wrote to his Treasurer and Chancellor, Marlborough and Weston, that he must have more money to supply them. 'If Buckingham should not now be suplyed,' he goes on, 'not in show, but substantiallie, having so bravelie, and, I thanke God, successfullie, begunne his expedition, it wer an irrecoverable shame to mee, and all this nation; and those that ether hinders, or, according to their several places, furthers not this action as much as they may, deserves to make their end at Tyburne, or some suche place. But I hope better things of you.' To hope better things than Tyburn for two great ministers was to indulge no very special or sanguine expectation; but the ministers themselves, while protesting that no effort to get money should be spared, were fain to reply as if Tyburn

itself might be preferable to the weary and thankless labour of overcoming the repugnance to the loan."

The expedition to Rochelle, of which Mr. Forster, perhaps somewhat gratuitously, tells the scurvy history, was beginning to collapse, so order was given for instant reinforcements of ships and men. Yet, even under this pressure, the most obsequious of the councillors dared not steadily outface what with a terrible plainness had now been declared as the people's settled determination. *Without a Parliament they would not give.*

The expedition was simply repulsed at every point, and it came back a ruin. Buckingham, landing at Plymouth, had become so hateful that his gallant young nephew, Lord Denbigh's son, proposed to change cloaks with him; but the duke, always personally brave, put aside kindly the loving offer, and *for this time* rode safely on. The effects of this overthrow produced a general consternation over the whole face of the land. Even from his prison in the Gatehouse, Eliot had been able to make himself heard. A number of his friends also followed thither, among them John Hampden, after one of the most striking answers given at the Council table. "I could be content to lend," said John Hampden who had appeared in discharge of his bond, "as well as others, but I fear to draw upon myself that curse in Magna Charta which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it." Eliot did not appeal to the Courts on the question of the right of the Council to deal with the subject's liberty, but he took himself the

higher question of the King's right to levy taxes other than by the subjects' representatives in Parliament. The petition to the king, which he drew up, is a masterpiece, and Mr. Forster places it by the side of Sir James Bagg's letter to the Duke of Buckingham, in reply to it, with the happiest effect of contrast between the sense of public honour on the one side and the most unblushing exhibition of the extremest servility on the other.

In the meantime, the appeal to the Courts had failed. The excuse may be summed up in the words of Judge Whitelock,—"The Commons do not know what letters and commands we receive." The only effect naturally was to increase the clamour for a Parliament. A Parliament was inevitable; but there was some hesitation, and rash revocation of the writs, for a brief interval. On the 25th of January a Parliament was determined on; and on the 30th of January, a day of terrible omen to him, Charles signed a warrant to bring over a foreign force of 6,000 men, &c., from the Low Countries, of which Mr. Forster contends that no impartial student of the times can doubt that its real purpose was to overawe the Parliament. For the moment, however, it was only known that writs were out for bringing together once more the people's representatives; and in a very few days, amid such excitement as until then had not been witnessed, the noise of a general election sounded through the land.

The prisoners were all let out. To have refused the loan had secured the goodwill of the people. Not a

single man imprisoned for it who offered himself to the electors failed to obtain a seat. Heylin plaintively deplored the letting loose of so many hungry lions to pursue and worry him. Except in some very close boroughs, not an adherent of the court was returned. Mr. Forster himself posts all over England, perspiring and panting, to note the personal incidents of the elections. They threw over even Sir Robert Cotton for Westminster, because he had not openly resisted the loan. Sir Robert Pye, steward of Westminster, and a creature of Buckingham's, was received with derisive shouts for "A Pudding, a Pudding!" (they preferred pudding to such a pie as he was); and, in fine, Mr. Bradshaw, a brewer, and Mr. Maurice, a grocer, had carried it from him by above a thousand voices. Here was a Westminster election for you more than two centuries back—a singular antepast of the *negotium posterorum.*

Look over the list of the members returned, and the summary for the court is portentous. Among a host of conspicuous men—Pyms, Hampdens, &c.—we may note the first appearance now among the members of Mr. Oliver Cromwell, sent up by the Puritans and patriots of Huntingdon—a very worthy representative, but not yet so majestic and comely as Sir Philip Warwick thought him when he afterwards took his measure at Whitehall. "But then," as Sir Philip observes, "by that time he had a better tailor, and some converse among good company in embellishment of his own successes and power." They were an awful set of men who had ousted the Court can-

didates upon every side. But for all the loss and discomfiture there was yet supposed to be within reach what might have been held as a sufficient compensation. Were it but possible to exclude Sir John Eliot? The first step was to make public the fact of his outlawry on certain judgments obtained against him in the Admiralty Court. "Sure the House will never take outlawed men," wrote Bagg to the duke. Alas! it was but the faintest hope of servile Bagg. On Eliot's release from the Gatehouse he was received with enthusiasm in Cornwall. At his suggestion, Mr. Trefusis, one of his friends, took his place at Newport, and he himself made his choice this time to be knight of the shire. And how the electors trooped to the poll under Bagg's very eyes. The new deputy-lieutenant and justices got together and attempted to prescribe two other candidates to the freeholders; they also sent letters subscribed with all their names to Eliot and Coryton warning them not to stand. But one of the candidates, proposed to stand against Eliot, declined, because the county had shown itself resolute to have no other. Eliot and Coryton were returned to the third parliament of Charles I.; and this third parliament, as Mr. Forster says most unexceptionally, requires to be carefully studied, if the sublime patience of the English people through the twelve years' trial that intervened before the Long Parliament met is to be rightly understood, and if the acts of the Long Parliament itself are not to be judged superficially, or hastily condemned.

Four days before the king went down to open the session, some leaders of the commons met at Sir Robert Cotton's house, he of the manuscript library, the nucleus of the British Museum, the fusty antiquary who also contributed somewhat to the *negotium posterorum*. There were there Philips, Pym, Selden, and others, among them Sir John Eliot. It may be assumed there was some learning among them, but there was a grander public sense, and the two at this time were happily accordant. Not the well-being of the kingdom and the commonwealth, but its very being claimed first to be re-established. Personal liberties first, then those of conscience and religion; Eliot consented, therefore, to refrain from naming Buckingham in the first debates. Laud, when the parliament did open, preached the opening sermon. The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace consisted, according to him, in abstaining from all attack on His Majesty's government in church or state. The very meeting they had lately held, the counsel they had taken together, was put in contrast with the other unity in a *concors odium*, a unity of hatred, a unity against unity; their meeting was a *consortium factionis*, a consenting in a faction, not an alliance for peace. This was bladder wind, Bishop Laud; and, the sermon over, Parliament was opened by a speech more offensive even than the sermon.

The king told the Commons that his object in calling them together was that they should vote him a sufficient supply; that he hoped they would not so far give way to

"the follies of some particular men" as to put this in hazard; that if they did so, he should himself use those other means which God had put into his hands; and that they were not to take this as a threatening, for he scorned to threaten any but his equals. This was fair warning of the temper of the sovereign. But to the majority of those who listened it was not less the measure of their power to dispose of such pretensions. The fear of this, on the part of the king, was what those big words were meant to conceal.

Upon returning to their House, the Commons chose Sir John Finch for their Speaker. A preliminary address for a general fast was suggested, but Eliot very impressively interposed, concluding that "even the acts themselves of our humiliation, and our former insincerities (I fear) in those acts, have been evils that now require some caution by the way, that we turn not our pieties into impiety." The proposed fast seems then to have slipped out of sight, and on the day appointed for general business, the Secretary was to submit a proposition for supply, *but* the public grievances were first to find utterance. Philips made eloquent protest on behalf of personal freedom. "What can a man call his own if not the liberty of his person? I am weary of treading in these ways!" "I'll begin," said Coke, "with a noble record. It cheers me to think of it. The 26th of Edward III.! . . *Loans against the will of the subject are against reason and the franchises of the land*," &c. Wentworth himself denounced the oppressions of the time in defiance of the laws made by our ancestors.

The solid and massive way in which Eliot expressed the gravity of the public wrong will strike every mind. He speaks not of anything himself has undergone. There is no personal anger. The speaker's imagination is filled with the grander thought of the indignity suffered by the law itself, of the injury inflicted upon English liberty. The Commons' leaders had come to an understanding that for the present Buckingham was not to be named. Eliot, in the meantime, replied as it were to Laud's sermon, and there is one passage at the close of the second paragraph of his speech on p. 130, vol. ii., which is quite Shakesperian in its imagery and the rapt fervour of its felicitous expression.

The king, by messages through members of his Council, endeavoured to force on the supply, but the Commons in Committee, with Littleton as chairman, directed that the subjects of consideration should be, first, the liberty of the subject in his person and goods. "We have ever loved our princes," said Eliot, "and shall always do so. We have been still willing to supply them. We are ready now. But for the manner let it be according to the customs of our fathers and in the old forms with which we were so happy. * * * That our supply may be better when it comes, my notion shall be that we may now go on in matters to enable us." The matter "to enable" them was determination of the form or mode of redress of grievances and exactions, and to this a whole series of speeches addressed themselves. Yet the House was not in

the least impracticable. On the 3rd of April, Littleton reported four resolutions on the liberty of the subject and his right to exemption from all taxation not authorized by Parliament, which were adopted without a dissentient voice and sent up to the Lords. On the other hand, the king sent a message to say he was prepared to give them assurance of their liberties, whether they should think fit to secure themselves therein by way of bill or otherwise; whereupon the subject of supply was debated once more, and without further opposition from any one a vote passed for a grant of five subsidies. It was the greatest gift ever given in Parliament, and, as if the money were only waiting to be taken up at once, it was acknowledged with a message of eager thankfulness. But the Secretary made the awful blunder of coupling the thanks of Buckingham with the thanks of the king, whereupon Eliot leapt up and taxed him for intermingling a subject's speech with the king's message. "It could not become any subject to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the king to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the king, but through him only. In that House they knew of no other distinction but of king and subjects, and therefore accounted of 'the great man' no otherwise than as one of themselves, who, together with them, was to advise of means to give His Majesty contentment in provision for the good of the kingdom." Whereupon many of the House made an acclamation, "*Well spoken, Sir John Eliot!*"

The charges referred to Littleton's committee comprised six several heads of violation of the liberty of the subject. These were attendance at the Council board, imprisonment, confinement, designation for foreign employment, martial law, and undue proceedings in matters of judicature. The most striking of all the debates, however, was on the king's claim to commit without cause shown on the face of the warrant. Nobly was it handled by Selden and Coke. "When last I spoke of it," said Selden, "I was of counsel for the gentlemen in their *habeas*, and spoke for my fee. Now, sent hither, and trusted with the lives and liberties of them that sent me, I speak according to my knowledge and my conscience." The Solicitor-General would have raked up Coke's old opinions against *him*. "What!" answered Coke, "shall I accept such law? SHALL I HAVE AN ESTATE OF INHERITANCE FOR LIFE OR FOR YEARS IN MY LAND, AND SHALL I BE A TENANT AT WILL FOR MY LIBERTY? A FREEMAN TO BE TENANT AT WILL FOR HIS FREEDOM! THERE IS NO SUCH TENURE IN ALL LITTLETON." These words of old Coke were probably the grandest, the simplest, and most significant words ever uttered within the walls of Parliament. On the question of the old precedent he cleared himself triumphantly; and, as Mr. Forster says, a respect for the law as profound as his knowledge of it was prodigious, saved his footing often in those slippery years when a greater philosopher but inferior lawyer tripped and fell beside him; so that upon view of Coke's whole life, it is due to him to say that

the close of it is not a contradiction to its opening, but only its fair and no longer obstructed development.

But we must hasten on. The four resolutions were voted, and were discussed for three days in a conference with the Lords. Lord Suffolk there accused Selden of razing a record; need we say how the slander was completely evaporated? The arguments of the popular lawyers exhausted both the reason and the law at issue. On their return to the Commons, Eliot uttered the most cordial panegyric on their performance, and he himself crowned their argument by his references to Cicero and Machiavelli. Still more effectively did he turn aside the messages and menaces of the Court. The Lords were packed and subtly moved, so that their propositions were so expressed as to leave the question unsettled whether the liberties claimed were of right or of grace. The Commons lost no time in avowing their disagreement from this, or in resisting a suggestion to the same effect by the king through Lord Coventry. They passed over in silence the royal message, and by special vote referred it to a committee of lawyers, and "others of the House," to draw a bill containing the substance of Magna Charta and the other statutes concerning the liberty of the subject. And thus came into existence the immortal 'Petition of Right.'

The suggestion of the eminent lawyer Hakewell, that they should simply recite Magna Charta and the other Acts, and confirm them without further explanation, was instantly and most judiciously put aside by Selden, who

deprecated the danger to which liberty would be exposed in future, if they should then solemnly enact a law leaving open such construction of the statutes recited in it as they had lately heard from the officers of the crown. Hakewell's special suggestion of enacting only that the cause of commitment must be expressed upon the returns of the *habeas*, which would afford in exceptional cases opportunity for commitment without showing immediate cause, was also jealously canvassed and refused. The Commons, guided by Eliot, Coke, and others, knew too well what they wanted to be content with anything short of the fullest securities. The king sent message after message, vainly hoping by this incessant pressure to break down or to weary out a resolution which he did not yet know to be more persistent and more powerful than the duke's, or than his own; and in yielding, as in resisting, he showed the same childish obstinacy. He could not consent to a *Bill* unless the Bill were to be made ineffective; and in the very act of recommending them to rest upon the sincerity of his royal word, he was giving the most convincing proof that no faith could ever be placed in it. Pym put the point most conclusively in the debate which ensued. He thought His Majesty's oath at his coronation, binding himself to maintain the laws of England, was at least as strong as his royal word could be; and since he had already given them his oath, what better would they be for his word? Eliot moved to have it put to the question, and this was decisive. No councillor in that House

had courage to press it further, and in a few dignified words Sir Edward Coke closed the debate.

He rose with the draught bill in his hand, the first of the now completed consultations at the Temple. "We sit now in Parliament," said he,

"'And therefore must take His Majesty's word no otherwise than in a Parliamentary way. Not that I distrust him, but that I can only in this manner take his trust. Messages of love never came into a Parliament. His Majesty's assurances are very gracious, but what is the law of the realm? That is the question. Kings speak by records. Here hath been drawn, *more majorum*, a Petition *de droit;* and thus only should kings speak to their subjects. Sitting in full Parliament, on his throne, in his robes, with crown on his head and sceptre in his hand, both Houses present, and his assent entered upon record *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, THAT, and not a word delivered in a chamber or out of a secretary or lord-keeper at second-hand, is the royal word of a king.' And so was it finally resolved by the English Commons, that thus only their king's word should be taken."

The bill thus completed was taken to the Lords, but what had transpired after the last division upon it in the Commons formed no part of the business of the present conference. It was known, however, though not reported, that the Commons simultaneously had ordered a bill for the five subsidies to be prepared, and that, while fixing also the exact periods for payment of them, they had

further given direction that the preamble of the bill should make these payments conditional on the previous grant of the petition. So fenced and guarded on every side against the shallows and quicksands known to be awaiting it, they had launched their great venture. They foresaw that "the business with the Lords would be the crisis," but they awaited the conflict with a calm tenacity as a necessary passage to their success.

The Lords ventured on some modifications, which were discussed by the Lower House on the 26th of April, and promptly laid aside; but not until Selden, in a few short sentences, of which the first alone is crushing, had, with an exquisite skill, delivered his opinion. "Our resolutions," he said, "WERE *law;* but their Lordships propound what they *would have to be law.*" Intrigues in the one House and debates in the other prolonged the conflict, and a final conference between the Houses was at length appointed. Then, on the 24th of May, the Lords yielded, upon condition of the alteration of two words only, yet not without a loss to the Commons, for in that last debate Sir Thomas Wentworth had gone over to the Court. Eliot made an appeal from the Wentworth before him to the language of Wentworth at the commencement of the struggle. On the other hand, the king was now brought to a stand. Only through the minister was the king responsible, and if they desired to reach him now they must strike again at Buckingham; and here, again, Eliot led the way. His speech, a tremendous inculpation, led to

a resolution of the House of Commons which must have determined the fate of the minister, but for the tragedy which shortly followed. To save him, his sacred friend, Charles, was now prepared to make every sacrifice, even to the passing of the Petition as it stood. But even this concession now will be too late to protect his friend, whose arrogance and recklessness have at last aroused what his final humiliation alone can satisfy. The king intimates that his resolution was to put an end to the session on the 11th of June, and commands the Commons not to enter into any new business that might spend greater time, or that might lay any scandal or aspersion upon the State Government or the ministers thereof. A prolonged silence succeeds to this message, and orator after orator of the Commons actually bursts into tears. The weeping of this memorable day, this "black and doleful Thursday," gives assurance, however, of a resolve unyielding and terrible. Sir Edward Coke recovers his speech, and denounces Buckingham by name; the whole House responds, and the hounds are in full cry. At last Charles accepts the petition at the last moment with the required "*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*," but he does so not with the intention honestly of giving effect to it, but to get possession of the money voted, and to save his darling minister.

The House is still in session on the 20th of June, when the news reaches Sir John Eliot that Lady Eliot is dead. The Commons' journals on that day, therefore, record his leave of absence. We have passed over his previous par-

ticipation in the proceedings of election and other committees, his motion against Lord Mohun, and the invasion of the Parliament of the Stannaries. He went to the country before the session closed, but not before the appeal to the people, in which he had taken an important part, had been drawn up and engrossed. While he was still attending the House the last days of the session were occupied as follows.

The popular rejoicing at the enactment of the Petition of Right was universal. The ringing of bells and kindling of bonfires continued for several days and nights, but there was a still more ominous element in the rejoicing: Tyranny overthrown was easier to understand than liberty reaffirmed and established. The common people thought less of the passing of the petition than of the defeat of the duke. They imagined at first he had been deprived of his office and sent to the Tower. Charles, on the other part, thought he had served his friend, and withheld nothing that might be wanting to give the Petition effect and publicity. It was nevertheless in the act of proposing to thank his Majesty for all this consideration, that Sir John Strangways took occasion to add, "Let us perfect our remonstrance." To the astonishment and hardly concealed anger of the king, this then is what they proceeded to do in the Commons' House.

Two subjects only were interposed. They redeemed their pledge as to the bills of subsidy, and they completed their charge against Manwaring, of whom severe example

was made. Laud had abetted Manwaring and the duke, and it was resolved to name him also in the remonstrance. As that memorable paper took shape, the first place in it had been given to religion. But its tone was the same as that of Eliot's grave exposition at the opening of the session of the interdependence of religion and liberty; and it contained little of what afterwards came under reproach as fanatical or strictly puritan. It had been drawn so as to comprise a forcible statement under each of its eight particulars, and to be so presented, and it remained only now to take the sense of the House upon the proposition to specify by name the duke of Buckingham as the chief cause of all. May, Marten, Rudyard deprecated this, but Eliot was inexorable, and the affirmative was carried for naming the duke by more than 100 voices. They were about this business all day, as related by Nethersole; "and would not be held from it by a message the king sent to them to forbeare naming the duke, *in whose coache I saw his Majesty even now passe by my window from Somerset House, where I know he had the newes.*" Nethersole was, therefore, apprehensive lest his Majesty should "breake the Parliament."

There followed immediately, as a proof of the temper of the mob, that singular murder of Dr. Lambe, the duke's devil, as he was generally designated. On the morning of the fourth day after this occurrence the Commons presented their remonstrance in the Banqueting-room at Whitehall, and Buckingham had the singular bad taste to

be present. The remonstrance concluded with a passage which was earnest and pathetic; but Charles listened to it throughout uneasily. "After he had so graciously granted them their petition, he expected (he said) not to have their remonstrance." As he rose from his chair with these words, Buckingham fell on one knee, as though about to speak. "No, George," said the king, lifting him with outstretched hand, which the duke kissed; and so they left the room together. From this point Charles had again resolved to take his own course, going back from the Petition, and the duke was ready to support him. The bills of supply were, however, passed, and immediately afterwards a short bill was introduced of which the object was to grant, until Parliament should have met in another session, tonnage and poundage. It was moved in the Commons' house on the day when Eliot went away. The five days passed in settling its terms were also used in a vain endeavour to conciliate the king. Then the king came quite suddenly to prorogue the House. He had to accept or reject the consequences of having assented to the petition of right; and he chose deliberately to reject them. He refused to accept the construction that by his consent to their petition he had surrendered his tonnage and poundage, one of the chief supports of his crown, and he closed his speech with some memorable words, especially warning the judges that to them only, under him, belonged the interpretation of the laws. So Charles cut short the session which will be for ever memorable for the Petition

of Right, and though the Petition would prove too strong for him, he had slurred it as far as he could. The Commons were naturally discontented, As one of them afterwards said, they had been turned off like scattered sheep, and sent home with a scorn put upon them.

We must hurry over the subsequent events. Eliot was again at Port Eliot, and very soon a second marriage was proposed for him by Henry Waller, one of the members of the city of London. The particulars are long, and they came to nothing; while the lady in question married the Recorder. Soon came the news that Buckingham had fallen at Portsmouth by the dagger of Felton. The news was whispered in the king's ear while he was at morning prayers. He remained still and unmoved till prayers were over, when he proceeded with the same show of calmness to his room, and flung himself on his bed in a passion of tears. His first act, on recovering composure was remarkable. He sent to take possession of the duke's papers at Portsmouth and in London, and the direction was given to shut all the ports. The belief really was that the murder was part of a conspiracy, and that its aiders and abettors might be escaping beyond the sea. There are no conspirators where all conspire. The sympathy was not with Buckingham, as was shown strangely at his funeral. How strange, too, was the farewell of the crews of the ships to Charles himself at Portsmouth, when they were weighing anchor for Rochelle! They shouted a prayer to him to be merciful to John Felton, their sometime fellow-soldier.

Sir John Eliot, under the impression that Parliament would meet as appointed on the 20th of October, found the session subsequently fixed to begin on the 20th of January. In the meantime we have traces of his intercourse with his friends, and his letters from Cotton, Marten, Selden, &c. Belonging, too, to this interval of the prorogation, Mr. Forster has found a paper recording his reason for undertaking the labour of his narrative or memoir. It corroborates his own theory, saving only the error of ascribing it to more of a personal vindication than entered into the design, however much this may pervade the execution. He desired "to compose the storie" of the English Parliament from the end of Queen Elizabeth, to demonstrate the danger of attempting to govern England without advice and co-operation from that great council. Eliot's estimate of the condition of English freedom in Plantagenet and Tudor reigns is given here, and after a brief notice of Mary, he breaks into an impassioned rapture at "that glorious star, her sister, and most ever famous memory Queen Elizabeth." He has some beautiful observations on the bearings of his own biography, and as just as they are beautiful. It is Mr. Forster's opinion that he does not overrate his own labours, and we quite agree with him.

Eliot reached London, which he was never again to quit, on the 30th of December, having spent his Christmas with Lord Warwick in Essex. He hastened at once to Sir Robert Cotton's house in Palace Yard, but Cotton

was away, and we owe to that a letter signed "J. E." on the preparation for the meeting of the Houses. The wounds inflicted on religion and trade ever since the death of Buckingham had been grievous. Orders had been given to collect tonnage and poundage. Wealthy merchants (Chambers to wit) had been summoned before the Council, and had made flat refusal to pay. Laud had been at his devices, to be consummated hereafter by the acquisition of the ears of Burton and Prynne, and when the House re-assembled, it appears to have been arranged that Eliot should deliver himself upon general affairs.

When he rose, a thought of the sorrow recurred that had been so strongly with him when he last quitted the House. "I presume you will easily believe," he said, "what sad affections did possess me when with your leaves and favours I last parted here. And should I not acknowledge that the like passions hold me now, though in a different respect, when, in observation of the times, I reflect upon that that's past, weigh the present state, and but look forward towards the future? It affects me, not only in particular for myself, but generally for all, with astonishment and sorrow." They were there to renew a complaint of the invasion of the liberty of men's persons and property in men's goods. They were there to complain of wrongs to religion such as never till then had been equalled. . . . They were there to hide their faces with shame at the thought of their country in the eyes of foreign nations. . . . They had lost of themselves,

of their alliances, their friends, their ships, their men, "Ah! who has tears to number them? Whose sorrows can recount them that in these late times have been lost? Our reputation also—our honour is gone; that which was the very secret of this nation, and by which even miracles have been wrought." He spoke then with extraordinary bitterness of the last expedition to Rochelle, then made application of a classic fable, and finally closed with allusion to the death of Buckingham and direct complaint of the false answer to the Petition of Right. The House was sensitive even to the insult committed by his Majesty's command that, with the Petition and answer, there had been placed among the Parliamentary and legal records in the courts the royal speech of the last day of the previous session. Pym proposed to delay the debate in the matter till the call of the House, when all members would be present. No, said Eliot, at once interposing; since the matter had been raised it concerned the honour of the House and the liberties of the kingdom. Order was made to ascertain by what warrant it was printed, and the result was so plainly to establish a direct complicity on the part of the king himself, that it was not judged expedient to carry the matter further. Selden spoke strongly as to what it might befit them to do in regard to the violations committed since their last meeting, on all that their Petition was meant to secure them, in their liberties of life, person, and goods. Had not a punishment been directed in the Star Chamber, without authority of

law, whereby one had lost his ears? They would take away arms next, and then legs, and so lives. . . . Customs were creeping in upon them. He was for a just and open representation to his Majesty.

The interval between Eliot's first speech and the day appointed for the call of the members was occupied chiefly by complaints of the seizure of merchants' goods. Then came debates on religion and the delinquencies of its overseers; then the refusal to entertain a bill for grant to the king of tonnage and poundage during his life, the House objecting in point of privilege to any such bill not originating with themselves. Then the Sheriff of London, who had prevaricated as to the recent arrests and seizures, and been guilty of contempt by the scornful way in which he bore himself, was sent to the Tower. Then the House went into committee on the tonnage and poundage. They also summoned two of the farmers of Customs to their bar, when the king assumed the entire responsibility of their acts. Eliot, who was foremost in these discusssions, received a friendly warning of his peril from Sir Dudley Digges, who had just received the reversion of the Mastership of the Rolls; but it was too late to suggest retreat or flight to him, and on the memorable 2nd of March he was at the crisis of his personal doom.

On that day he entered the House of Commons for the last time. It was understood that he was to do all the speaking, that he was to read the tonnage and poundage declaration, while he had prepared a shorter protest, and

had drawn up three resolutions in a form to be immediately voted. It was anticipated that Sir John Finch, the Speaker, would attempt to leave the chair, and he did so attempt, stating that he had the king's express command to quit the House after delivering his message. But Denzil Holles and Valentine laid hold of his arm on either side, and pressed him down, and in that instant Eliot had begun to speak. Interruption to that last speech of Eliot's was rendered impossible, and he concluded it by reading the declaration amid the acclamations of nearly every voice in the House. Black Rod was knocking at the door, and Holles, himself keeping the Speaker in his place, put the resolution to the question, and as the last shout of assent arose from three or four hundred English gentlemen, representing millions of yet silent voices behind them, the door was flung open and they rushed out in a body, carrying "away before them in the crowd" a king's officer standing in the entrance. The consequence was waited for by the men who had dared the peril with the most absolute composure. A proclamation for a dissolution was signed on the 3rd of March, and on the 4th Eliot, Holles, Selden, and six others had received warrants to attend the Privy Council. And there was not another Parliament in England for eleven years.

Holles, Hobart, and Hayman, questioned before the Privy Council, answered generally, admitting the facts charged, and claiming privilege of Parliament, Hobart

further saying that he locked the door because the House commanded it, and Holles humbly desiring, as his Majesty was now offended with him, that he might be the subject rather of his mercy than of his power. "Than of his justice, you mean," interposed the Lord Treasurer. "I say," replied Holles, "of his Majesty's power, my Lord." Eliot, questioned more closely as to particular speeches, and whether he had not prepared certain papers to be taken with him into the House that day, made answer at once that he should reply to no questions having reference to anything alleged to have passed in Parliament; that whatsoever was said or done by him there, and at any time, was performed by him as a public man and a member of the House of Commons; that of his sayings and doings in that place, whensoever called upon therein, where, as he took it, it was only to be questioned, he was, and should always be, ready to give an account; and, in the meantime, "being now but a private man, he would not trouble himself to remember what he had either spoken or done in that place as a public man." All four were thereupon committed to the Tower, where, on the following day, they were joined by Selden, Coryton, and Valentine. At the same time the private lodgings of Eliot, Holles, and Selden were entered by a member of the House, under order from the king and council, and seals put upon their papers.

Mr. Attorney-General Heath was frank in a letter to Lord Carlisle. The breaking of the Parliament, he told

the earl, had been compelled by the nature and disposition of a few ill members of the House of Commons. . . . Now was the time, he conceived, to put brave and noble resolutions into acts, to the end that, while on the one hand the vulgar were sought to be made diffident of his Majesty's religion and just government, on the other they might be led to find how much they had been abused. The deserved punishment of the members of the Lower House might excite such an example of better obedience that ages to come would be warned by their folly; and the king should certainly not find his Attorney-General "faint or remiss in that or any other service." Here was a notice on Attorney-General Heath's part that he was ready to go "thorough."

He had particular instructions or *animus* as against Eliot, and he made some special inquiries as to whether his lands were still in trust, and found that they were so. He issued a proclamation which may be said to have been for Eliot's special behoof, as it affirmed that good subjects were not to identify all the members with the recent disturbance, or to suppose that more than a tumultuous few had assented to "the scandalous and seditious propositions in the House of Commons *made by an outlawed* man, desperate in mind and fortune." This was Mr. Heath's high-handed version of a rough but necessary act in which the Commons, almost as a body, had manifested their resolution.

Then came a tampering with the judges by a series of

questions, some of them in the king's own hand, which were put to the judges privately, or, as Coke described it, "auricular torture for no less than three days." "My father," says Whitelocke, "did often and highly complain against this way of sending to the judges for their opinions beforehand; and said that if Bishop Laud went on in his ways he would kindle a flame in the nation." The greater misfortune was, however, that the best of the judges should so have valued place more than conscience as to permit the worst to dictate the decisions of the rest, and to do thereby as much as Laud himself to set the nation on flame. In the meantime the prisoners were kept in rather strict custody in the Tower, and their friends who came to see them were rather summarily ejected. Among others, Sir Oliver Luke and Sir John Littleton, both Parliament men, had come to the keeper of Sir John Eliot, and earnestly desired him to be a means to help them to speak with Sir John, or that they might only see him; but he refused. They could not get near his window because of a good distance of garden intervening, but they got near enough to find him making as light as he could of his imprisonment, and, in the absence of books and papers, he had been swinging dumb-bells, and was busy whirling a top. Upon their offering to speak to him, says Sir Allen Apsley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "hee shewed them his topp and skurdgstick, his waightes of swinging with, and they made antick synes and devoted salutacions at parting." Sir Allen was in great perplexity

when he received a "hab-corpus for Mr. Selden, and another for Mr. Valentyn;" but Charles was too successful with his judges to embarrass Sir Allen long. The information against Eliot and the other members was filed in the Star Chamber in the first week of May, and on the 22nd of that month Eliot, putting in his plea and demurrer, raised the great question which was to determine the power of the House of Commons, and to settle finally for future ages the Constitution of England.

Besides certain technical objections he answered broadly, —that the king could have no legal knowledge of what might have taken place in Parliament until such have been communicated by the House itself. . . . That Sir John Eliot, the defendant, might not and ought not to disclose what was spoken in Parliament unless by consent of the House. Among arguments by certain other counsel, Mr. Littleton argued for Selden, the substance of his reasoning having been drawn up by Selden himself. Holles and Valentine having risen, and with them the counsel for Hobart, all of them said that upon Mr. Littleton's argument they were content that their cases also should rest, and be determined. Attorney-General Heath reasserted what he knew to have been never admitted, and claimed for the sovereign the power of arbitrary imprisonment. He argued that the Petition of Right was no impediment, and took upon himself, by insolent and flippant expressions, to repeal the most important statute passed since the great Charter. The judges were disposed to bail; the decision

in the cases argued would govern all; and hope gleamed on Eliot at last in that silent prison, where, companionless of friends, debarred from writing or reading, and unrelieved by those attendances at court which their writs had opened to the other prisoners, he had been strictly and closely immured since the 3rd of March. As regards even the other prisoners, the evasion and untruthfulness of the king withdrew them from the jurisdiction of the judges, and refused their appearance in court until His Majesty should have cause given him to believe that they would make a better demonstration of their modesty and civility than at their last appearance. The result was that judgment could not be delivered. The term closed; and by cunning that might have shamed an Alsatian scrivener, says Mr. Forster, though practised by an anointed king, the defendants had to be in prison through the Long Vacation before even another chance could present itself for bail.

The rest of the story is soon told. Some of the others got out of the Tower on various pleas and pretexts; but Eliot was too proud a patriot to yield, and the king was too mean to forego his persecution. He obtained at first some beneficial change from *close* to *safe* imprisonment, but then that was in consideration that he would be more exclusively at his own charges. He employed his time to the worthiest purpose. He gave excellent advice to his sons from his prison-house, and he had some consolation for a time in his county moving for his release, and in the

[redacted]course by books and letters from his familiar friends. One great blow befell him in May, 1630, by the death of Sir Robert Cotton, who never recovered the seizure of his library. In his earliest days of imprisonment he projected a treatise which was found completely transcribed by him at his death, upon the right of Majesty (*De jure majestatis*) or the principles and limits of kingly power. It was the work of a scholar and philosopher, and a proof of the happy power he possessed of finding relief therein from suffering and sorrow, as Raleigh in that very place had done in the earlier time.

The condition of release on "good behaviour" was refused on the part of the prisoners. The judges, on their part, refused bail, and Eliot continued to lie in ward. The efforts of counsel and others were fruitless in his case, and the final sentence was that none of them should be delivered out of prison, until he had given security for his good behaviour and had made submissive acknowledgment of his offence; that Sir John Eliot, inasmuch as my Lords thought him the greatest offender and the ringleader, should pay to the king a fine of 2,000*l.*; that Mr. Holles should pay a fine of 1,000 marks; and that Mr. Valentine, because he was of less ability than the rest, should pay a fine of 500*l.*

Eliot well knew that in his case, unless another Parliament should come, the sentence passed was one of perpetual imprisonment, and he fitted up the room in the Tower, to which he was now consigned, after an interval

at the Marshalsea, as his last abode. Kyrton thou[illegible] and so expressed himself in a letter which he wrote him[illegible] that *the time may come when such virtues may be rewarded.* And come it did in one sense. When Eliot's grave had been closed for eight years, by a series of votes and resolutions at the opening of the Long Parliament, all the proceedings against him were declared to be illegal; and such retribution as then was possible was exacted to the full. Twenty-seven years later, at a more tranquil, if less heroic time, his sentence was declared by both Houses to have been against the law and against the freedom of Parliament. The record of the King's Bench was brought by writ of error before the House of Lords; the judgment was solemnly reversed, and that for which we have seen Eliot sacrifice his liberty, and about to yield his life, was established beyond further question. Mr. Forster, whom we have been quoting in the above, concludes that, "Freedom of speech in Parliament, unlimited except by the decencies of debate, has never since been disputed, and the power of the House of Commons, secured by that means, has given to English liberty its distinctive character and its probable permanence."

Sir John Eliot lived till November, 1632; but after the date of his sentence a dark curtain fell between him and his countrymen. Mr. Forster lifts it partially, and the slight sombre light is the condemnation of the detestable Stuart. Measured by what was done to Eliot, Charles I. was merciful to the rest. His bitterness against them had

abated from the moment the Tower closed upon their leader. . . . Nor did anything avail to loosen afterwards that close grasp of Eliot. Cruel, persevering, unrelenting —insensible of mercy, inaccessible to pity, inexorable and ruthless to the very last, the king held with a rigour that increased, even as death was known to be approaching, the prisoner whom his unjust judges had placed within his power.

Eliot's last letters, his last communications with his dear and trusted Hampden, almost his last thoughts, are reported here. He wrote a speech for the Parliament that came not while he was surviving to behold it. He had one great gleam of happiness in the successes of Gustavus Adolphus. His own prison bonds, nevertheless, contracted upon him gradually like those we read of in that frightful old Italian legend; and at length his prison doors finally closed, though not till the painter had entered and portrayed "*Sir John Eliot, painted a few days before his death in the Tower*, A.D. 1632." His son desired to carry his father's remains to Port Eliot, there to lie with those of his ancestors, and drew up a humble petition to that effect to His Majesty. But the 'costive' implacable Stuart said, "*Lett Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he dyed*," and so he was buried in the Tower. No stone marks the spot where he lies, but as long as English freedom endures he will not be without a monument.

THE

COINS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE best book which has appeared yet, and probably the best book which will appear for some time to come, on its particular subject, is the handsome volume in which *The Coins of the Ancient Britons* are arranged and described by Mr. John Evans, Honorary Secretary of the Numismatic Society of London; and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. As the author himself observes, the want of some systematic arrangement of the coinage of the Ancient Britons has long been felt, not only by collectors of coins, but by students of British history. This work, therefore,* was commenced with the view of supplying this want, and the various eminent numismatists or custodians of coins in this country,—Professor William Ramsay, Mr. Vaux, Mr. Madden, Mr. C. Roach Smith, Mr. Akerman, and Mr. Webster, of Russell-street, Covent-

* 'The Coins of the Ancient Britons.' Arranged and described by John Evans, F.S.A., F.G.S., Hon. Secretary of the Numismatic Society of London, and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. J. Russell Smith, 1864.

garden, have afforded the author their best aid, extending now over a term of fourteen years, to render his work as complete as it can be possibly made, up to the present date of our numismatic acquisitions. But Mr. Evans himself, the author of the work, thus supported, has really made a very interesting story out of the fruits and history of their common researches, or those of their less enlightened and successful predecessors.

In his own account of the bibliography of this recondite subject, he first of all mentions that Leland, the patriarch of our native antiquities, relates that in all his travels through England, he could never meet with one British coin. He attributed this absence of any indigenous coins to the fact (as stated by Gildas at the commencement of his history) that the Romans would not allow any metal to be struck in this country, except with the image of Cæsar. Soon after Leland's time, however, it was found that such coins did exist, and in the 'Britannia' of the illustrious Camden, first published in 1586, woodcuts of some coins are given, one of Verulam and others of Cunobeline. Plates of several other varieties of British coins, collected "with curious and chargeable search by Camden's friend and fellow-labourer, Sir Robert Cotton, were, however, inserted in the edition of the 'Britannia' in 1600. There were three plates comprising eighteen coins, and it was not until Gough's edition of the 'Britannia' that they were supplanted; although a friend of Camden's had made serious complaint to him, in 1608, of the inaccuracy of the

engraver, whom he accuses "parum nimis felicitatis adhibuisse, adeò ut longè ālia quam quæ in nummis continentur expresserit."

Of the eighteen coins originally engraved by Camden it turns out that only fourteen are undoubtedly British, while the other four are Gaulish. It is, however, much to the credit of that judicious antiquary, who professed, so far as related to British coins, "to walke in a mirke and mistie night of ignorance," that he did attribute some of the coins very properly to Cunobeline; that he did read the names of Camulodunum and Verulamium upon them, and that he made a superb shy in his interpretation of COM as Commius, in all of which time has verified his hypotheses. On the other hand, his interpretation of TASCIA as signifying tribute-money, and his attribution of coins to Caractacus, are less happy. On the whole, however, there is much applause and respect due to the venerable Camden.

We pass over some of the later contributories to our knowledge, Speed, Sir Thomas Browne, Gibson, with his two plates of *Nummi Britannici*, comprising upwards of thirty British coins, as well as a large number of Saxon and Gaulish. And would, for the credit of numismatists in general, we could overlook the entry in Ralph Thoresby's Diary under June 6, 1694,—"Received a kind visit from Mr. Bright Dixon (the Duke of Leeds his chaplain), who brought my coins from the editors of Camden's 'Britannia,' the examining of which, and concern

for the *loss and exchange of several,* took up forenoon." Unfortunately there was a Mr. Obadiah Walker (name of suspicious omen), who at least misdescribed them, called the head on one of them "the head of Camulodunum, when a Christian," and the head of Apollo, on a Gaulish coin, "that of some British prince in esteem for a holy man." It is really to be deplored, as Mr. Evans observes, that so many subsequent antiquaries followed closely in Walker's footsteps.

Bishop Nicolson in 1696 doubted whether any of these coins were in any way intended for money, but simply as amulets, in which Thoresby seems to have concurred. A little discussion took place in consequence, whereupon Bishop Nicolson wound up by saying, "If any man dislikes my conjecture, I am willing Sir John Pettus should umpire the matter between us; and his supposition (that coin is an abstract of Cynobeline, who first coined money at Malden) will for ever decide the controversy."

Some engravings of coins published by the Earl of Pembroke about 1746, some three or four new types in Battely's '*Antiquitates Rutupinæ*,' some contributed discoveries by the Rev. Philip Morant and the Rev. Francis Wise succeeded; or rather we should say of Mr. Wise that he was somewhat sceptical on the claims of the British coiners; for he read TASC as referring to the Tascoduni, or Tascodunitari, of Gallia Narbonensis, ascribed the coins with CUN or CUNO to the Cunei, a people of Spain, instead of to Cunobeline; while the CAMV on the same

coin he referred not to the town of Camulodunum, but to some unknown prince bearing a name partially similar.

The Rev. William Borlase, to some extent of the same school as Mr. Obadiah Walker, and the Rev. Dr. Pettingal came next. Dr. Pettingal explained the legend TASCIA upon the British coins of Cunobeline and others with considerably more ingenuity than accuracy. There was a certain word "*Tag*," he suggests, or some similar word, in the language of various nations, which signified a prince or general, whence *Tascia* had its name, as it was inscribed on the tribute-money paid by the *Tag* of each province or district to the Roman conquerors. He added that, from *Tascia, task* is derived, and this again has been corrupted into *tax*. Thus the Rev. Dr. Pettingal pirouetted in the regions of philology; and, as Mr. Evans says, his dissertation shows a considerable amount of learning, but an insufficient acquaintance with facts and the usual course of events. Unfortunately, too, the word really under discussion is not TASCIA, but TASCIOVANUS; and in no country known to history has an extensive and complicated currency been struck simply and expressly for the paying of taxes to a foreign conqueror.

Dr. Pettingal's learned dissertation was quickly followed by Mr. Samuel Pegge's 'Essay on the Coins of Cunobelin,' in 1706, and he made out that TASCIO was the name of the Mint Master of Cunobeline, for which the descendants of that functionary, but no one else, have reason to be very grateful. Contemporary with him and Dr.

Pettingal came Dr. Stukeley, who attributed coins of the Iceni to Eli Maur Rex; others of Spain with Celtiberian inscriptions, to Immanuence and Androge Mandubras, and certain Gaulish coins to Tinance Rex, Caraticus, Marius, &c., while uninscribed coins did duty as those of Dunwallo, Minocan, and Arviragus. How these old antiquaries kicked up their heels and saw visions through their yellow spectacles! There were others of them in succession, particularly one John White, who dates 1773, and who attempts to show that the larger coins were the multiples of the smaller. But, unfortunately, says Mr. Evans, with much quiet and tolerant irony, "his remarks on this part of the subject would have been of more value had not the heavier pieces been all Gaulish or Pannonian, and the lighter ones British." After these times we approach light. Pinkerton and Eckhel came next. Taylor Combe threw some gloom over the interval, and the British coins got for a time into the hands of the Rev. Edward Davies, of "Celtic researches," and the Helio-arkite superstition, and to what purposes they were melted down then it would be positively awful to recite. After Davies we come to more light, and eventually to the blaze of common sense. That real antiquary, Mr. J. Y. Akerman, and his worthy coadjutors, Birch, Benyon, Fairholt, Haigh, Hawkins, Loscombe, Oldfield, Beale Poste, C. Roach Smith, and Martin F. Tupper (let them all have their due for real work in the numismatic gasometer), turned on the true main and extinguished all the old oil lamps, while Mr. Evans has now

produced a new burner, which places us in a state of the most intense illumination. Well done, Evans, well done all of you! Now we shall know something about the British Mint and those who were its earliest, though somewhat of the rudest, British artificers.

Thus, it being established that there was a British coinage, first of all comes Mr. Hawkins, who knocks on the head the presumption, founded on a corrupt passage in *Cæsar*, that when he and his Romans landed in Pevensey Bay the ancient Britons had no pocket-money. When they got that useful commodity we can pretty well conjecture from a variety of coincident circumstances, but certainly they did not owe it either to the Romans or Christianity. It is Mr. Evans's view that we may fix on B.C. 150 as the approximate date for the commencement of the British coinage; and his data are few, but they are pretty clear and conclusive. In one of the letters of Cicero to Atticus, he writes that he had heard from Cæsar of the submission of Britain—"*nullâ prædâ, imperatâ tamen pecuniâ.*" And Cæsar himself, referring to the same subject, records that before leaving Britain,—"*Obsides imperat, et quid in annos singulos vectigalis populo Romano Britannia penderet constituit.*" This "vectigalis" would not be likely to consist of woad simply, for we have never heard that Cæsar had any predilection for cuticle decoration of this class. And, in fact, it did mean very solid cash, for Dion Cassius calls this yearly tribute "*φόρον ἐτήσιον*;" and Eutropius records that Julius "*Britannos stipendiarios*

fecit." Suetonius also distinctly affirms, "*pecunias et obsides imperavit;*" and before Cæsar could get *pecunias* the British taxpayer must have had money in hand to produce them.

How and at what date he obtained this money is almost equally clear. A certain Philip II. of Macedon, about the year B.C. 356, acquired the gold mines of Crenides (or Philippi), and worked them so as to produce 250,000*l.* worth of gold per annum, so that the general currency of gold coins, which had before been of limited extent, became much more extensive, and the *stater* of Philip—the *regale numisma* of Horace—became everywhere diffused, and at once seems to have been seized on by the barbarians who came in contact with Greek civilization. There can be no doubt that many of these *staters* found their way to Marseilles (the Phocæan colony of Massilia, founded about B.C. 600), that thence they passed through Gaul, of which Massilia was the southern emporium, and thence a few of them passed into Kent as a medium of exchange between two different tribes of Belgæ on the opposite shores of the British Channel. Thus we can conceive of one of the British community rubbing the woad into his eyes and nostrils, as he first puzzled over a Macedonian *stater*, or a Gallic imitation of that respectable coin.

It would be very interesting to know what passed through his British mind upon that occasion. We can see him turning it over in his hand, feeling its surfaces

and rim, and perhaps trying the analytical capacities of his teeth. What a subject for a Præ-Raphaelite painter, or a statue of Marochetti, or a tercentenary celebration, or another Idyll of the identical king, who was habitually in his parlour counting out his money! He would examine it well, and by degrees perhaps begin to fathom its philosophy. The round item was gold, and there was some gold in his own island. It had value in exchange for other commodities. That other Gallic Belge would not let him have it but for an equivalent in woad or something more generally valuable. Moreover, it was pretty and curious, with the head of a fine young man on one side, and a man driving a chariot and a couple of horses on the other. He dug his gold, therefore, and he made the like, or as near as he could make it; and the first produce of his imitative mint, we conceive, we see before us in No. 1 on Plate A of Mr. Evans's volume. Well, the head is not exactly that of Apollo (it is far more like Uncle Tom or Jim Crow), nor is the horse one that might have contended in the Olympic games. In fact, the two horses have shrunk to one, but in remembrance of its former duality, its legs are bifid. As Mr. Evans says, "Had the renowned Sleipnir, the eight-legged horse of the Edda, which excelled all horses ever possessed by gods or men, had its portrait drawn, it would have presented much the same appearance." Eventually, however, and by a sad development or degradation of type, such as coins run through inevitably, if they derive their origin in this way,

all traces of the original Apollo vanished, or rather his hair, and his laurel-wreath, and his ears (it is curious to see the tenacity of the last of these), degenerated into patterns like the caprices of the kaleidoscope in the hands of the bewildered British workman. The limbs of the original horses or horse parted into bones which would have puzzled Owen or Huxley. In fact, as Mr. Evans says of a certain Dorsetshire version of it, "The head may still be readily recognized, but the horse on the reverse is so much altered that its neck and body have by many been considered to be the golden knife said to have been used by the Druids for cutting the sacred mistletoe, which also was found upon the coin in the bunch of pellets above, though these are, in fact, merely the decomposed remains of the winged charioteer." Thus the design of a Macedonian *stater* decomposed in the hands of a Celtic Briton, and the result remains what it was for centuries, till the Norman pride of blazonry put armorial bearings upon our broad pieces, and the gallantry of Charles II. stamped the arms and legs of the lovely Miss Stuart, in the character of Britannia, on the broad British halfpenny.

Now it is Mr. Evans's function to show us how long before this came about the benighted Britons made such coin as they could, and how they varied their versions even in this respect in the eastern counties and the shires, departing in every case from the original *stater*. We may be certain that it made acceptable Roman tribute, and we may be certain, also, that it is worth spurious imitation to

this day. Mr. Evans, at all events, has done it justice on his part, and we have rarely read a more agreeable book on a more unpromising subject. We conclude with a quotation from it, which it would be well to bear in mind, if we think too lightly of the conclusions to which such learned researches have arrived; for we shall see in this result of the wide induction carried on under great difficulties, by many men, for many years, an accretion to our historic knowledge by the method of Bacon and the co-operative common sense of our modern compatriots. We are pleased by their efforts and proud of their success:—

"The study of this class of coins is to some extent like that of geology; we have no written history on which to fall back, and the annals of the past have to be reconstructed from the evidence of contemporary, yet dumb, witnesses disinterred from the soil. But the numismatist has none of those aids which the geologist derives from the order of superposition and the mineral characters of the rocks in which his fossils are preserved; and in the case of uninscribed coins has nothing but the type and its geographical range on which to found any conclusion, unless, as in some rare instances it happens, the coins are associated with others of more certain date. The mere fact of finding a single coin of a certain class in a certain locality proves nothing, but when a considerable number of coins of much the same type are found at different times, in places all within a certain district, the proof becomes almost conclusive that they were originally struck

within that district. And this holds true even with gold coins, which, from their greater value and relative portability, have, as a rule, a much wider range than those in silver and copper."

MR. FORSYTH'S CICERO.*

THE 'Life of Cicero' by Mr. Forsyth is a greater acquisition to our literature than appears on the surface; for it has been abridged in various particulars, it appears without the references which lie in the background to support its opinions, and it has all the substance of the work of a man who has studied his subject thoroughly, without the opportunity of showing the scaffolding he has employed in its construction. It is, nevertheless, obviously the clearest, fairest, and most faithful life of Cicero which has yet appeared. Middleton's, more than a century old, was a flattery and a very extravagant panegyric. Drumann's, on the other hand, was as spiteful, malignant, uncharitable, and unjust. But between these two versions Mr. Forsyth has steered to his own view of Cicero, as he really was, as compared with his contemporaries, and as we may view him ourselves even from a Christian standard, without prejudice, favour, malice, or constraint.

* 'Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero.' By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., author of 'Hortensius,' &c. 2 vols. John Murray. 1864.

There is this paramount facility for estimating Cicero, that there is no man in the whole ancient world who is as open to us as he. We have his private letters by hundreds, and in some of them his innermost thoughts. We have all that is not of the public life and of that artificial standard to which a Roman citizen invariably aspired to attain. Other Romans come before us solely as great functionaries of State, as ædiles, quæstors, prætors, consuls; but Cicero was more than a *civis Romanus*—that is to say, he is more to us in his incomings and outgoings, in his private and familiar ways, in his secret *penchants* and foibles. If we hear him in the Forum with his "*Si quid sit in me ingenii, judices, quod sentio quam sit exiguum, tamen*," &c. (we want the *afflatus* of Mr. Samuel Warren to sustain the rolling period), if we view Cicero in the Senate, or as the consular saviour of the State, with his "*Oh! fortunatam natam*," and other self-decoration of that sort, we shall see but one-half of what is really to be seen of the living Cicero. We must follow him to Tusculum or Formiæ, to his place of exile at Thessalonica or Dyrrachium. We must read his appeals to the sympathies of Terentia, or his messages to his children, or his confidences with Atticus. We must conceive of him as tossing Tulliola beneath the canopy of an Italian sky, or ransacking his beloved manuscripts in the privacy of his country home. We can see the man Cicero there with his tenderness and his vanity, his weakness and his strength, as we can take the measure of no other Roman.

Moreover, we can turn to Mr. Forsyth in the certainty that he is not misleading us in the use of these facilities, and that his scholarship, candour, and judgment will help us to a faithful portraiture of his hero. We may well imagine, he says, that the young Cicero must often have lent a listening ear to the story of the exploits of Marius, himself a native of Arpinum. He was evidently so early a boy of promise that his parents took him from Arpinum to Rome, where certainly Niebuhr had no authority for the statement that in his youth he was without friends. Young Cicero without friends, that susceptible boy (where were Niebuhr's spectacles, if he used spectacles?)—why, the thing is impossible! The fact is that Cicero became very intimate, notwithstanding his extreme youth, with Crassus of the choicest Greek, and with Antonius the grandfather of the Triumvir, who divided with Crassus the palm of Roman eloquence in those days; and he expressly mentions that he used to apply for information from time to time to Antonius, and put questions to him as far as his boyish modesty allowed him to venture with so distinguished a man. Mr. Forsyth goes on to say that both Crassus and Antonius took delight in gratifying the eager curiosity of so intelligent an inquirer, and must have felt respecting him what Lady Holland said to her husband, the first Lord Holland, of "little William Pitt," that he was "really the cleverest child she ever saw."

Of the two schools—Mr. Forsyth would almost call them parties—of education at Rome in those days, the

Latin and the Greek school, Cicero chiefly studied in the latter. He studied with Phædrus the Epicurean, and he was a pupil of the poet Archias, whom he afterwards defended in the Forum. We cannot say much for the poetry of Archias, since none of it is extant, and that of Cicero himself is so unequivocally absurd. Cicero had not the poetic faculty, so it is a pity that he wrote verses. There was one ancient augur who, nevertheless, believed in his poem on Marius. "*Canescet sæclis innumerabilibus*," said the complimentary old gentlemen. But the old lawyer was neither a poet nor a prophet. Voltaire remarked of Rousseau's Ode addressed to posterity, "*Voici une lettre qui n'arrivera jamais à son adresse*," and Cicero's Epic met with a similar fate. At the age of 16 he laid aside the *toga prætexta* and assumed the *toga pura* or *virilis*.

"The custom was for the young man to be conducted by his father or other near relation to the Forum, when he was presented to the Prætor, whose tribunal or court was there, and the ceremony of the change of dress was performed. He then received the congratulations of his relatives and friends who accompanied him, amidst the applause of the surrounding crowd; for there never was any lack of idlers in the Forum; and, indeed, so numerous were they that old Cato the Censor once proposed that the ground should be paved with sharp stones to make it a less agreeable lounge. After this the youth was conducted along the Via Sacra, which ran through the Forum up to the Capitol, and a sacrifice was offered at the altar

of Jupiter, whose magnificent temple crowned the hill. The rest of the day was spent in festivities at home; and the hero of the hour, now no longer a boy but a man, received presents as on a birthday among ourselves."

It was immediately afterwards that he was introduced to the old augur—the most profound lawyer of his day in Rome—that he might have the benefit of his instruction in the science of which that accomplished jurist was so great a master.

There were no chambers of pleaders or conveyancers in those days, yet the house of a Roman jurisconsult was always open, not only to suitors, but to students, who came there to listen to the *responsa prudentum*, or legal opinions, which were delivered not in the stiff formal manner of a modern consultation, but in the easy mode of familiar conversation, sometimes during a walk in the *peristylium* of the house, and sometimes during a saunter in the Forum. It was thus that Cicero attached himself to Scævola, the augur, as a kind of pupil, and that so assiduously, that, in his own emphatic language, he declares that he hardly ever quitted his side. Philosophy and oratory seem to have been the chief objects of his study; but if of any man before Bacon appeared that might be said which the great master of modern philosophy claimed for himself, that he "had taken all knowledge for his province," it might be truly declared of the youthful Cicero.

"Perhaps at no other place and at no other time,

except at Athens in the palmy days of her great orators, have such opportunities been afforded for the study of eloquence as existed then at Rome. The constitution of the Republic imperatively required that those who looked to high office in the State should be practised speakers. The two great avenues of distinction were the army and the bar. And by the bar I do not mean the profession of an advocate in the narrow and limited sense which it bears among ourselves; but every kind of display of eloquence in the Forum, whether in a speech in the courts of law before the Prætor, or in a *concio* or harangue addressed to the people. Even the successful soldier had to cultivate oratory to give him a fair chance of civic honours. Each of the successive steps in the ascending hierarchy of office, from the quæstorship to the consulship, could only be attained by securing the votes of the people under a system which amounted almost to universal suffrage; and to be able to speak well was then, as in all ages and times, the surest passport to popular favour. Pompey and Cæsar were both orators; and Cæsar, indeed, was considered one of the very best speakers of his day."

In his 19th year Cicero also became for a time a soldier. This was a most valuable part of the education of a Roman gentleman, and it was almost necessary in the case of those who looked forward to high office. He appeared in his first, and only, campaign in the war termed the Marsian, the Italian, or the Social war, under the Consul Cneius Pompeius Strabo, the father of Pompey the

Great. On his return from the Italian Campaign, Cicero attached himself to Philo, the philosopher of the school of the Academy, and sucked out of him such marrow as he provided. He has drawn a picture of himself, too, at this age, of a tall, thin youth, with outstretched neck and eager eyes, intent on the occupiers of the rostra, and mentions how constant an attendant he was at the harangues that were then daily delivered at the Forum. He practised declamation at home, he studied the rules of dialectics with the stoic teacher Diodotus, he read and appreciated the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, lost, alas! to us; and he mentions the ladies of one accomplished family, the wife, daughters, and granddaughters of Scævola, the augur, whose conversation contributed to refine and improve his taste. But he does not tell us in what proportion in each generation. Eventually he undertook his first cause; or, as we should say of an advocate, held his first brief.

And we don't know for certain what case it was; but we know that he was only 25, and that Hortensius was "retained" on the other side. In his 27th year he made his first appearance in the Forum in a criminal trial for life and death, wherein he defended Sextus Roscius, of Ameria, who was accused of parricide. He acquitted himself so well on this occasion that he tells us that business began to flow rapidly in upon him, and his speech for Roscius was the turning point of his public career. Mr. Forsyth is reminded by it of what is told of Thurlow's appearance in

the great Douglas cause; and Erskine's defence in the Greenwich Hospital case, when hastening home from the court he exclaimed in triumph to his wife, "*Voila!* the nonsuit of cow beef!" It probably did not make much difference in Cicero's beef, for the Roman advocates took no fees, but looked for their reward in other ways hereafter.

Other successes at the bar followed; but Cicero's health failed, as we can well understand, from that fearful pantomimic energy which is to this day required of the Italian advocate. He went to Athens, he travelled in Asia Minor, he got better, and at the end of two years returned to Rome. About this time he appeared as advocate of Roscius, the comic actor, in a civil suit; and when he was in his 31st year it is generally supposed that he married his wife Terentia—an ill-fated union, on which the commentators do not agree, and on which Plutarch takes the lead among the libellers of Mrs. Cicero! He was then elected one of the quæstors—the first rung on the ladder of Roman preferment—and obtained Lilybæum, in Sicily, as his province. Here he managed judiciously the exportation of some grain, pending a severe scarcity at Rome, and he discovered near Syracuse the tomb of Archimedes. He acquitted himself with great credit in his office, and he left the island amid marks of respect from its inhabitants. When he was back in Rome he undertook the grand state prosecution of Verres, which bears the nearest resemblance to the trial of Warren

Hastings, and as a result of which the great criminal was banished and fined. In the following year he became Curule Ædile, but contrived to avoid unnecessary expense, and the year following, B.C. 68, his extant correspondence begins, to which, as Mr. Forsyth truly says, we have nothing comparable in antiquity. Mr. Forsyth describes this correspondence, with its revelations of Cicero's domestic life and habits, its sentiment, or rather the absence of what we should call by that name ourselves. He describes Cicero's love of books and art, gives some particulars of his numerous residences, and explains from what sources Cicero derived his wealth, and how he was able to bear the cost of keeping up so many establishments.

"There were no cotton lords at Rome, and commerce flourished to only a limited extent. But Cicero could have derived no benefit from either commerce or manufactures. His career was that of an advocate and statesman, and in neither capacity was he directly paid. The most certain mode of acquiring wealth to a public man at Rome was a provincial government. This followed, as a matter of course, the possession of the office of prætor or consul; and the frequent instances of accusation of ex-governors charged with oppression and extortion show with what unscrupulous avarice the proprætorian and proconsular powers were too often exercised. Cicero, however, declined a proprætorian government, and he declined also to take either of the provinces allotted to

him and his colleague Antonius when they laid down the office of consul. He did not assume a proconsular government until after his return from exile, some years after his consulship. It could not, therefore, have been from this source that he derived that wealth which enabled him to be the possessor of so many estates, and to live in such affluence and luxury at a much earlier period. But there were two other modes of becoming rich, and Cicero participated largely in both. Rome was rapidly advancing to the position of mistress of the world, and her leading men were the masters of Rome. It therefore was the policy of distant kings and commonwealths to conciliate their favour and support, and for this purpose presents of enormous value were transmitted to them. We can hardly call them bribes, for in many cases the relation of patron and client was avowedly established between a foreign state and some influential Roman; and it became his duty, as of course it was his interest, to defend it in the Senate and before the people. For instance, Cicero mentions Dyrrachium as a place of which he was patron, and whose interests he had always defended. Such a custom opened, no doubt, the door to corruption, for money was lavished to buy the votes of the senators, and agents were employed at Rome to distribute it. The purity and disinterestedness of Cicero's character make me believe that he never accepted such presents as a bribe, nor allowed his public conduct to be influenced by any regard for money; but he undoubtedly did receive presents from foreign suitors, and we

can easily imagine that they were large in amount, for they must have been most anxious to secure the goodwill and propitiate the favour of the matchless orator and foremost man of Rome. The other and unobjectionable mode of acquiring wealth was by legacies, which in ancient, as in modern times, has always been deemed an honourable source of riches, provided no unworthy acts are resorted to for the purpose of influencing the testator. In the second Philippic he makes it a matter of boast that he had received upwards of 20,000,000 sesterces (about 178,000*l.*) from legacies left him by his friends."

Cicero became prætor elect at the age of 40, B.C. 67, by the unanimous votes of all the Centuries. But he still exercised his profession as an advocate and defended Cluentius; he spoke in favour of Pompey, and undertook the defence of Manilius. On the 17th of July, B.C. 65, he announced himself as a candidate for the consulship. His two principal competitors were Catiline and Antonius; and the surpassing severity with which he attacked them laid the foundation of the bitter hatred which Catiline felt towards him. So great, however, was his popularity, that the electors proclaimed him consul by loud and unanimous shouts, and he thus attained the summit of his ambition. At the very outset of his new career he distinguished himself by three remarkable triumphs as an orator—one on the proposed Agrarian Law; the second in opposition to the claims of the victims of Sylla's proscriptions; the third in defence of the Senator Rabirius, accused of murder

seven-and-thirty years previously. Then the crisis of his own destiny approached, when he had to deal with the great Catiline conspiracy, and when he ran the hazard of the plot for his own assassination. After his famous invective against Catiline in the Senate, who from the descriptions which have reached us of him, seems most to have resembled Danton, Catiline fled. But his plot to attack Rome with an army of rebels was subsequently betrayed, his accomplices were strangled in prison, and Cicero was designated the "Father of his Country," while Catiline himself was slain in battle at Pistoia, and no man knew where he was buried, though Mr. Forsyth adds that when he himself was at Pistoia he saw a street there which bears the name of "Tomba di Catilina" to this day.

It is a striking proof of the elastic energy of Cicero's mind that at the very moment of the explosion of the conspiracy, and in the midst of the most awful danger, he was able to deliver in defence of one of his friends a speech distinguished chiefly by its light wit and good-humoured raillery. This was his speech *pro Murenâ*. On his retirement from office, though the honours decreed him had been quite exceptional, he had a foretaste of the troubles that awaited him in the veto of one of the newly-elected tribunes, on the ground that a man who had condemned Roman citizens to death without a trial, or allowing them to speak in their own defence, ought not to be allowed himself to speak to the people. Cicero took advantage of a convenient moment, and swore that in his consulship he

had saved the Republic from destruction. The people, with applauding shouts, cried out, "You have spoken true!" and Cicero in after life often referred to this with feelings of pardonable exultation.

One of the worst incidents which occurred when he was a vir consularis was the violation of the mysteries of Bona Dea and the trial of Clodius. On that trial he deposed that on the very morning on which Clodius protested he was 50 miles from Rome, in his own house, he, Cicero, had an interview with Clodius, and thus there was no foundation for the *alibi*. For this Clodius never forgave him, and while he was himself acquitted by a corrupt jury, he cherished the bitterest hatred to Cicero, and eventually gratified it by procuring his banishment. To get Cicero into his power, it was necessary that he should be clothed with some great magisterial office, and no magistrate at Rome could vie in authority and power with a tribune of the people. But none but a plebeian could be such a tribune, and Clodius was a patrician. That difficulty, however, might be got over by an adoption into a plebeian family, or *gens*, of which the legal mode was by getting a special law passed at the Comitia Curiata. In the meantime Cæsar returned from Spain, and the first Triumvirate of Rome was formed at a time which was then one of general demoralization. Cicero at this time did not wish to break altogether with three such powerful men as Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, but he held aloof, determined to temporize, and not commit himself to an alliance which,

it was his firm conviction, threatened ruin to the Republic. Whether the Republic could be saved at all was probably then beyond hope, yet this was the dream to which Cicero clung even to the last. As Cæsar and Pompey found they could not secure his active support they seem to have wished to remove him from Rome on the honourable pretext of an embassy. It was proposed to Cicero that he should go to Egypt and endeavour to effect a reconciliation between Ptolemy Auletes and his discontented subjects; but it was not necessary to come to a decision. The tyrannical rule of Ptolemy drove his subjects into revolt. He quitted Egypt and took refuge in Rome.

An honour which Cicero had rather at heart was to succeed to a vacancy in the College of Augurs, but in this he was disappointed for the present. Cicero, in retirement shortly after this, was excessively bored by his country neighbours, and without approving the condition of Rome, he returned there in June. He found the Triumvirate very unpopular. When the Triumvirs appeared abroad they were hissed. Clodius, too, was chosen in July one of the tribunes for the following year, and this was to Cicero a most sinister omen. The consuls of B.C. 58 lent themselves readily to his wishes, and he, having entered upon the office of tribune in December, proceeded with consummate skill to execute his design of crushing Cicero. Thus he proposed the following law:—"Be it enacted that whoever has put to death a Roman citizen, uncondemned in due form of trial, shall be interdicted

from fire and water;" and though Cicero's name was not mentioned, yet he knew that at himself this enactment was directed. On account of this he dressed himself in mourning. The whole equestrian class put on mourning also. All Italy seemed moved at the thought of Cicero's danger. But Pompey faltered, and would not stand by him, and Cæsar made Clodius a mere deprecatory answer. Cicero had to leave Rome under the ban which Clodius was able to legalize, and he fled from one place to another for safety. In his letters of this time his grief is almost incoherent, and, as Mr. Forsyth says, "Like the roll of Ezekiel, there is written therein lamentation, and mourning, and woe." Seldom has misfortune so crushed a noble spirit, and never perhaps has the "bitter bread of banishment" seemed more bitter to any one than to him. Many of his friends remained devoted to him, and eventually he obtained his return. In fact the Senate more than once passed a resolution that they could entertain no busines until he was recalled; and his journey, when he did come back, was one continued ovation. On his entry into Rome well might he say *that* one day was equivalent to immortality (*immortalitatis instar fuit*). As he proceeded through the Forum along the Via Sacra to the Capitol,—

> "You would have thought the very windows spake,'
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their desiring eyes
> Upon his visage; and that all the walls
> With painted imagery had said at once,
> 'The gods preserve thee! Welcome, Cicero!'"

In his speech to the Senate he certainly gave a braver explanation of his flight from Rome than the circumstances warranted; but then let us be candid; if need were, Cicero could fib. He made a touching oration *pro domo suâ*, for the restitution of the site of his house, which had been confiscated. Clodius retorted with violence. He set the house on fire. He attempted to murder Cicero in open day; and it was only by degrees that Cicero obtained the power of remaining at Rome in comparative peace, and the opportunity of pursuing the duties of his profession as an advocate. The incidents of his life, which we hurry past here, were very various, and they ended with the transfer of his allegiance to Cæsar. He lost his own self-respect thereby, and his influence in the Senate and Rostra declined. As Mr. Forsyth says, "Stormy times were fast approaching, and his was not the hand that could guide the helm of the vessel of the State through the rocks and shoals with which it was surrounded."

When after an interregnum new consuls were elected there came news from the East which fell like a thunderbolt on Rome. The Parthians had destroyed Crassus and a great part of his army. They had poured molten gold down the throat of the unfortunate proconsul, and by the death of his son there was a vacancy in the College of Augurs, and Cicero was chosen to succeed him. Soon Cicero was engaged with his whole heart in Milo's candidature for the consulship. Four years previously Cicero

told Atticus that Milo had declared he would kill Clodius if he met him, and the threat was at last fulfilled. Milo and Clodius met on the highway, near Bovillæ, close to a spot where stood a chapel of the Bona Dea (a singular coincidence), when the slaves of Clodius were outnumbered and Clodius himself was killed. Cicero felt that he owed a deep debt of gratitude to Milo for the part he had taken, when tribune, in procuring his recall from banishment, and he undertook his defence. His oration for Milo, as *written*, was brave and triumphant, but the glittering spears of the soldiers present dazed the eyes of the orator. He lost his self-possession, and made a very ineffective speech. It would be, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that he completely broke down. The sentence was banishment, and Milo immediately quitted Rome. According to a well-known anecdote, Milo, when he read Cicero's speech in exile after his conviction, said, in bitter irony, "It is fortunate for me that this is not the speech that was delivered at my trial; for in that case I should not have been eating such capital things as these Marseilles mullets"—the Bouillabaisse, in fact, which dear Thackeray rejoiced over in these latter days. Through the revival by Pompey of the law as to proconsular governments, a provincial government was imposed as an obligation, not granted as a privilege. Cicero was one of the limited number in this predicament. He and Bibulus drew lots for their appointments, and he got Cilicia and its dependencies.

In this new character he deserves our almost unqualified

praise. It is no light merit in Cicero to have been in advance of the morality of his age, and, amid the darkness of paganism, to have exhibited the equity and self-denial of a Christian statesman. He already felt that he could not be happy away from his beloved Rome. He was afraid even of a coasting voyage from Actium to Athens in the calm waters of the Mediterranean. He was, in fact, a wretched sailor, and would have entirely agreed with Dr. Johnson in his definition of a ship as a prison with the chance of being drowned. Moreover, when he arrived at Laodicea he was nervously anxious not to have his government prolonged beyond a year; but, so long as his government did continue, it was a healing government for that province, into whose vitals the Roman eagle had just deeply set his talons. Cicero saw the misery of the wretched provincials with compassion, and scrupulously determined not to impose upon them any burden or expense for the maintenance of himself and suite. Crowds flocked to see the prodigy, as bitter experience made them regard it, and Cicero himself might have said less in his letters about his own merits in this respect. But Mr. Forsyth can forgive the egotism of the man for the sake of the equity of the Governor, and so can every one who, like him, has taken an interest in the government of Imperial dependencies.

Cicero actually conducted a campaign against some hill tribes with spirit and success. Writing to Atticus, he told him that he had occupied the same encampment at Issus

as Alexander, "a general," he added with mock gravity, "not a little superior to you or me." He had to deal with some complicated cases, that of Salamis and of Ariobarzanes, and here Mr. Forsyth admits that he abused his proconsular authority in favour of Brutus. His daughter Tullia was in the meantime divorced, and she was free now to marry again. She was nearly becoming the wife of Tiberius Nero, and the world might possibly have been spared one monster, in the form of his son, if she had accepted the father's proposal. She did marry Dolabella. Hortensius was dying, and Cicero heard the news just as he was on the point of embarking to return home. "I am sure you grieve for Hortensius," he wrote to Atticus; "I am distracted, for I had resolved to live on intimate terms with him."

Cicero had set his heart on a *supplicatio* or thanksgiving in honour of his successes against the enemy; it had been decreed by the Senate, but there was a hitch in its performance. When he arrived at Rome he found himself, as he expressed it, in the midst of the flames of civil discord. Cæsar for ten long years had kept away from the scene where the great game of ambition was to be played out, and left the stage to his rival; but now, as in the case of Wellington returning from the Peninsula, the fame of his victories in Gaul and Britain was an impressive fact. "I do not think," says Mr. Forsyth, "that we have evidence that he had formed any plan to subvert the Constitution, or, indeed, any plan at all further than this—

that he was determined that if there was to be a master of the Republic, he, and not Pompey, should be the man. Pompey was then severely ill at Naples, and he ought to have died, if Rome was to be saved. A fair proposal was made by Curio that both Pompey and Cæsar should lay down their military commands, disband their armies, and appear in Rome as private citizens. But Pompey's party declined that proposal, while Cæsar was pozing a menacing enigma at Ravenna. Cicero wrote to Atticus from Athens on his way home, and confessed his embarrassment at having to make up his mind as to which of the two contending leaders he would join. He entered the harbour of Brundusium at the same moment as his wife entered the town, by one of the gates through which the Appian Way passed, so that they both met in the Forum. At Lavernum he met Pompey, who thought that war was inevitable, and, so far as Cicero could judge, did not even wish for peace. *He professed great contempt for him as an opponent in the field* (that is, Pompey of Cæsar!), and was full of confidence in the force he could bring against him. In the alternative of Cæsar or Pompey, Cicero thought that Pompey would use a victory with more moderation; so, although he was himself in favour of concessions, he made up his mind to stand by Pompey and support him, whatever he determined.

Cæsar offered by letter to lay down his military command, if Pompey would do the same, but added the ominous threat that, if this condition were not complied with,

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he would not be wanting to himself and his country. Cicero calls Cæsar's letter "threatening and bitter." He himself, in his *Bellum Civile*, describes it as a "very gentle demand." "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Forsyth, "that the demand was illegal and unconstitutional. Pompey held his province and his army under the authority of law, and Cæsar had no right to dictate the terms on which alone he would obey the order of the Senate." In doing so he was as much guilty of an act of usurpation as Napoleon Bonaparte when he returned from Egypt and forcibly dissolved the Council of five hundred in the Orangery of St. Cloud.

Cicero reached the gates of Rome; but he would not enter the city, because even at that critical moment his heart was set upon a triumph, to use De Quincey's phrase, "standing upon a claim so windy under circumstances so awful." Why, the very immortal Gods were tempting Cæsar across the Rubicon! Thus Cæsar had been wandering about in the misty morning until he came up with his soldiers, who were standing on the left, or northern, bank of the Rubicon. At this moment, according to Suetonius,—

"Here he stopped, and awe-struck for the moment at the magnitude of the step he was about to take, he turned to his followers and said, 'We can even yet draw back, but if we cross that little bridge everything must be decided by the sword.' A portent reassured him. An apparition of gigantic size and superhuman beauty was suddenly seen

seated not far distant from him and playing on a flute, from which issued streams of aërial melody. Some shepherds who were there and the pickets in advance approached to listen to the music. Among them were some trumpeters, from one of whom the phantom snatched a bugle, and, blowing a loud blast, plunged into the river, which it crossed and disappeared. Then Cæsar exclaimed, 'Let us go where the portents of Heaven and the injustice of the enemy summon us. The die is cast!' He pressed forward to the opposite bank, and stood on the sacred soil of Italy a traitor and a rebel. Ariminum, which was a short distance beyond, and entirely defenceless, was immediately occupied by his troops, and there he paused."

At Rome what consternation! There was a general rush to leave it; and the consuls, the Senate, and Pompey set the example. They left the very money in the public treasury, they were in such trembling haste; and really it was a very welcome legacy to Cæsar, who wanted the sinews of war. The stately scholars talked of Greek examples: Pompey of Themistocles sending the Athenians out of the city when Xerxes was marching upon Athens, and afterwards crushing the invaders at Salamis; Cicero, more to the point, contrasted this with the conduct of Pericles in the Peloponnesian war, who brought the population of Attica within the walls, and, victoriously defending them, saved the State; and closer precedent still, that set by their own ancestors, who held the Capitol while the Gauls were masters of the rest of Rome. He was aghast at the

audacity of Cæsar, and visions of confiscation and ruin floated across his brain.

The defection of Labienus from Cæsar to Pompey, which Mr. Forsyth likens to that of Moreau in 1813, put him for the time in spirits. Moreover, Cæsar still offered fair terms, but it was easier to bolt than accept them. Cato's voice, like that of Falkland in our own civil war, was continually crying, "Peace! peace!" But Cicero was distracted. He predicted that Cæsar would soon be in Apulia, and Pompey would take to shipboard, and so it happened. He hesitated, for his own part. The one thing lacking in his character was decision. If he had been less conscientious he would have been a bolder, or, at all events, a more consistent man. He feared the intentions of Pompey, even if victorious. He doubted his chance of victory. "I call to mind his kindnesses, I call to mind also his position," said he; "I think his services to me deserve the price of my life." All that Cæsar asked from him was neutrality, and Cæsar's language was noble and sincere. At Formiæ he and Cæsar met and conferred. But as time went on, he became more and more resolved to leave Italy and follow Pompey. He was eventually in Pompey's camp, yet he afterwards made his peace with Cæsar.

Pharsalia and the death of Pompey in Egypt followed, and Cicero returned to Italy, to be divorced from his wife, to lose his daughter Tullia by death, and to contract a second marriage himself. How terribly he mourned his

daughter! He met Cæsar, again, and their meeting was like that between Jacob and Esau. He defended Ligarius before Cæsar as judge, and he defended him triumphantly thus:—

"All that I have said I have addressed to your humanity, your clemency, your compassion. I have pleaded many causes, Cæsar, and some even with you as my co-adjutor, while you paved the way to your future honours by practice in the Forum; but never did I adopt this tone for my client: 'Pardon him, judges, he has erred; he is guilty; he did it unwittingly; if ever again ——' That is the language to be addressed to a parent, but to a Court of Justice this:—'He did not do it; he never contemplated the act; the witnesses are forsworn; the charge is false.' Tell me, Cæsar, that you are sitting as a judge to try Ligarius on the question of fact, and ask me in whose garrisons he was found—I am at once silent. I care not to plead in excuse that which might perhaps avail even with a judge. 'He went there as a lieutenant before the war. He was left in the province during the continuance of peace. He was taken by surprise when war broke out; he showed no animosity while it lasted—even then he was in his heart and in his wishes on your side' Such would be the line of defence before a judge; *but I am speaking to a parent*: 'I have sinned; I acted unadvisedly; I am sorry for my fault; I throw myself upon your mercy; I ask pardon for my offence; I pray you to forgive me.' If no one has obtained forgiveness from you, it is presumption

in me to ask it; but if very many have, then do you, who have encouraged hope, likewise bestow favour.'"

Cicero also went much at this time into fashionable Roman society; and he mentions in a letter to his lively friend Pætus that (at dinner, of course) he reclined on the same couch, with two or three guests between them, with the fair and frail Cytheris, the "Anonyma" of his time.

"'What?' you will say, 'Cicero at such a banquet? he, the observed of all observers?' In sooth I did not suspect that she would be there. But, however, not even Aristippus, the disciple of Socrates, blushed when he was reproached with keeping Laïs. 'I keep her,' he said, 'but I am not kept by her.' But none of that class attracted me when I was a young man. I need say nothing now that I am an old one. I like a banquet. I say there whatever comes uppermost, and turn mourning into mirth. Did you do better when you made fun of a philosopher, who asked you if man wanted anything, and you replied that you wanted a morning supper? The pedant thought you would say you wanted to know whether there was only one sky or an infinite number of them. . . . When I pay you a visit you will find me a guest not much addicted to eating, but a good deal addicted to joking."

His intellectual activity at this stage of his life was immense, and he wrote a great variety of works—*De Claris Oratoribus, De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum,* &c. He was soon after divorced from his second wife, Publilia, a most unsuitable match. Shortly before Cæsar's death

he undertook the last cause he ever pleaded, that *pro Rege Deiotaro*. We do not follow his movements at the death of Cæsar, for he was not an accomplice in the plot of assassination, though he applauded it afterwards. It is certain that he was present at the murder, for in one of his letters to Atticus he expresses the joy he felt at witnessing the deed of blood. His interest in the subsequent proceedings was active, leading up to the time when he had frequent interviews with Octavian, thereafter to become Augustus Cæsar.

For Antony, as we know, he had a rooted dislike, and he opposed him with a boldness which reminds us of the consul in the days of Catiline, and denounced him with a violence which shows that he took small thought of his own safety. Approaching to this final crisis, his intellectual activity was never greater than in the last two years of his life, and his chief consolation was the study of philosophy, and devotion to what we may call the *belles lettres*. It was then that he wrote *De Naturâ Deorum, De Divinatione, De Gloriâ, De Fato, De Amicitiâ,* and *De Senectute,* and occupied himself in giving the last touches to a history of his own times which is now entirely lost. It has been computed that we possess little more than a tenth part of what he wrote; and this Mr. Forsyth thinks is certainly true, if we include his lost speeches, most of which were carefully prepared and written out beforehand. We cannot, he says, but admire the industry and genius which enabled him, when his mind was depressed by sorrow, and

he saw the institutions of his country crumbling to ruin, and her liberties the prize of the most successful adventurer, to distract his thoughts from the chaos of politics, and employ them on such lofty themes. Yet, in a public sense, at no period of his career was he so truly great as in the closing scenes of his life. He had been overawed by the genius of Cæsar, and he had been attached to Pompey by personal regard and an exaggerated feeling of gratitude, but without faith in him as a statesman or a general, and so he had hesitated and oscillated in a pitiable manner throughout the civil war; but now his course was clear and his duty manifest. And the Romans, on their side, exhibited an enthusiastic attachment towards him, and a consciousness of his sincere desire to save the State, which invested him with a force and dignity to which he never attained so fully as when his struggle was about to close.

Mr. Forsyth says of his second Philippic, which was published, though never spoken, that, as a specimen of invective, it is unsurpassed. He might say unrivalled, if he did not recollect the speech of Demosthenes against Midias, and that it is also a valuable record of facts, throwing much light upon the history of the time. In the meantime, the drama was working itself out in the hands of the Masters of Legions, but,—

"It is impossible not to admire the energy of Cicero at this period. In Rome he was the life and soul of the opposition to Antony, and he was grander in the last year

of his life, when he was animating the Senate and the people to dare everything for the sake of their country, than during his consulship. Nobler accents of eloquence were never heard than those which from time to time burst from his lips as he thundered against the traitors who were in arms at Mutina; and it is difficult to recognise in the intrepid orator the timid and vacillating correspondent of Atticus. I believe that the real reason of the difference was his unhesitating conviction now that he was right. In the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey he was always haunted with the idea that he might be deciding wrong. He could never act boldly unless his conscience was at ease. But he had neither doubts nor misgivings now. He loved his country with a passionate affection, and he saw in Antony her worst enemy. If he was victorious the liberties of Rome were gone. He would be an infinitely worse ruler than Cæsar; and yet Cicero regarded Cæsar's rule as nothing better than an execrable tyranny. His own safety also was deeply compromised in the struggle, and nothing but victory could preserve him from destruction. Antony had already, as he tells us in one of the Philippics, given away beforehand his property to one of his creatures, and death was the least that he could expect at the hands of the conqueror. He might be said to fight with a halter round his neck against the enemy of his country and his own."

His last Philippic, with its closing words of consolation to those who were mourning the loss of relatives at the

battle of Mutina, was soon followed by the treachery of Octavian and the formation of a Triumvirate, on the terms that Octavian should give up to death Cicero; Lepidus his own brother Paulus; and Antony his uncle Lucius Cæsar. Cicero might possibly have escaped, but a kind of fascination, which he was unable to resist, seems to have attracted him to the fatal coast. In the words of Ezekiel, "He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him." "Let me die," he exclaimed, "in my country, which I have saved so often." There is something very painful and touching in the last moments of his life, when the implacable assassins were close upon his track, and something horrible in the malignant joy with which Antony and Fulvia received his ghastly relics. His head was taken and nailed to the Rostra, together with the hands, to moulder there in mockery of the triumphs of his eloquence, of which that spot had so often been the scene. A sadder sight was never gazed upon in Rome.

In the summary of Cicero's character, with which Mr. Forsyth concludes, the reader will receive the fairest estimate which, in our opinion, has ever been offered. Its conclusions are simply and admirably balanced, with a candour and mastery which are perfectly judicial, and the prevailing effect is to make us think more tolerably of Cicero's foibles, and to heighten our admiration of his public spirit and his genius.

THE NATURALIST ON THE AMAZONS.*

THERE is a vast difference in the way in which naturalists record their experiences of the strange objects they encounter in a wild country. It is quite as rare a faculty to impress the reader with an ample realization of the scenes through which they pass, new and marvellous as they may be to the observers themselves, as to shed a new light on phenomena which are familiar to us all. The power of apprehending broad distinctions and varieties in nature, and of conveying them to others, is as different from the collection of mere facts as the conception and production of pictures from the picking up of peas. But few men have those expansive qualities of imagination or philosophical thoughts which enable them to treat of nature in its cosmical aspects; nor do we often find them graduating in the school of Humboldt to a higher degree than the writer of the two fascinating volumes before us.

* 'The Naturalist on the River Amazons;' a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. 2 vols. Murray. 1863.

Mr. Bates himself could not have rendered so broadly the general aspects of tropical life unless he had been completely saturated with his subject by the constant observations of many years. Thus he spent no less than eleven years on the Amazons, exploring the natural history of its banks, four of these years in the company of the well-known traveller Wallace, and seven years alone. At Para, Santarem, and Ega he successively established his head-quarters, from which he pursued his quest on the river or in the adjacent forest, obtaining 15,000 species of mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, mollusks, and zoophytes, of which no less than 8,000 were new to science. Moreover, in the pursuit of these specimens he developed his tendency to philosophic generalizations, and conceived those large views of the tropical flora and fauna which so distinguish his book from that of an ordinary naturalist and collector.

In the aggregate of the physical agencies in this extraordinary region, the river system of the Amazons is, of course, a paramount and impressive feature. Each side of the Delta at its mouth measures 180 miles—thus comprising an area about equal to the southern half of England and Wales. The island of Marãjo, in the middle of it, is as large as Sicily, and around this, and through all the archipelago of islands at its mouth, the Amazons pours profuse volumes of fresh water, which prevents these embouchures from becoming mere salt-water estuaries. Pouring forth a stream which tinges the sea itself along the

shores of Guiana to a distance of 200 miles from its mouth, it is startling to hear that on one of its tributaries, the Tapajos, Mr. Bates nevertheless detected the influence of the ocean tides at a point 530 miles distant from the place where they first strike the body of fresh water at the river's mouth. That the throb of the great oceanic pulse should be felt in this remote corner is a proof of the extreme flatness of the land which forms the lower part of the Amazonian valley. On the Upper Amazons, on the other hand, when the fresh waters are rising, enormous landslips are frequently produced by their action on the banks. Mr. Bates himself was a witness of one of these, which commenced in the night with a roar like that of artillery, and reminded him of an earthquake. "The day dawned," he says,—

"After the uproar had lasted about an hour, and we then saw the work of destruction going forward on the other side of the river, about three miles off. Large masses of forest, including trees of colossal size, probably 200 feet in height, were rocking to and fro, and falling headlong one after the other into the water. After each avalanche the wave which it caused returned on the crumbling bank with tremendous force, and caused the fall of other masses by undermining them."

This work of destruction continued for hours, while the limits of it were concealed from view; and, as described by Mr. Bates, it must have been a stupendous manifestation of fluvial power. Can we wonder that those who

have such a mighty flood continually before their eyes should believe, as Mr. Bates says they do, that it encircles the whole earth, and that other lands are islands like those seen in it, only larger? "The fact of the Amazons being a limited stream, having its origin in narrow rivulets, its beginning and its ending, has never entered the heads of most of the people who have passed their whole lives on its banks." In fact, an official at Para was heard to ask on which side Paris lay, under the impression that every place in the world must lie on one bank or the other.

The great primæval forest, which contains so many wonders in its recesses, and clothes the whole surface of the country for two thousand miles, from the river's mouth to the foot of the Andes, is the other chief characteristic of the region which is always present to the traveller's eye or imagination. Of the general impression which it makes, the following description is suggestive:—

"We often read in books of travels of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most

fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of midday, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air: these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the Curupíra, the wild man or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The Curupíra is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to the locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of ourang-otang, being covered with long shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have cloven feet and a bright-red face. He has a wife and children, and sometimes comes down to the roças to steal the mandioca. At one time I had a Mameluco youth in my service whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest—in

fact, I could not get him to go alone—and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me and beg of me to turn back. He became easy only after he had made a charm to protect us from the Curupíra. For this purpose he took a young palm leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track."

This forest, moreover, is not, as Mr. Wallace had told us before, that mass of beauty and brilliancy of colour which we might be led to expect from the known splendour of individual plants and specimens. The flowers of most tropical trees are so deciduous, or they hang so out of sight on the summits of the close vegetation, or the plants which bear them are so independent and detached as compared with the social flower-bearing plants of our own zone, that they afford no spectacle superior to our hillside gorse and broom, our mountain heather, or the carpet of wild hyacinths of our forest glades. Of even the animal tenants of the forest, the butterflies, birds, and insects, it is necessary, says Mr. Bates, to follow up the research month after month to obtain a fair notion of their number and variety. You meet with new specimens *ad infinitum*, but they do not appear to dazzle you *en masse*. On the other hand, the vegetable forces manifested around you on such a magnificent scale impress the mind in a superior degree to the richest woodland scenery of Northern Europe. "There is something in a tropical forest," says Mr. Bates,

"akin to the ocean in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance and the vastness of nature." The painful impression which the German Burmeister says he received from the contemplation of a Brazilian forest, "on account of the vegetation displaying such a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness," is in Mr. Bates's eyes neutralized by the enjoyment of life which is evidently manifested by individual existences. At the same time, it is to the intense competition of these existences that the forest owes its most striking characteristics; and the evidences of the great struggle of which it is the battle-field impart additional significance to its gloom and solemnity.

It is not until twilight that the great *organ* of animal life which exists in its recesses is sounded vociferously in all its stops. Then the shrill stridulation of the crickets and grasshoppers, and the hooting of the tree frogs, which contribute a large portion of the uproar, amount, as Mr. Bates describes it, to a deafening din. This is one of the peculiarities of a Brazilian climate which is most likely to surprise a stranger. In fact, after Mr. Bates's return to England, the deathlike stillness of summer days in the country here appeared to him as strange as the ringing uproar did on his first arrival at Pará. It was his occupation for many years to hunt up the performers in this wonderful concert, or the quieter occupants of these enormous forests, and marvellous were the facts which came under his observation. Birds and moths which so resemble each other

that the negroes and Indians themselves tried to convince him they were of the same species; great spiders which caught birds in their webs, or which were led about the house with cords round their waists as if they were dogs; gorgeous birds and butterflies, anacondas, lizards, ants, and crawling creatures of every variety, such as Sydney Smith described vaguely with humorous horror, were soon among his familiar acquaintances. One of the most important of these for its numbers and activity was the Saüba ant, which is seen everywhere in the neighbourhood of Pará, marching to and fro in broad columns, and which is a very great scourge to the Brazilians from its devastation of their cultivated trees and vegetables. So large are the communities of this little creature, that the traveller often comes upon their heaps of not less than 40 yards in circumference, though not more than two feet in height. These, however, are only the outworks or domes which overlie and protect the entrances to vast subterranean galleries; and we are told that it requires a great amount of excavation to reach the latter, as they lie at a considerable depth. The Saüba ants clip and carry away in circular pieces an immense quantity of leaves, as books on natural history have long since recorded. Mr. Bates found many accumulations of such leaves lying on the pathway unattended by ants, but they were invariably removed when revisited the next day. He had frequent opportunities of seeing the ants at work clipping and preparing these out of the foliage of the neighbouring

trees, and he conceives that he discovered after much time the purpose to which these leaves are applied, and that they are simply used to thatch the domes which cover the entrances to the ants' subterranean dwellings, thereby protecting from the deluging rains the young brood in the nests beneath. Mr. Bates gives us a good impression of the extent of the ramifications of these nests, when he says he saw a gardener at Pará attempt to destroy one by blowing in the fumes of sulphur, and the smoke issued from other outlets at 70 yards' distance from the place where the bellows were used. Of the magnitude of the operations of which these ants are capable we can form an impression, when we hear of their piercing the embankments of reservoirs and excavating a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge.

A curious phenomenon in connection with these insects is the fact that their nests are the habitual abode of an abnormal species of snake, the Amphisbæna, a genus allied to the slowworm of Europe. These snakes come out occasionally in the night time, but they live habitually in the subterranean chambers of the Saüba ants, and, as Mr. Bates supposes, from the remains in their stomachs, feed upon the ant-colonies, with whom they thus have board as well as lodging. The natives call the Amphisbæna the Mère des Saübas, or mother of the Saübas, and say the ants treat it with great affection, and that, if the snake be taken away from a nest, the Saübas will forsake

the spot. But Mr. Bates regards this notion as mythical, at the same time that he was himself unable to ascertain the exact relation which subsists between these curious snakes and their Saüba landlords. Of another species of ants (*myrmica sævissima*), which are winged, Mr. Bates saw such immense quantities blown into the river by a sudden squall that they were heaped up in a line for miles at the edge of the water. Still more extraordinary are the foraging and predatory ants about Ega, which the natives, when they meet them, fly from, so fierce and serious are their attacks. Mr. Bates describes some of the manœuvres of these little creatures, whom he observed in campaign, on the line of march, and even attacking the ant citadels of another species; and his observations on their capacity, discipline, and exploits read more like a page of Xenophon or Thucydides than a commentary of natural history.

Besides the ants, a great plague to the traveller is the Pium, minute flies which have a disgusting resemblance to lice, and which fasten on the human skin with the most bloodthirsty motives. They are a terrible scourge along the Upper River, or Solimoens, to the end of the navigation on the Amazons, where they relieve the mosquito at sunrise with the greatest punctuality, coming forth in such dense swarms as to resemble thin clouds of smoke. The punctures which these little pests leave in the skin are highly irritable, and in time the skin is blackened with their endless numbers; but, happily, they are not found in

the shade of the forest, nor in certain reaches of the navigation. In addition to the Pium, but not in anything like equal numbers, a species of œstrus, or gadfly, on the Upper Amazons, fixes on the flesh of man as a breeding-place for its grubs, and the result is a painful boil with an animal inside it an inch in length, and of increasing breadth from head to tail, besides being secured to the flesh of the inside of the tumour by two horny hooks. Happily the beast can be dislodged by a little tobacco-juice, to which he entertains a most convenient repugnance.

As a set-off, among the curiosities in wasps there is one species—the Monedula Signata—which is a good friend to travellers in those parts of the Amazon which are infested with the bloodthirsty Motuca fly. Wherever the traveller lands on the Upper Amazon in the neighbourhood of a sand-bank, he is sure to be attended by one or more of these useful vermin-killers, who attack the Motúca when attached to your skin, and carry him off with great adroitness. Many are the varieties of bees, of which in general it is remarkable that none of them have attained that high degree of architectural skill in the construction of their comb which is shown by the European hive bee. The wax cells of the Meliponæ are generally oblong, showing only an approximation to the hexagonal shape in places where several of them are built in contact. It would appear, says Mr. Bates, that the Old World has produced in bees as well as in other families of animals far more advanced forms than the tropics of the New World.

On the other hand, the butterflies, as might be expected, are described as being far more brilliant than ours, and some idea of their diversity may be conceived from the statement that 700 species may be found within an hour's walk of Pará, while the total number found in the British islands does not exceed 66, and the whole of Europe supports only 390. Some of the most showy species, such as the swallow-tailed kinds, are seen flying about the streets and gardens, but others require to be pursued in the depths of the forest. The Trojans, so designated by Linnæus, never, indeed, leave them. Morpho Menelaus, however, "was seen flapping its huge wings like a bird along the verandah;" while Morpho Rhetenor, whose wings on the upper face are of quite a dazzling lustre, usually prefers the broad sunny road, though it is almost an unattainable prize on account of its lofty flight, for it very rarely descends nearer the ground than about 20 feet. When it comes sailing along, says Mr. Bates, it occasionally flaps its wings, and then the blue surface flashes in the sunlight, so that it is visible a quarter of a mile off. In addition to the splendid varieties of colour in which they are arrayed, some of these beauties are bordered or spangled with metallic lines and spots of a silvery or golden lustre. Some have wings transparent as glass, and one of these clear-winged butterflies, the Hetaira Emeralda, has just one spot of opaque colouring on its wings, which is of a violet and rose hue. This is the only part visible when the insect is flying low, over dead leaves, in the gloomy

shades where alone it is found, and where it looks, says Mr. Bates, like the *wandering petal of a flower.*

Not to speak of moths and dragon-flies, lizards, such as the Iguana, which are 5 ft. long, alligators of the most audacious and predatory habits, one of the most objectionable incidents of these regions is the great abundance of snakes. Mr. Bates wore large spectacles, if we may judge from one of the illustrations, and we can conceive one of the drawbacks to the delights of entomology in a ludicrous point of view, when we hear what these spectacles sometimes disclosed to him. "It was rather alarming," he says, "in entomologizing about the trunks of trees, to suddenly encounter on turning round, as sometimes happened, a pair of glittering eyes and a forked tongue within a few inches of one's head." On other occasions, Mr. Bates encountered large serpents of the boa species, and had the satisfaction of finding that they were indisposed to make his intimate acquaintance. The anaconda, one of these, grows to an enormous bulk, and lives to a great age, for Mr. Bates heard of specimens having been killed which measured 42 feet in length, though he did not encounter any of this size himself. The natives of the Amazons believe also in the existence of a still more monstrous water serpent, said to be many score fathoms in length, which appears successively in different parts of the river, and which they call the *mai d'agoa*, the mother or spirit of the water; but Mr. Bates himself regards this as altogether a delusion, and accounts for its general prevalence by

ascribing the origin of the impression to certain other natural objects which sometimes appear in the river.

Some of the inhabitants of the forest are disposed to be on very familiar terms with you. The Coaita monkey may be reduced to a state of ridiculous tameness; and Mr. Bates saw one which evinced the most painful emotions at being called hard names by its owner, seating itself quietly on the ground and crying piteously. Another animal, which is far more familiar than welcome, is the Urubu vulture, which, as the dry season advances, follows the fishermen to the lakes, where it gorges itself with the offal of the fisheries. About the end of the wet season they assemble in great numbers in the villages, and are then ravenous with hunger. Mr. Bates's cook could not leave the open kitchen at the back of the house, for a moment, while the dinner was cooking, but they would walk in and lift the lids of the saucepans with their beaks to rob them of their contents. The boys lie in wait and shoot them with bows and arrows, and the vultures have consequently acquired such a dread of these weapons that they may often be kept off by hanging a bow from the rafters.

An adventure which Mr. Bates himself had with a flock of toucans, who attacked him while he was picking up one of their number whom he had wounded, is most admirably depicted in a wood drawing by Mr. Wolff as a frontispiece to the first volume of the book. There is something really laughable in a respectable Briton being chivied in this fashion by a flock of excited birds, and the astonishment of

Mr. Bates at the clamour of their monstrous and menacing beaks is indicated, his large spectacles assisting, with felicitous humour. The merit of the illustrations, however, throughout the book is one of its greatest charms, which is due principally to that gifted pencil which is confessedly such a great advantage enjoyed by the naturalists of our own day, as compared with the illustrations provided for their predecessors. But the skill with which the narrative itself is framed, if it does not render it independent of such assistance, itself leaves the effect of a series of pictures on the reader's memory. We have never seen a more graceful record of strange, out-of-the-world experiences, or a more luminous art in the exposition of scientific details. We assume that the book will be most prized by the present school of naturalists for its generalizations on species, sex, climatal influences, &c., and we have heard especial stress laid on its illustrations of the general adaptation of so many animal and vegetable forms to the conditions of a purely arboreal life; but we rest content with the power of description of detached phenomena to assign the book a high *status* in a purely literary sense also. It imparts the fascination which the great river and great forest exercised on the writer himself, and makes the reader his absorbed companion to the end, up to the date when he utters this regretful farewell:—

"On the evening of the 3rd of June I took a last view of the glorious forest for which I had so much love, and to explore which I had devoted so many years. The saddest

hours I ever recollect to have spent were those of the succeeding night, when, the Mameluco pilot, having left us free of the shoals and out of sight of land, though within the mouth of the river, at anchor, waiting for the wind, I felt that the last link which connected me with the land of so many pleasing recollections was broken. The Paraenses, who are fully aware of the attractiveness of their country, have an alliterative proverb, '*Quem vai para* (*o*) *Pará para*'—'He who goes to Pará stops there,' and I had often thought I should myself have been added to the list of examples. The desire, however, of again seeing my parents, and enjoying once more the rich pleasures of intellectual society, had succeeded in overcoming the attractions of a region which may be fittingly called a 'Naturalist's Paradise.' During this last night on the Pará river a crowd of unusual thoughts occupied my mind. Recollections of English climate, scenery, and modes of life came to me with a vividness I had never before experienced during the 11 years of my absence. Pictures of startling clearness rose up of the gloomy winters, the long gray twilights, murky atmosphere, elongated shadows, chilly springs, and sloppy summers; of factory chimneys and crowds of grimy operatives, rung to work in early morning by factory-bells; of Union workhouses, confined rooms, artificial cares and slavish conventionalities. To live again amid these dull scenes, I was quitting a country of perpetual summer, where my life had been spent like that of three-fourths of the people in gipsy fashion, on the endless streams or in the

boundless forests. I was leaving the equator, where the well-balanced forces of nature maintained a land-surface and climate that seemed to be typical of mundane order and beauty, to sail towards the North Pole, where lay my home under crepuscular skies, somewhere about 52 deg. of latitude. It was natural to feel a little dismayed at the prospect of so great a change; but now, after three years of renewed experience of England, I find how incomparably superior is civilized life, where feelings, tastes, and intellect find abundant nourishment, to the spiritual sterility of half-savage existence, even if it were passed in the Garden of Eden. What has struck me powerfully is the immeasurably greater diversity and interest of human character and social conditions in a single civilized nation than in equatorial South America, where three distinct races of man live together. The superiority of the bleak north to tropical regions, however, is only in their social aspect; for I hold to the opinion that, although humanity can reach an advanced state of culture only by battling with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, it is under the equator alone that the perfect race of the future will attain to complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth.

"The following day, having no wind, we drifted out of the mouth of the Pará with the current of fresh water that is poured from the mouth of the river, and in 24 hours advanced in this way 70 miles on our road. On the 6th of June, when in 7 deg. 55 min. N. lat., and 52 deg. 30 min. W. long., and therefore about 400 miles from the mouth of

the main Amazons, we passed numerous patches of floating grass mingled with tree trunks and withered foliage. Among these masses I espied many fruits of that peculiarly Amazonian tree, the Ubussú palm; and this was the last I saw of the great river."

THE ENGLISH ENGINEERS.*

It was, doubtless, a congenial task for Mr. Samuel Smiles to undertake the lives of our principal engineers, inasmuch as he was distinctively qualified to perform it by his literary as well as by his professional experience. It was a chapter of English history which had to be written, and which, probably, no one could have written so well. It appears that it was the late Robert Stephenson who—after the publication of his father's life had shown that this class of biography was not so unattractive to general readers as he had previously supposed—urged Mr. Smiles to trace the history of English engineering from the beginning, and to include the labours of Vermuyden, and especially of Sir Hugh Myddelton, a designer of great merit and boldness, considering the times in which he lived, and whom Stephenson considered entitled to special notice as being the first engineer of the English series.

* 'Lives of the Engineers, with an Account of their principal Works, comprising also a History of Inland Communication in Great Britain.' By Samuel Smiles. J. Murray. 1861.

Mr. Smiles has obtained a mass of original materials for the still more important lives of Brindley, the elder Rennie, and Telford; while it is obvious that his publisher has spared no pains or expense to develop and illustrate the author's conceptions; so that we have a work of rare excellence for the completeness of its accessories. In short, it is not too much to say that we now have an Engineers' Pantheon, with a connected narrative of their successive reclamations from sea, bog, and fen, a history of the growth of the inland communication of Great Britain by means of its roads, bridges, canals, and railways, and a survey of the lighthouses, breakwaters, docks, and harbours constructed for the protection and accommodation of our commerce with the world.

That this history has certain curious as well as important relations to our national progress in other directions will be evident at a glance; and one of the earliest of these is the question of labour supply for engineering works, of which the designers and even the objects are now forgotten. If the race of English engineers dates from Hugh Myddelton, the race of English navvies ascends beyond the limits of authentic history, as witness their mounds of Old Sarum and Silbury-hill, and the ditches and embankments for defence, which remain so conspicuous everywhere, and which testify to the activity of their mattocks and spades. Engineering at a remote date also showed itself in embryo, when it advanced beyond the capacity to construct mounds and ditches to appliances for transporting and fixing the

blocks of Stonehenge and its sister circles, and to the construction of the Cyclopean bridges over the Teign and the Dart. The first exhibitions of engineering to any considerable purpose were, however, its embankments and drains for the reclamation of drowned lands; and how early these commenced it is impossible to say. Probably before the absorbing Romans reached our isle, the tribes from Belgium and Friesland imported some of their contrivances of this class; and it is generally supposed that to them we owe what is regarded by its own inhabitants as the fifth division of the world, when they describe the globe as consisting of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and *Romney Marsh.* The last named ancient and most interesting division, 14 miles long and eight broad, is to this day held from the sea by a continuous wall or bank, on the solidity of which its preservation depends, the surface of the marsh being under the level of the sea at the highest tides. It has been so held so long, that the origin of some of its old cities, now sinking into the earth, is unknown to the antiquary. Moreover, to this day "the law and custom of Romney Marsh," though at first unwritten, lies at the bottom of all English legislation on the subject of embanking and draining. Its Jurats levy a rate on the marshmen for the maintenance of the banks, and are themselves liable to inquisitions if the necessary work is scamped. The "custom of Romney Marsh" prevails all over Kent, in the Isle of Thanet and Sandwich, and along the low marsh lands in the valley of the Stour, where the

reclamation was effected also at a very early date. Yet by far the most interesting and important early work of this class was the embankment of the Thames, which was once a broad estuary, in parts several miles wide, but which is now an artificial river almost from Richmond to the sea. Within the limits of familiar history there was a steady, arduous struggle, especially on the part of some Italian engineers in the reign of Henry VIII., to keep back the river to its appointed boundaries. The Dutchman Cornelius Vermuyden, as late as 1621, was called in to protect the Dagenham and Barking levels, and the wise application of capital prevailed in the end, notwithstanding the peril they incurred so recently from the explosion at Erith. It was otherwise with the case of the Goodwin Sands, which, according to the tradition, might now be fertile grazing ground, but for the diversion of the funds required to maintain their embankments to the ornamental purpose of building Tenterden steeple. In fact, if people will indulge in ecclesiastical luxuries, now, as then, they must go without some useful equivalents; and there may be more connexion to this day between steeples and sandbanks than Mrs. Grundy suspects, notwithstanding she has been in the habit of repeating incessantly, without a conception of its true significance, that Tenterden steeple created the Goodwins.

Everybody knows that the dykes or "rhines" in the Somersetshire flats decided the battle of Sedgemoor, but it is not so common a piece of information that they were

not constructed till the reign of James I. The great level of the Fens, however, which now presents almost the dimensions of a province, being 60 or 70 miles long by 20 or 30 broad, and which contains about 680,000 acres of the richest land in England, is by far the greatest product of the draining art which England can show as against the reclaimers of Holland. Mr. Smiles says that he regards these great Fen districts, flat and unattractive though they be to the lovers of the picturesque, as among the most interesting parts of England. Enclosed as they are by an interior boundary of high lands, somewhat in the form of a horseshoe, the efforts to intercept the drainage of these high lands, as well as to guide the rivers and keep out the sea, date from the times of the Romans, and possibly earlier. The Romans first reclaimed the rich fringe of deposited silt lying along the shores of the Wash, now known as Marshland and South Holland. They are supposed also to have constructed the great drain still known as Carr Dyke, some 60 feet broad and 40 miles long, to receive the high-land and flowing waters and prevent them overflowing the low ground. This, by the way, is the drain which, though now dilapidated, so impressed Rennie some fifty years back, that he says, "A more judicious and well laid-out work I have never seen." It required, however, a succession of such drains and dykes, and labours remitted and resumed again and again, before Whittlesea Mere, on which the fleet of Canute was storm-tossed, became what it now is—a district of fruitful corn-fields.

The monks of Croyland, Thorney, and Ramsey contributed to this result, by rescuing their respective islands from the surrounding waste of waters; and even the Cecils undertook, though ineffectually, to drain one portion of the Fen country. But it was long given up almost exclusively to the Fen Slodgers, or "yellow bellies," as they were designated, who, "walking," says Camden, "high upon stilts, applied their minds to grazing, fishing, or fowling," and who probably got from their elevation the name of "Cambridgeshire camels." In those days the Bishop of Ely went by boat to Cambridge; the wretched inhabitants of the Fens were often cut off and rendered inaccessible in the winter time; a sudden swelling of the river Ouse caused the cry of consternation, "The bailiff of Bedford is coming," and a still more terrible visitation, that of the ague, was the origin of the saying that a man was "arrested by the bailiff of Marshland." To rescue all this country, as large as North and South Holland, and to make Ely what it now is, more salubrious than Pau in the Pyrenees, vast labours were necessary, and no one man's share of them was so great or successful as that of the Dutchman, Cornelius Vermuyden.

Robert Stephenson might well direct Mr. Smiles's attention to this worthy; for his adventurous spirit and his perseverance appear to have been quite indomitable. He was brought over here, in 1621, to repair a breach in the embankment of the Thames at Dagenham; then he drained the park at Windsor; then he was employed in a

series of other drainages and reclamations, until his operations upon some 70,000 acres in the Royal Chase of Hatfield, for which he raised a Dutch company and imported Dutch workmen, encouraged him to his project for draining the great Bedford Level. It is observable that the Fenmen resented the introduction of the foreigners, and riotously tore down their embankments, assaulted, and even killed them. But Vermuyden persisted; and even during the civil war, when the Parliamentary authorities were flooding his lands and fleecing him by exactions, he still adhered firmly to the prosecution of his drainage schemes. He was involved in a series of lawsuits, and a variety of other enterprises, such as reclamations at Sedgemoor and Malvern and mining in Derbyshire, and there is reason to suppose that at one time he was actually imprisoned, but no sooner was he out again than he was operating on the great Fen Level. Having sunk therein the moneys of the Earl of Bedford and his own, sustained and survived the hostility of Cromwell, reclaimed the Fenmen as well as the bogs, got a grant of 1,000 Scottish prisoners after Dunbar, and 500 Dutch prisoners when Blake beat Van Tromp, with these instruments he eventually conquered the morass. A public thanksgiving was offered in the Cathedral of Ely at the close of his work, of which he himself boasted that "the present or former age had done nothing like it for the good of the nation;" and Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, preached a sermon on the happy occasion. But Vermuyden's triumph was

attained by the sacrifice of all his property in the venture, and it is supposed he went abroad and died a poor broken-down old man. Since his time a series of other engineers, including Labelye, Perry, Kinderley, and Rennie, have been successively employed in confirming or increasing the area of his acquisitions.

The mention of Captain Perry recalls another romantic story—how, after serving ten years under Peter the Great, and being threatened with the loss of his head when he ventured to ask for payment, he escaped back to England to repair another great breach in the embankment of the Thames at Dagenham, on which a succession of other performers had tried their skill in vain. Mr. Smiles gives an explicit narrative of Perry's proceedings, from which we gather a clear idea of the magnitude of the difficulty which he mastered, as, indeed, of the importance of the Thames embankment generally, seeing that between London and its mouth there is no less than 300 miles of it. It was the scarcity, however, and not the superfluity of water which evoked the water engineer, *par excellence*, Sir Hugh Myddelton. Sir Francis Drake had preceded him in the construction of an aqueduct to bring a Dartmoor stream by what is termed the "Leet" to Plymouth, and tradition still holds that he did it by a spell pronounced over the stream, which therefore followed at his horse's heels. But no one imputed witchcraft to the Welsh goldsmith who constructed the New River, and whose operations were so patent and so protracted. We have said 'no one,' but we

are almost constrained to retract our words on perusing the boast of Pennant, that "the dauntless Welshman stept forth and smote the rock, and the waters flowed into the thirsting metropolis." The opposition which the metropolitan Moses encountered from the owners and occupiers was, however, very formidable; but James I. stood by his side and shared his venture, obtaining thereby 36 shares for the Crown, of each of which the value is now about 17,000*l.*, and all of which the necessities of Charles I. compelled him to alienate for a fee-farm rent of 500*l.* a year! The assertion that half a million was spent in the construction of the New River, that Myddleton made it out of the profits of a Welsh silver mine, that he died in poverty, &c., are all without foundation. The river was constructed for about 17,000*l.*, and Myddelton himself lived long enough to derive a large profit from its financial prosperity. King James, by the way, tumbled into it; and when he was pulled out "there came much water out of his mouth and body;" and much choler thereupon when he afterwards encountered Myddelton, and complained of his omitting to put up a fence. Myddelton after this succeeded, by the help of Dutch workmen, in rescuing for a time the drowned land in Brading Harbour, and he afterwards took to mining in Wales, getting a proportion of 100oz. of silver to a ton of lead, the King not only waiving his right to the royalty, but conferring on him a patent of baronetcy; at which Mr. Smiles makes a wry face, as much as to say where is the like of this seen in Great George-

street now-a-days? A letter which he wrote in his old age avows his "love to public works;" and there was really a strong element of public spirit in his undertakings.

For their consolation the facilities for travelling are somewhat improved since the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, as Mr. Smiles goes on to show, with a great copiousness of illustrations, many of which are new and particularly amusing. The Romans had covered the country with some straight lines of road, because their wheeled carriages, as Mr. Smiles suggests, having no movable joints, it was not easy for a Roman omnibus to turn a corner. But these Roman roads had been neglected, and were sorely dilapidated when the Tudor Sovereigns passed the Acts which are the sources of our highways and our highway rates. The "Devonshire lane" is a normal type of what these roads were in their better state; but some of them, including a road so frequented as the Great Western, at Knightsbridge, a spot to which an ill name attached for centuries, were all but impassable in the depth of winter. When Wyatt's men entered the city by this approach, in 1554, they were called the "draggle-tails," and it is probable that their very aspect discredited the objects of their rebellion. The Sussex roads were still more notoriously bad, for "the Sussex bit of the road" became the designation of bog-holes all over England. It was said that the Sussex girls were so long-limbed from the continual exercise of pulling their feet and ancles out of the stiff mire. According to the Darwin theory, it might be explained that the human biped

ran to stilts from a necessary accommodation of her structure to the exigencies of her locomotion. Everybody then rode on horseback, and Queen Elizabeth, as long as she was wise, would ride to the city on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor. But when she set up her carriage—a carriage, be it remembered, without springs—we can imagine the effect on her rather angular anatomy. In 1568, she described to the French ambassador "la douleur qu'ellé sentoit à son couste, pour s'y estre heurtrée quelques jours auparavant en ung coche où elle allait ung peu trop vite." It was a showy act of Raleigh to make her a footpath of his velvet cloak, but Leicester's soothing services in the carriage may have been still more acceptable to her irritated cuticle. Many a time in those days was a jury kept waiting on circuit because judges and counsel were plunged in some rural morass. Fynes Morison (writing of the times of James I.) describes the travelling by waggon, its dilatoriness and discomfort. Stage coaches, such as they were, were not introduced until about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the sufferings of those who used them were by no means insignificant, as the many testimonies cited by Mr. Smiles demonstrate. The protracted pain of such journeys, in consequence of the wretched state of the roads, is bemoaned by many travellers. When it took two hours to drag Queen Caroline from St. James's Palace to Kensington, and two days for Sprat to reach Cowley at Chertsey, it may be easily imagined that the state of the roads in the provinces justified the recorded anathemas of

our ancestors. The story is extant of a man with a wooden leg being once offered a lift upon a stage coach, but he declined with "Thank'ee, I can't wait; I'm in a hurry;" and so he stumped on ahead of the well-intentioned vehicle. It is notable that the Rebellion of 1745 gave a great impulse to road mending and making, so much had the want of good roads impeded the transmission of intelligence and the requisite movements of the Royal army. The extension of the turnpike system, however, excited riots on all sides, and the agriculturists opposed the construction of roads on their own grounds. They alleged that, if they were extended into the remoter counties, the greater cheapness of labour there would enable the distant farmers to sell their grass and corn cheaper in the London market than themselves, and that thus they would be ruined. But the difficulties in obtaining good roads were not so surprising as the quarter whence they originated, for the first man who pursued road-making on an extensive scale as his special business is said to have been a blind man, John Metcalf, of Knaresborough.

If, indeed, all the tales be true which are told of this remarkable person, then we can hardly avoid coming to the conclusion that his blindness was partially simulated. His story is simply inexplicable upon any other hypothesis. Thus we read of the delight of this blind youth in galloping about the country, that he was a keen huntsman, and a bold rider after hounds. As a swimmer he saved the lives of three of his companions. That he should be a skilled

musician is not very surprising, but that he should act as guide to his belated neighbours, apparently in any direction, is a little too much for our credulity. And that he should have been reputed a great adept in boxing, for which it is essential that the boxer should *see* his antagonist's eyes, is altogether beyond the bounds of human possibility. He would have been a very remarkable man if both his eyes had been perfect, for he had quite a genius for road-making and bridge-building; in fact, he made bridges, culverts, and retaining walls which were at that day unrivalled. "Walking one day over a portion of the ground over which a road was to be made, while still covered with grass, he told the workmen that he thought it differed from the ground adjoining it, and he directed them to try for stone or gravel underneath, when, strange to say, not many feet down, the men came upon the stones of an old Roman causeway, from which he obtained much valuable material for the making of his new road." He had a peculiar knack of dealing with bog land; and, what would be almost supernatural if he was blind, he himself personally surveyed, and laid out many of the most important roads, which he constructed in difficult and mountainous parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. One who personally knew him thus wrote of him in his lifetime:—"With the assistance of only a long staff, I have several times met this man traversing the roads, ascending steep and rugged heights, exploring valleys and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner." In some respects

he resembled William Edwards, the Welsh bridge-builder, who was also a self-taught genius, appearing in a provincial sphere to provide for the increasing traffic of his day, and who designed the Pont y Prydd, the bridge at Usk, and many other bridges in the principality. Neither of these worthies, however, can compare for originality of design or magnitude of operations with another self-taught genius, the celebrated Brindley. Mr. Smiles has lingered lovingly over Brindley's life, with good reason, for he had access to his pocket-books and other virgin memoranda. In fact, as he says, this life is written entirely from original sources, and the impression of Brindley's powers is enhanced by these new materials. Here was a common mechanic, and at first a very poor one, who may be said to have revolutionized the commercial capacities of his country. Gradually gaining the confidence of his neighbours by his skill in tinkering their millwork, he acquired, or rather developed, in the course of his labour a power of invention and adaptation which has never been excelled in any age. The steam engine he erected at Coalbrook Dale in 1763 was "the most complete and noble piece of ironwork" that had up to that time been produced, and which only Watt, with all his science, succeeded in surpassing. Brindley also invented for Wedgwood the process of grinding his flints in water; and while he was nothing more than a working mechanic, earning one-third the wages of the skilled mechanics of our own day, he was increasing the wealth of a succession of employers by his ingenious and varied appliances. But the

great work of his life was his famous creation of what he termed canal "novogation," under the auspices of the Duke of Bridgewater, and for which his designs were laughed at as the dreams of a madman, till they were seen in actual operation. His proposal to carry ships upon a lofty bridge over the heads of other ships navigating the Irwell, which flowed underneath, was especially characterized as "a castle in the air;" and when it was accomplished people thronged to see "the river hung in the air," as the greatest wonder of their time. The nervous excitement of Brindley himself on the occasion of letting the water into the canal was so extreme that he took to his bed in Thetford, and lay there until all cause for apprehension was over. Yet, while executing this great work, he received only 3s. 6d. a-day for his remuneration, while he had no help from any engineering plans but his own, and even these were mainly the product of secret mental calculations after he had made what he termed his "ochilor servey or ricconitoring." When the bill for extending the Duke's canal to the Mersey was opposed in Parliament by the interest of the Lord Derby of that day, Brindley was examined, and it is greatly to be regretted that the copy of his examination is lost, having been burnt, as is supposed, in the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament. The famous examination of George Stephenson was not more important, while it was even less strikingly characteristic, if we may trust the anecdotes which still survive. It appears that Brindley, when asked to produce a drawing of an intended bridge,

replied he had no plan on paper, but he could illustrate it by a model, and with a large cheese, which he brought and cut into two equal parts, he presented himself to the committee, and said, "here is my model." The two halves of the cheese representing the semicircular arches of his bridge, by laying some long rectangular object upon them, he readily communicated to the committee the position of the river flowing underneath and the canal passing over it. Committees were not familiar with engineering devices in those days, and some of them asked what Brindley meant by "puddling." Whereupon he caused a mass of clay to be brought into the committee-room, and, moulding it in its raw untempered state into the form of a trough, poured into it some water, which speedily ran through and disappeared. He then worked the clay up with water according to the process of puddling, and, again forming it into a trough, filled it with water, which was now held in without a particle of leakage. "Thus it is," said Brindley, "that I form a water-tight trunk to carry water over rivers and valleys, wherever they cross the path of the canal." The result, as recorded in Brindley's own pocket-book, was the adoption of the proposed measure, and we give the division in his language:—

"Ad a grate division of 127 for t Duk
98 Nos

for te Duk 29 Me Jorete."

It appears not to be known on what occasion he startled

a committee by telling them, in answer to the supposed poser, "Mr. Brindley, what do you conceive to be the use of navigable rivers?" that in his opinion they were meant to feed canals; but unquestionably it was the one permanent idea of his mind as present to him always as the connexion of the rail and wheel to Stephenson. Mr. Smiles remarks his resemblance to Stephenson in details, in his aim, for example, at securing long levels of water in his canals, just as Stephenson aimed at flat gradients on his railways. He would rather take a circuitous route round an obstacle than go through it, especially if in going round and avoiding expense he could accommodate a number of towns and villages. His liking for long flat reaches of dead water induced him, therefore, to keep clear of rivers as much as possible. He likened water in a river, flowing down a declivity, to a furious giant running alone and overturning everything; whereas (said he) "if you lay the giant flat upon his back, he loses all his force, and becomes completely passive, whatever his size may be." A most practical illustration of his poetical image was afforded in one of his subsequent lines,—that by which goods might be conveyed from the centre of Cheshire to Manchester, for a distance of 70 miles, along the same uniform water level. We have not space to specify all the canals he devised and executed, or the admirable methods he likewise employed to execute them cheaply and expeditiously. But in a word, it may be said of Brindley, as of George Stephenson after him, that he

completely revolutionized the internal communications of Great Britain.

Mr. Smiles has accumulated a series of highly instructive *data* to show that to Brindley chiefly, and the Duke of Bridgewater, we may ascribe Manchester and our northern industry. It was the facilities they afforded for the cheap import of coal and the cheap export of manufactures which gave the north the advantage in the race. In reference to Wedgwood and his Staffordshire pottery, we may certainly assert also, "*sic fortis Etruria crevit.*" Yet, though Brindley, was the author of a revolution in our social state, he worked almost unheeded, and for a long time unremunerated. The most industrious and observant literary man of the age, Dr. Johnson, though he had a word to say upon nearly every subject, never so much as alluded to Brindley's canals, though all of them were finished in Johnson's lifetime, and he must have observed the works in progress when passing in his various journeys through the midland districts. "The only reference which he makes to the projects set on foot for opening up the country by better roads was to the effect that, whereas there were before cheap places and dear places, now all refuges were destroyed for elegant or genteel poverty."

Even the magnitude of Brindley's operations in an engineering capacity were entitled to a higher appreciation on all sides. His tunnels on the Grand Trunk Canal, for example, were works of enormous dimensions in any age, especially that of the Harecastle, which was 2,880 yards

long, which was subsequently duplicated by Telford, and of which the direction was still more recently approved by the engineers of the North Staffordshire Railway, when they formed their railway tunnel almost parallel with the line of both canals. Nor did these works, great as they were, with their varied accessories, denote the limits of Brindley's genius, for his imagination projected an aqueduct across the tide-way of the Mersey itself, which was there some 460 yards wide, with the object of carrying the Duke's navigation directly onward to the port of Liverpool, on the Lancashire side of the river. But the cost already incurred compelled the Duke to stop short at Runcorn; and, in fact, the Duke was put to great straits to carry out the plans of his engineer, though the engineer himself was such an economical investment, that he offered to stay entirely with the Duke, and do business with no one else, if the Duke would give him a guinea a week. We must add that the Duke treated Brindley with extreme shabbiness, and, with the paltry pittance which he did afford, gave Brindley's widow great trouble to obtain the little balance which was due to him. Brindley himself died in harness, and when he had retired to his bed, as his custom was, to think for the last time, some canal undertakers forced their way up into his bedroom. They had encountered a serious difficulty in the course of constructing their canal, and they *must* have the advice of Mr. Brindley on the subject. They found him scarce able to gasp, yet his mind was clear. They explained their

difficulty—they could not make their canal hold water. "Then puddle it," said the engineer. They explained that they had already done so. "Then puddle it again and again." This was all he could say. In this maxim consisted the secret of his own success, and, simple as it sounds, the open sesame of a commerce up to that time unparalleled.

The engineer of the Eddystone Lighthouse was Brindley's junior by only eight years, and Mr. Smiles describes their habit of frequent consultation, inasmuch as they were the two leading men in their profession, or, we may almost say, the only two engineers of their time. But Smeaton had a great advantage over Brindley; for, with a like innate hankering for mechanical construction, he was born in another sphere, he was well educated and cared for, and he started with chances which he could afford to throw away. Thus he was the son of an attorney, and intended for the law, but he gave up the expectations of a learned and lucrative profession, and descended to what was then the level of a mechanical workman, with his father's assent, on account of "the bent of his genius." It is observable that in most of our great engineers this bias was shown very early in life. As a boy Smeaton was never so happy as when he could get hold of any cutting tool to make his little imitations of houses, pumps, and windmills. Even his talents for mischief displayed themselves in the construction of an engine, by which he pumped all the water out of one of his father's fishponds, to the discomfort of his affectionate parent, and still more

of the fish. The change in his destination was assisted, nevertheless, by his father's resources, and when Smeaton came up to London to pursue the business of a mathematical instrument maker, he was enabled to devote much of his time to self-culture. He regularly attended the meetings of the Royal Society, and read a succession of papers there on improvements in the mariners' compass, in the air-pump, in ships' tackle, and on the powers of wind and water in relation to mills and other machines. He mastered French and Italian for the sake of the scientific works in those languages, and visited Holland to make himself acquainted with its system of canalization; and shortly after his return to England, in 1755 (he was then 31), he obtained the opportunity for his great achievement, the conquest of the surges round the Eddystone.

The Eddystone story is now so old that it has ceased to be familiar; but it has some curious and even romantic incidents, apart from Smeaton's employment, his arduous efforts, and his mechanical success. The name Eddystone itself suggests the position of that perilous reef, which stands in the way of the heaviest seas that come tumbling up the English Channel. Many a ship had the sou'westers dashed to pieces upon that rock, and the homeward-bound aimed at giving it a wide berth, until they fell into the opposite perils which surround the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney. Fourteen miles S.S.W. of Plymouth it stands, with only a little of its crest visible at high water, scarcely capable of affording a foothold for a

structure of the very narrowest basis; and the first man who undertook the daring enterprise of crowning it with a lighthouse was one Henry Winstanley, a mercer of Littlebury, in Essex. Mr. Winstanley had a taste for mechanical toys and crotchets, and his lighthouse did not belie his previous inclinations. It was built of wood, was finished in four years, and it stood for several seasons, to the reasonable surprise of the spectators and the delight of the architect. Mr. Smiles gives us a picture of the quaint structure, which carries us back by its aspect nearly two centuries. It was, in fact, a sort of compound of a telescope and a Chinese pagoda, and in the perspective print of it, published by the architect after its erection, he complacently represented himself as fishing out of the kitchen window. Its elated designer was so satisfied of its strength that he is said to have expressed a desire that he might be there himself in the fiercest storm that ever blew; and Providence granted his prayer, for in November, 1703, Winstanley was there in a storm of unparalleled fury. As day broke on the morning of the 27th, people on shore anxiously looked in the direction of the rock to see if Winstanley's structure had withstood the fury of the gale; but not a vestige of it was visible. The lighthouse and its builder had been swept away by the remorseless surges of the Atlantic. He had had his desire. A new architect was not long in making his appearance, and he was a mercer also, one John Rudyard, a man of unquestionable genius, who had been otherwise very successful in his chief un-

dertakings. Rudyard built a far more efficient structure than Winstanley, but he also built in wood, and, the wood taking fire, it was entirely consumed.

After the destruction of Rudyard's lighthouse, Smeaton was called in; and, conceiving that weight was required to give the structure stability, against all counter auguries, he determined to build it of stone. As to shape, "the idea of the bole of a large spreading oak-tree presented itself to his mind as the natural model of a column, presenting probably the greatest possible strength." His preparations were long and careful, and his attempts to survey the rock, though repeatedly baffled by winds and waves, were at last successful. But before commencing he made a complete model of the lighthouse, as he intended it to be built, and indicated the size and relative position of every single stone. The foundation stones were dovetailed into the solid rock, and the stones generally were worked, shaped, and arranged on shore, and when numbered for their respective places were carried out in vessels, and extraordinary devices were employed to combine them in a solid mass. Smeaton's personal perils during the work were considerable. He was nearly shipwrecked, dashed to pieces, and washed off the rock, yet season by season the work advanced, until it was clearly discernible from the shore. While living at Plymouth, Smeaton accordingly used to come out upon the Hoe with his telescope in the early gray of the morning, and stand gazing through it in the direction of the rock. Many were the forebodings of

others that his deep sea lamp-post was doomed to destruction, and, notwithstanding all his forethought and skill, he was naturally anxious. "Sometimes he had to wait long until he could see a tall white pillar of spray shoot up into the air. Thank God! it was still safe. Then, as the light grew, he could discern his building, temporary house and all, standing firm amid the waters; and, thus far satisfied, he could proceed to his workshop, his mind relieved for the day." A picture of Smeaton on the Hoe, by Skelton and Huard, is one of the most suggestive illustrations to these volumes.

Now that the Eddystone Lighthouse has stood complete for 102 years, Smeaton's hope seems reasonable that it may reach a positive perpetuity. Three years after its completion it sustained one of the most terrible storms ever recorded, and the damage done to it was repaired by a little putty. Occasionally a wave springs sheer over its 70 feet of masonry, and its windows rattle, its doors slam, and it shudders to its very base. But still it stands impregnable to the shifting onset of "Arctic or Antarctic seas." A model of it decorates the monument to Smeaton in Whitkirk Church—most appropriately, for the fame of the Eddystone is spread throughout the world. Smeaton, however, achieved many other engineering successes, in recovering flooded lands, extending inland navigation, clearing harbours, repairing old bridges and building new ones, and he was the first who employed the diving-bell in building the foundations of Ramsgate Harbour. "He was

ready to supply a design of any new machine, from a ship's pump or a fire bucket to a turning-lathe or a steam-engine;" and there was something peculiarly neat in all his constructions. Even his tools, as Mr. Smiles found them, in the neighbourhood of his workshop at Austhorpe, when cleansed from the dirt and rust which covered them, showed like signs of his personal peculiarities as a workman. "To mechanics," says Mr. Smiles, "there is a meaning in every one of them. They do not resemble existing tools, but you can see at once that each was made for a reason; and one can almost detect what the contriver was thinking about when he made them so different from those we are accustomed to see." But Smeaton was not only an originator himself, he was the admitted parent of much that was eminent in others. "The example and precepts of Father Smeaton," said Watt, "have made us all engineers," and, in another respect, though in this not entirely singular, he was a shining example, a human Eddystone, to a remoter public. It was one of his maxims that "the abilities of the individual are a debt due to the common stock of public happiness," and he spent himself incessantly in contributing to this stock till he finally paid the great debt of nature.

From Smeaton the transition seems natural to John Rennie, the engineer of the Plymouth breakwater, and who was the architect also of three great London bridges, of the London and East India Docks, and various other works of national importance. Rennie was the son of a

Scotch farmer, when Scotch farming produced thistles, when not a blade of wheat was raised north of the Lothians, and so little anywhere else, except at a short distance from the coast, that people flocked to look upon a field of it near Edinburgh as a wonder. The cattle could scarcely be kept alive in the winter; manure was tossed into the river or was burnt; there was no skill, or enterprise, or wealth, or adequate means of communication; 200,000*l.* was the whole circulating medium of the Edinburgh banks, and the Edinburgh market was overstocked with the meat of ten wethers. In fact, it is difficult, under these and other circumstances described, to conceive how the population could contrive to subsist at all. There had been an epoch of fine old bridges, due to the old churchmen, but the mechanical arts, as well as agriculture, were apparently lost, when they were revived by Rennie and Rennie's master, Andrew Meikle.

Meikle's father invented the winnowing machine, and the reception of this device for "an artificially-created wind" was a fact for Mr. Buckle, if Mr. Buckle were still living. The Scotch clergy argued that "winds were raised by God alone, and that it was irreligious for man to attempt to raise wind for himself, and by efforts of his own." One clergyman even refused the Holy Communion to the raisers of "Devil's wind." In fact the Scotch Deil, in the shape of the winnowing-machine, as the readers of 'Old Mortality' will remember, is denounced by Mause Headrigg as an irreverent abomination. Andrew Meikle, his

son, is not mentioned in Robert Chambers's biographical collections; yet he invented the thrashing-machine, by which one per cent. of all the corn thrashed has been saved —a saving to be now computed by millions in Great Britain alone. Meikle was otherwise a skilful mechanic, and young Rennie, with similar tastes, was always "idling" away his time in Meikle's shop. He obtained some further educational aid, and he took to millwork with scientific advantages. When the desire of self-improvement brought him to England, and ultimately to Soho, Watt invited him to remain there. Watt must already have thought highly of his powers when he endeavoured to bind him from making improvements on his own account in the steam-engine. But Rennie refused, though, under agreement with Watt and Boulton, he proceeded to put up engines, and make such improvements in them as he was able. It was considered a great advance on anything previously achieved, when Rennie fitted with engines the Albion Mills at Blackfriars-bridge, which were afterwards destroyed by fire. Then, on the retirement of Smeaton, he was engaged on canals, among others the Kennet and Avon and the Rochdale, the latter of which he had to lift from lock to lock over the great mountain ridge known as "the backbone of England." The Lancaster canal, with its noble aqueduct over the Lune, was another work of Rennie's, and he was called in to remedy the mistakes in the levels of the royal canal of Ireland, which, in its first stage, was an Irish bull, the exploit of an angry Irish shoemaker.

We next find Rennie in the Lincoln and Cambridge fen, struggling like so many of his predecessors with what Mr. Carlyle would call the "marsh jötuns." In fact, Mr. Smiles unconsciously recalls this very image, when he says of Rennie that he was the greatest "slayer of dragons" that ever lived, this title being given in the fens to persons who, by skill and industry, have perfected works of drainage, and thereby removed the causes of sickness and disease, typified in ancient times as dragons or destroyers. The prejudices of the natives prevented his employment of Watt's steam engine to pump out the marsh waters, but other methods to which he had recourse were equally successful. Thus he caught the waters of the high lands by intercepting drains, and cut down the outfalls to lower levels, so effectually, for the purpose of discharging the drainage of the fens themselves, that he reclaimed 40,000 acres of valuable land in one case, while he restored the navigable capacity of the river at Boston-quay by his further improvements. His detractors, however, sneered at his new processes as no discovery. Any boy, they said, who has played at dirt pies in a gutter, knows that if you make an opening sufficiently low to let the whole contained water escape, it will flow away. Very true, says Mr. Smiles with reason; yet the thing had never been done until Rennie proposed it, and, simple though the method was, it cost him many years of arguing, illustration, and enforcement, before he could induce intelligent men in other districts to adopt the simple but thoroughly scientific method, which he thus invented

for the effectual discharge of the drainage of the fens. He succeeded, moreover; and that is something to the general account, when the many conjurors, his critics, had stood by helpless and incompetent.

But the great boast of Rennie was his bridges, of some of which the dimensions and solidity are unequalled. Waterloo and London bridges inevitably impress the least observant, while of Southwark bridge Robert Stephenson has said that "as an example of arch construction it stands confessedly unrivalled as regards its colossal proportions, its architectural effect, and the general simplicity and massive character of its details." Rennie built the London Docks, which served among other purposes to check the depredations on the Thames, then estimated annually at no less a sum than £738,000! He would have applied steam power to the lifting cranes, and carried tramways all round them, but he was not permitted to accomplish the saving of labour which would have resulted from these appliances. He did introduce his system of railways and locomotive cranes into the East and West India Docks, and in the first six months the saving in wages it effected defrayed, and more than defrayed, the entire original cost. The harbours he was employed to examine, report upon, and improve, constitute a considerable catalogue; but in many instances his recommendations were not fully carried out, because his proposals involved work of unusual dimensions and solidity, and were, in proportion, very costly to execute. This was the case, more or less, as regards his proposals to improve the

harbour of Aberdeen, the navigation of the Clyde, the harbour of Torbay, and even that of Holyhead. In the course of executing the Hull harbour works he invented the dredging machine, and on the works of Ramsgate harbour he improved upon Smeaton's use of the diving-bell. In building the Bell Rock Lighthouse—the Eddystone of the northern seas—he followed Smeaton's design, with certain modifications. In 1803, when we were speculating on the march of a French army upon London, he was employed to examine the valley of the Lea, to ascertain what means could be devised for suddenly laying it under water, and some of his sluices for this purpose were actually constructed. He also laid out and constructed for the Government the Hythe military canal. He made elaborate reports on the dockyards and royal harbours in 1807, and the works at Sheerness were executed after his designs. But his most exceptional feat was the construction of Plymouth Breakwater, which was still in progress when Napoleon, from the deck of the Bellerophon, could not forbear expressing his admiration of its grandeur.

We can scarcely enumerate all the other spheres of Rennie's activity, his advice to the Bank of England on the manufacture of their notes, his improvements in the Government manufactory of gunpowder at Waltham, his dredging engines and his ropemaking machinery, according to the patent of Captain Huddart. As advising engineer to the Admiralty, he was urgent for the employment of steam power in the royal navy, but for a long time in vain, such

were the prejudices of the old salts; and he gave some advice which Great George-street in later times might have also followed with advantage to its reputation. Writing to Playfair at Edinburgh, in 1816, he said,—"Engineers should be entirely independent of these connexions—not dabblers in shares—and free alike of contractors and contracts." He was severely truthful and candid; and if he carried his love of durability to a fault, he never understated its cost, as far as he could estimate it beforehand.

The works of Telford, who succeeded to his engineering reputation, were in many cases of the same order, though perhaps Telford must bear the palm as the constructor of most graceful and economical bridges. Telford, like nearly all our great engineers, was a country-bred boy, born in Eskdale, who came up to London as a working stonemason. He did a portion of the fine hewers' work about Somerset House, and, long after he had become famous, he has been known to point out some finely-cut stones in the corner nearest the bridge as worked by himself 40 years previously. In that 40 years' interval he had emulated the labours of Hercules, his first great works being the famous aqueducts of Chirk and Pont Cysylltau, the last of which, in the Vale of Llangollen, struck Sir Walter Scott as "the most impressive work of art he had ever seen." It is, in fact, exquisitely graceful, though stupendous in extent and elevation; and this, indeed, was a characteristic of all Telford's designs, for he had tastes of an imaginative character, and some literary and artistic

culture. He was peculiarly the patriarch of the *Iron* Bridge era, the "Pontifex Maximus," as his friend Southey called him; and the Wear bridge at Sunderland, Galton and Buildwas bridges, and some others, are excellent examples of his distinctive talents. We could even part with Rennie's new London-bridge for the marvellous single arch which he proposed to throw over the river in its place, and which was not adopted, because, as Robert Stephenson said, it involved such extensive inclined planes in the adjoining streets to make the requisite approaches to such a roadway. Nor was Telford less "a Colossus of Rhodes," as he was termed also by his friend Southey, and who, in this instance, was a mere plagiarist from Sir Walter Scott, as we see when we look at the map even of the roads he constructed in the Highlands. He also operated largely on our harbours, both Scotch and English, and was the engineer of the Caledonian canal, an enormous work, which, as it was not remunerative in a pecuniary sense, brought him more annoyance than credit. It was, nevertheless, a great feat to connect the Atlantic and the North Sea, to lift ships up the series of locks called "Neptune's Staircase," and to pass them across hill-ridges as if they were portmanteaus or bandboxes. Telford constructed such a canal for the King of Sweden, and was highly honoured and fêted. He also made an improved duplicate of Brindley's tunnel at Harecastle. His Cartland Gragdels bridge in stone is, *par excellence*, the gem of bridges. His roads in North Wales are also ad-

mirable, but his Menai and Conway bridges are naturally his most celebrated achievements. The former, like Brindley's Barton viaduct, was freely spoken of as a "castle in the air" till it was swinging triumphantly across an arm of the sea, and a vast traffic was passing under and over it. Telford was a veteran when he spanned the Menai Strait; but previous to the suspension of the first chain his anxiety was so extreme that he could scarcely sleep. When his friends rushed to congratulate him on the result of the first day's experiment, what wonder that they found him on his knees uttering a thanksgiving to the Almighty? Such are the moments of exultation in the life of an engineer, when he wins one of his great victories over the material powers of Nature.

Telford's other works are too numerous to particularize here; but such items as the St. Katharine's docks, and the further drainage of the fen-level by the new outfall, are among them. Mr. Smiles tells the story of the excitement in the fens when the stagnant drains began to *flow*, and how the parson and congregation of Thorney Church, forgetting their litanies, run out to see the waters in motion. Telford was by nature cheerful, and even jolly; he was called "laughing Tam" in his youth, and he laughed on through many years of hearty and incessant labour. His friends were such as we might anticipate,—Watt, Campbell, Southey, &c., to the last-named of whom he left a handsome legacy. Yet he never made the enormous fortune of the engineers of our day, and for

years he lived at the Salopian Coffee-house, now the Ship Hotel, at Charing-cross. Successive landlords of the Salopian at length came to regard him as a fixture, and even bought and sold him from time to time with the goodwill of the business. When he at length resolved, on the persuasion of his friends, to take a house of his own, and gave notice of his intention of leaving, the landlord, who had but recently entered into possession, stood aghast. "What! leave the house?" said he; "Why, Sir, I have just paid 750*l.* for you!" On explanation, it appeared that this price had actually been paid by him to the outgoing tenant, on the assumption that Telford was a fixture of the hotel, the previous tenant having paid 450*l.* for him, the increase in the price marking very significantly the growing importance of the engineer's position. He left, nevertheless, and took the house 24, Abingdon-street, which had been occupied by Labelye, the engineer of Westminster Bridge, and he tenanted it until he left it finally for Westminster Abbey.

He may be said to have established the Institute of Civil Engineers. Yet to the last he darned his own stockings, and took the keenest interest in the homely life of his Eskdale friends, to whom he gave many substantial proofs of his continued sympathies. "In his most confidential letters," says Mr. Smiles, "we find him often expatiating on the noble works he was engaged in designing or constructing, and the natural good likely to flow from them, but never on the pecuniary advantages he himself

was to reap." In these respects let us add there is a noble family likeness in nearly all the great engineers of whom we have spoken. Like Smeaton, they had a sense of the obligation to devote their talents to the public good—a sense combined with prudence, but, nevertheless, so imperative, that we look upon them as most devoted servants of their age and generation.

The epitaph on their joint labours has been written in anticipation by Pope:—

> "Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
> Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
> Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
> The mole projected break the roaring main;
> Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
> And roll obedient rivers through the land;
> These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
> These are Imperial works, and worthy kings."

Such works, in one word, have made Britain opulent, and their authors have been public men, more emphatically than politicians proper. It is this fact which explains the interest which we now take in them, and which so exceeded the expectations of Robert Stephenson. The world begins to see where its real interests are involved, and it is not ungrateful in the long run for service truly rendered. It is only greed and pretentiousness which it regards without love, entombs without honour, and is willing to forget speedily. For men such as these, noble in the *spirit* whence their works proceeded, it approves the effort to commend them as examples to posterity.

We have only to observe on one conspicuous gap in Mr. Smiles's volumes. There is no memoir of the elder Brunel or account of the productions of his superlative genius as a mechanical engineer. But his friend and *fidus achates,* Mr. Richard Beamish, who assisted him with so much zeal and ability in the construction of the Thames Tunnel, has since repaired the omission by a very elaborate and interesting biography of his professional master. All the world can admire Brunel's block-making machinery in the Royal Arsenal.

In parting with these volumes we must remark on their maps and pictorial illustrations. Some of Mr. Percival Skelton's drawings are excellent, and they are exquisitely rendered by the woodcutter. The illustrations generally are very superior to the run of illustrated books, and they are not only copious, but their subjects have been selected with remarkable judgment and taste.

THE LEECHDOMS, WORT CUNNING,

AND

STARCRAFT OF EARLY ENGLAND.*

THIS collection of documents, one of the publications issued under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, does not bear on its title-page quite an adequate statement of its contents nor of the various departments of science, philosophy, and *belles lettres* to which it is certainly a most extraordinary contribution. The Rev. Oswald Cockayne, if he chose the title, is somewhat modest in limiting the capacities of the work to the illustration of the history of science in this country before the Norman Conquest, for it is interesting also to the philologist, antiquary, artist illuminator, botanist, &c., in various special senses, and, moreover,

* 'Leechdoms, Wort Cunning, and Starcraft of Early England.' Being a collection of documents, for the most part never before printed, illustrating the history of science in this country before the Norman Conquest. Collected and edited by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., Cantab. Vol. I. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Longmans. 1864.

in a general sense, to all who are afflicted with the ailments of our common humanity, such as heat of the maw or stomach, cramp, gout, liver sickness, the vexing of worms about the navel, in the inwards, &c., or the natural accidents of wounds, bites of dogs and adders, and the afflictions to which we now pay so little attention, and, which were caused by the malevolent charms and enchantments of the aboriginal ages. The learned translator and compiler is apparently too much impressed with the prejudices or incredulity of modern society to assess his materials at their most comprehensive value; and we, as our duty is, wish to take him by the hand and to explain to the public the nature of his work and the true magnitude of its entire dimensions.

It required no little learning and courage on the part of this gentleman to venture at all into this obscure region, where the paths are so dim, and their direction is so perplexing. A portion of the Saxon medical learning was derived from the Greeks and Romans, to which the Gothic nations added a knowledge of their own, in the kinds and powers of worts—that is, they had the more practical useful part of botany. In fact, the Greeks themselves first learnt the uses of hemp and liquorice from the people whom Mr. Cockayne persists in calling "Skythians." The Magi and Pythagoreans made contributions to this science. Thus we find the Magi ordering that the modern feverfue, the *Pyrethrum parthenium*, must be pulled from the ground with the left hand, that the fevered patient's name must

be spoken forth, and that the herborist must not look behind him. Pliny says also that the Magi and the Pythagoreans—

"Had many foolish tales about the *eryngium*, known in England as sea holly. That they ordered the pseudo anchusa to be gathered with the left hand, the name of him who was to profit by it to be uttered, and that it should be tied on a man for the tertian fever. They used the ἀγλαοφωτὶς, or pæony, for evocation of spirits. They got cures for headache, bleared eyes, dim sight, pearl, excrescences in the eyes, toothache, rheumatism, quartan fevers, gout, spasms, lumbago, sterility, ghosts and night-mares, phrenzy, family discord, indifference to wives, epilepsy, snakes, shiverings, darts, barking of dogs, fascination, gripes, gravel, childbirth, magic arts, mad dogs, dysentery, poison, tyranny, effeminacy, and a potent love charm, a lasses come follow me, from the hyena; but he must be caught when the moon is in Gemini.

"The Magi had a special admiration for the mole; if any one swallowed its heart palpitating and fresh, he would become at once an expert in divination. The heart of a hen, placed upon a woman's left breast while she is asleep, will make her tell all her secrets. This the Roman calls a portentous lie. Perhaps he had tried it. They were the authors of the search for red or white stones in the brood nestlings of swallows, mentioned by our Saxons. A crazy fellow (lymphatus) would recover his senses if sprinkled with the blood of a mole; and those troubled with nocturnal

spirits and by fauns would be relieved, if smeared with a dragon's tongue, eyes, gall, and intestines boiled down in wine and oil. Bulls' dung was good for dropsical men, cows' dung for women.

"The Magi also taught to drink the ashes of a pig's pizzle in sweet wine," and so to cure a common infirmity of the bladder. If a man in the morning make water a little on his own foot it would be a preservative against *mala medicamenta*, doses meant to do him harm. For quartan fevers, they catch with the left hand the beetle that has reflected antennæ, and make an amulet of him. For sleep, the gall of a sacrificed goat smeared on the eyes or put under the pillow was good."

Democritus was a devoted adherent of the teaching of these Magi, "Magorum studiosissimus," so that it is necessary to know what Democritus held, if one would get to the bottom of this recondite history. Pythagoras, also Chrysippus, Cato, Serapion of Alexandria, Soranus, Pliny, Josephus, Philagrius, Xenocrates, Galen, Pamphilus, Alexander of Tralles, who was himself great in "periapts—that is, amulets and wise words,"—all of these celebrities have exercised their wits on this department of knowledge, and it was indispensable that the editor of this volume, and others to follow, should know what they have severally stated as a preamble to his own inquiries.

The arts of magic run back into the very darkest ages to a date long anterior to the time when Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses and Aaron, or when the witch or ven-

triloquist of Endor promised her clients conferences with the dead, and still further than the time when Ulysses visited the spirit world, and Circe turned men into swine, and in Persia beyond chronological limits. The practical wisdom of such men as Hippocrates and the Epicurean scepticism of the age of Horace had reduced the influence of magicians among cultivated minds to some reasonable limits, when the inroad of barbaric minds tended to the revival of their power rather than to the transfer of the more definite knowledge which had already partially superseded it. The examples of Hellenic skill in surgery, of which so many are cited here, were beyond their imitating, for the want of the requisite learning and instruments; and their leeches were in their early practice almost wholly thrown back upon the lancet, wherewith to let blood, and the "parabilia," the ἐυπορισταί, the accessibles, chiefly worts from the field and garden. These leeches were too rude to learn much of Galen, while the Herbarium of Apuleius, the writings of St. Hildegard of Bingen, and other stuff of this sort, were all more or less of one character, substituting for the case of instruments and Indian drugs indigenous herbs, the worts of fatherland, smearings, and wizard chants. "Over the whole face of Europe, while the old Hellenic school survived in Arabia, the next-to-hand resource became the established remedy, and the searching incision of the practised anatomist was replaced by a droning song."

The triumphant barbarians had no Pæan, no Æsculapius,

no Chiron, far less an Hippocrates. But they had leeches by profession, and the dedication to this profession was the knowledge of a couple of Runes, and their inscription by themselves on wood and bark. This Runic ceremony was substantially analogous to the allocation to the wort, the declaration of healing purpose, the announcement of the patient's name so often found in our Saxon volumes. Their views of disease were somewhat summary. "What is now 'morbific virus' was with them 'venom,' epidemics were produced by 'flying venom;' there was also 'red venom,' which suggests scarlet fever, 'watchet venom,' 'livid venom,' and so on; all, no doubt, appropriate names."

What the general character of their prescriptions was Mr. Cockayne tells us, with a variety of examples from Marcellus and others. One of those which he mentions, moreover, of a later date, is singularly illustrative of the duplicity of the leech and the credulity of the patient. A woman who had bad eyes obtained an amulet to cure them, but some zealous enemy of sorceries attacked her upon the wickedness of getting well in this way, and prevailed on her to give him the amulet to examine. When unfolded, the paper showed nothing but these words:—"Der Teufel cratze dir die augen aus, und scheizze dir in die löcher,"—"*May the Devil scratch thine eyes out, and —— in the holes.*" As soon as the woman saw how she had been amended she lost faith, took to tears again (her ailment), and her eyes became as bad as ever. The Catholic Church of the day, unable to root out these superstitions, sanctified them as it

were by the invocation of holy names, to drive out devils by exorcisms, but the Catholic Church was a very clever Church, and was always very wise in its generation. Magic therefore was identified with Saxon medicine, the Saxon leech, even if superior to it, yielded to the fashion of the day, and the leech-book became what we shall find it in the substance of Mr. Cockayne's entertaining volume.

Of the special forms of popular belief it is well, says that gentleman, that the nightmare, in which men still believe, should come first. It is curious to what an extent the nightmare was regarded among the various races as a distinct personal existence; and some passages from the Sagas, which Mr. Cockayne quotes, show that among the northern races it was regarded as an absolute demon, with a most malevolent purpose or instinct, exceeding all the traditions of the nightmare which have reached us from other quarters. Another form of illusion was that of *Dæmonum Concubitus*, for which the Church itself appointed exorcists, as it judicially affirmed the doctrine. Exorcism, however, was not the best method of getting rid of the torment; it is anywise not that which was prescribed by the Hellenic *ἰατροί*, and now by our own medical men. If the exorcist was a presentable person, says Mr. Cockayne (out of Eynatten), and not of the severest iciness of demeanour, his visits did more harm than good. "In the Church the exorcist ranked after the subdeacon and the acolyte."

One of the torments by which witchcraft worried men was the knot, called in the Latin of the times *Nodus*, or

Obligamentum, which was a decided impediment to fruitful union, and for this there were various recipes. There were love charms also, which it was the practice to put into beer, or spread slyly upon bread; and some women were expressly charged as providing "worts for their wooers' drinks, or some mischievous stuff, that they may have them for wives."

It was a common belief that a man's death might be compassed by the arts of the sorcerer; and this, or other supernatural matter of offence, is denounced in a doom of King Knut. Saxon women, too, are warned against procuring abortion; while St. Hildegarde furnishes us with a talisman against magic arts in general: "Dry the tail of a steinbock with skin and flesh, and carry it in your hand; you will never be affected by magic (zauber) without your own consent." Mr. Cockayne has also obtained some very explicit information about the elves and the dwarves, and their propensities for mischief. Excellent stories from the Sagas are told of the storms which they raised. The Venerable Bede believed in them, for he himself relates how Bishop Lupus, who was disordered by their tossing at sea, stilled the tempest with the name of the Trinity and some drops of water. Herbs generally afforded the Saxons their materials for healing all bodily infirmities; but they drew sometimes from animals. Mr. Cockayne tells a story, apparently from his own experience, to the effect that the Saxons sometimes hit on the right specific in this respect:—

"The locksman at Teddington told me that he had

broken the bone of his little finger, and for two months it was grinding and grunching, so that he felt sometimes quite wrong in himself. One day he saw Dr. — go by, and told him; he said, 'You see there that comfrey;' take a piece of the root of it, and cham it, and put it to your finger, and wrap it up.' The man did so, and in four days his finger was well. This story struck me the more, since comfrey is the *confirma* of the middle ages, and the *σύμφυτον* of the Greeks, both which names seem to attribute to the plant the same consolidating virtue."

It is related in the Herbarium, in an article on the castor-oil plant, that *that wort smootheth every tempest.* Yet the Saxons did not believe that there was no limit to the power of worts, for another dictum says that "*no wort is waxen in wood or in field which for ever may man's life uphold.*" Some extravagant leechdoms are given in which worts play no part. Moreover, in the composition of the leech-book it is curious to find that the Saxons were under some obligations to Hellenic literature. Mr. Cockayne has studied, and can tell us, the means by which, and the extent to which, the Saxons did master a Greek vocabulary. The pieces which he cites prove that the Saxons, in their way, tried to learn languages. At all events, it was not an easy task to ascertain what they knew themselves, when we take into account the state of the MS. from which the editor has printed the text of the *Herbarium* and *Medicina de Quadrupedibus.* Mr. Cockayne thinks that it was written out not earlier than A.D. 1000, nor later than the

Conquest, A.D. 1066. It got into Sir Robert Cotton's library, and suffered terribly in the combustion of that collection. Mr. Cockayne's narrative of the repairs is the record of a happy literary salvage, and it is worth quoting :—

"While uninjured it must have been a regally magnificent book, executed at an enormous expense. It suffered from the fire at Ashburnham House, 1731, and, like the rest of the MSS., was taken out of the ashes a shrivelled blackened lump of leaves. Recently it has been rebound. The binder first soaked the ruins in water, to make them limp; he then flattened them, and for this purpose was obliged often to cut through the edges, and to stretch them by pins, widening all the flaws; stout pieces of cardboard were then prepared as a frame to carry the leaves, which were fixed into these paper frames by ligaments of gold-beater's skin. Thus once more the burnt leaves became a volume. The binder had probably some superintendence in his task, for as long as the Latin text of Apuleius afforded its guidance the folios were rightly numbered, but beyond that they have been frequently misplaced. It is possible that, on the publication of this work, the binder may be directed to rearrange the folios, in which case the references to the drawings printed in the text will no longer correspond with the numbers in the MS. Besides the serious mischief from the fire, the pages had also suffered from the paintings placed upon them. The green pigment used, probably sulphate of copper, has eaten away the vellum upon which it was laid, so that not only

the drawings so far have perished, but also the writing at the back has gone. Thus this manuscript, taken by itself, had become in many places illegible; yet when a parallel text was laid by the side of it, the broken lines and half-surviving words were again significant, and it was possible to print nearly all the letters of the book from the richest and most beautiful copy."

We cannot follow Mr. Cockayne into the very curious particulars to be elicited from the comparison of this with other MS., for, curious as they are, they are also caviare, and they require to be illustrated, as in a lecture, by the visible examples. The English translation of this, which with some other works makes the substance of this volume, is now published as giving us a faithful knowledge of what the Angul Seaxe, or so-called Anglo-Saxons, thought in the matter of medicine, and for a record of the older part of our language. In Mr. Cockayne's Preface it is turned to much account in illustration of the latter, but this again is caviare, and we pass to the substance of the works translated, warning our readers that the excellent Saxons called a spade a spade, and that if they want the information they must put up with the Saxon freedom of utterance.

Thus betonica or bishop-wort is recommended at the beginning of the *Herbarium* in case, among other requirements, a man have a mind not to be drunken. It might be worth the consideration of the Mansion-house authorities to try the effect of this wort for the latter purpose, before they sit down to a Lord Mayor's feast. If pimples

wax in a woman's face the remedy is ἱερόβολβος, that is, great wort, or colchicum autumnale; and at Kissingen, where pimples wax freely in consequence of the waters, or of the mosquitoes (there are two opinions upon this point), the supply of colchicum in the meadows is so abundant, that it might have supplied a Saxon divine with an argument of the design of Providence. The herb ἡρακλεία, *heraclea* (Mr. Cockayne has not ascertained its English name), has an exceptional effect in case a man wish to travel on a long way and dread no robber. Wood chervil is good in case an evil man, through spite, enchant another. Millefolium, that is yarrow, is good "for blow of iron, *and to tell that Achilles found this wort.*" The latter item is somewhat of a puzzle. The herb pulegium, that is dwarf dwortle, is good if one on shipboard suffer sea-sickness, and for ache of loins and buttock, and sore of thighs. The herb salvia (no, we must pass over the herb salvia, with the remark, how deliciously clear is that old Saxon tongue). The herb priapiscus, that is, vinca provinca, is good "for devil sickness, and snakes, and wild beasts, and poisons, and any vows, and spite and awe, and to have grace, and to be happy and comfortable." There is a whole pharmacopœia for you. Vie with that if you can, Mr. Holloway, or Apothecaries' Hall. Most varied are the effects of betony. We take only the twentieth and twenty-first of them.

"20. In case that one may not have (retain) his meat, and he spew it up, when he have swallowed it, take of

betony the wort four drachms by weight, and boiled honey, work (form) then four little pills thereof; let him eat then one, and swallow one in hot water and wine together; then of the wet (liquid) three cups full.

"21. For sore of inwards, or if he (the sick man) be swollen, take betony the wort; rub it in wine very small; let him lay it then about the wamb (belly), and let him swallow it; then also rathe (soon) it cometh to boot (amends)."

Hyoscyamus, our henbane, is good for "Lungs addle (disease), like juice of the same wort, give (it) to drink; with high wondering he will be healed." Knotgrass also is very good "for sore breasts of women which be in milk and swollen; take the same wort and knock (*pound*) it and lithe it with butter (*add butter as a lenitive*); lay it then thereto; it will drive away wonderfully the swollenness and the soreness." Thus peony is good for lunacy, and groundsel for gout. The uses of coriander and purslane we pass over, though the former is curious in a magical, and the latter in a medical sense. "For hardness of the inwards, take seed of gith corn (the berries of *Daphne laureola*), that is, the grains well purified; administer to drink in warm water; soon it stirreth the inwards." Great is the efficacy of mandrake; in fact, it was the "Cockle's Antibilious" of a very hoar antiquity, and the initiated Druid might fairly have said, in virtue of its reputation, "Mandrake cures more men than Holloway." The *Herbarium*, from Dioscorides, and the *Medecina de Quadrupedibus* of

Sextus Placitus, seem to contain the magical element in even larger proportion than the *Herbarium* of Apuleius. They are also more fantastic and less quotable, and they require more of Mr. Cockayne's Latin. The *Fly Leaf Leechdoms* are medicinal enough, but the *Charms* which follow, "to find lost cattle, for catching a swarm of bees, &c.," are altogether of an empirical character. The last charm for bewitched land is a very elaborate performance, and really beautiful in parts, but it is too lengthy for quotation.

We have thus run through the whole of Mr. Cockayne's volume, subject to our disabilities; but there is one disability which he has imposed upon us which is strikingly the reverse of many to which we have already alluded. Mr. Cockayne leaves out designedly a great many of the Saxon names of the worts, and we can only excuse him on the presumption that they are probably not quite fit to be printed in the vernacular. Such words may have been inscribed by the naughty little Saxon boys on the Saxon shutters, if there were shutters in those days, with the assistance of chalk, of which there was plenty as far as Salisbury Plain. But the wantonness of these little boys, and the bad constructions thence derived, ought not to deprive the veteran philologist of the instruction which a knowledge of these terms would impart to him.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S DEFENCE OF LORD BACON.*

THE conduct of the great Lord Bacon has been so frequently canvassed that we are interested in anything which can be alleged in its behalf. But, we ask, what is the meaning of these reiterated attempts to reopen the inquest on a tarnished reputation? The tendency, which has become a prevailing epidemic, and which employs so many ingenious controversialists to redress other presumed cases of historical injustice, is insufficient to account for the combined series of efforts to challenge our convictions in this particular instance. Mr. Basil Montagu, Mr. Spedding, if we may trust the report as to the alleged scope of his 'Dialogues with the Reviewers,' and, lastly, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, have been concerned first or last in a common endeavour to vindicate Bacon's character. We ask the *rationale* of these repeated apologies, and whence it is hoped to cleanse off the disgrace so

* 'Personal History of Lord Bacon,' from Unpublished Papers. By William Hepworth Dixon, of the Inner Temple. Murray, 1861.

identified with his fame? Is it because the materials for his defence have been previously overlooked? Is it owing to the discovery of new and sufficient evidence to clear away the stigma which has clung to him for two centuries and a half, a stigma affixed by the unanimous verdict of his peers, and since confirmed by the finding of such special jurors as Hume, Lingard, Hallam, Macaulay, Lord Campbell, and very judicious and careful Mr. Foss? Is there really a case to sustain an appeal, and to warrant a reversal of this authoritative sentence? Before we attempt to answer this question as we may, at short notice and in a limited space, we must first of all pay our tribute to the motives of its advocates.

Thus Bacon was one of the supreme and select few (it would be difficult to enumerate more than twelve such) who, out of all races through recorded time, have succeeded in influencing widely the destinies of their kind. The great men who have been the glory of particular ages or nations, who have been all this and no more, belong to an inferior order. The superlative genius which could launch a new philosophy, to bear fruit from his own time henceforth for ever, is the glory, not of one age or people, but of the whole human species, past, present, and to come. The results of his labours are participated by all, and an interest in his character is coextensive with human thought. It is simply the most natural thing in the world that we should be solicitous for the fame of so great a benefactor, and if gratitude is too often a feeble induce-

ment, it has forcible aid from our spiritual complacency. Our pride in his triumphs, or shame in his lapses, is one of the secrets of our unconscious self-esteem. We are perplexed and irritated at the moral problem of the combination of base motives with such lofty speculations. When we are told that intellectual powers so varied and intense were associated with moral pravity, that such capacity of brain was coupled with meanness of spirit and coldness of heart, we doubt and we struggle with the humiliating inference. The credit of letters is especially implicated in the shame of his story, and men of letters are the first to contend against a view which to them is peculiarly and pre-eminently unwelcome. Thus something like *esprit de corps* combines with the generous impulse to sustain the glory of a great ideal type, and to vindicate the imagined harmonies of our imperfect human nature.

That Mr. Dixon, himself a devoted man of letters, should participate in this feeling is both natural and becoming; and in his case there is the special personal inducement that he has already done so serviceably in the case of William Penn. We have always thought that Mr. Dixon was successful in that instance in vindicating Penn from the imputations of Lord Macaulay. Like Mr. Paget after him, he adduced in Penn's behalf certain weighty evidence which Lord Macaulay had overlooked, and he marshalled his facts with a confidence in their force which demanded no help from rhetorical

artifice. In the present instance he has repeated the generous intent, but by an error quite inexplicable he has altered the manner. He had here to deal with a case of which the bearings are familiar, and to address himself closely to the points he controverted. Step by step his arguments should have been closely addressed to the very substance of the case opposed to him; they should have been so stated in plain, categoric terms that we could see clearly what he admitted and what he denied; and, until he had fairly grappled with the gravamen of the charges, he should carefully have abstained from rhetorical embellishment.

The views he has to adduce may or may not meet the difficulty; but it was an obvious mistake to put his rhetoric in the foreground, and to lead off a grave argument with a poetical rhapsody. The very facts on which he relies are disparaged by the precedence thus given to vague metaphors and dubious analogies. Even his style tells against him, for (apart from the the errors of taste which have been elsewhere ruthlessly urged against him), throughout his volume, we scarcely find a single allegation so stated in clear, direct, definite terms that, as the lawyers say, it admits of a simple "traverse." It is quite a characteristic of the entire work that it scarcely makes an allegation at all, for where others would employ the past tense as the proper mode of stating a bygone fact, Mr. Dixon invariably adopts the present, which is rather indicative of doubt or hypothesis. This manner is so equivocal and so illusory,

that misgivings, which may or may not be well founded, inevitably arise and attach suspicion as to his matter.

It is a greater mistake still, in an intended reply to adverse allegations of a circumstantial character, to commence by a wide *à priori* argument, especially when that argument is demonstrably untenable. To what experience of the moral world, in any wide or deep sense, is the possibility of the Bacon of history repugnant? The greatest moralists, from St. Paul downwards, have insisted on such incongruities, on the conflict of our passions and the contradiction of our qualities. The "warring laws" of our fleshly state observed by the Hebrew theologian are admitted by Bacon himself, so that even the accused gives his testimony against the advocate, Thus Bacon allows that there may be persons, "Scientiâ tanquam angeli alati, cupiditatibus vero tanquam serpentes qui humi reptant." This admitted combination of the wisdom of the soaring angel with the degraded lusts of the crawling serpent is an answer to Mr. Dixon's theory that "nature abhors antitheses." The moral world confessedly admits of such ominous conjunctions; and the application of analogies from the physical world, like that proffered by the writer, is prejudged, as it were, beforehand, and at all events is inadmissible.

When facts are in controversy, we require a close examination of testimony and a rigorous logic to determine their significance. It does not help, on the contrary it tends to mislead, our judgment as to the right or wrong of Bacon's

conduct if we entertain any *à priori* conceptions of his moral character. Mr. Dixon asks, could he be good and evil, wise and mean simultaneously? "Gazing on the girl-like face in Hilyard's miniature, conning the deep lore of the 'Essays,' toying with the mirth of the 'Apophthegms,' lingering on the tale of a gay and pure, a busy and a loving life, how can they who judge by wholes, and not by parts, admit that one so eminently wise and good was also a false friend, a venal judge, a dishonest man?" Unfortunately, they are bound to do so, if this is the natural interpretation to be put upon the records of Bacon's career; and no beauty of a boyish face, no charm of a cultivated understanding, can obscure this question or obviate this necessity. It is, unfortunately, not a question of what we should desire him to have been, or of what he ought to have been, but a question of what he really was—a question, not of predilection or theory, but a question of past facts, and therefore a question of evidence.

The charges against Bacon are all of one class, at least they may all be referred to one source—the prodigality induced by a taste for splendour, combined with a proneness to yield to temptations for its gratification. If all the accusations are marshalled against him, they will be found to be consistent with this very simple view of his moral weakness under pressure. Nor in one respect is there any question of this tendency of Bacon's life, for by his tastes and profusion he was always in difficulties; he

lived and he died a needy and embarrassed man. Mr. Dixon admits that, even in the heedless stage of youth, he was "weak on the score of dress and pomp;" he "doted like a young girl on flowers, on scents, on gay colours, on the trappings of a horse, the ins and outs of a garden, the furniture of a room;" and this appreciation of all that was beautiful, and at the same time costly, haunted him like a passion up to his closing scene. There was a craving in his composition for such luxurious embellishments of life, which we may ascribe indifferently to the nature of artists, or the nature of women. So early as 1592 we find him and his brother setting up a coach, to the alarm of their good mother, who sends them, with her prayers, remonstrances at their ostentation. Gout and ague, by which Mr. Dixon excuses this extravagance, are comparatively lenient visitors in early manhood; nor can we doubt that, needy men as they were, they had better have walked painfully than have paid for their carriage by the admitted "help of the Lombards and Jews." In fact, Bacon was in the hands of the Jews by the time he was thirty, and before he had any clear prospect of advancement of any kind:—

"No young fellow of Gray's-inn, waiting for the tide to flow, is sharper set for funds than the young knight for Middlesex or his elder brother. Anthony tries to raise his rents, and some of the men about him—godless rogues, as Lady Bacon says—propose that he shall let his farms to the highest bidders. Goodman Grinnell, who has the

land at Barly, pays less than he ought; let him go out and a better man come in. But Goodman Grinnell speeds with his long face to Lady Ann. 'What!' cries the good lady to her son, 'turn out the Grinnells! Why, the Grinnells have lived at Barly these hundred and twenty years!' So the brothers have to look elsewhere. Bonds are coming due. A famous money-lender lives in the city—Spencer by name—rich as a Jew, and close as a miser; him they go to, cap in hand, and with honeyed words. The miser is a good miser, and allows his bond to lie."

Yet Francis is pressed by duns in the very next month; and about the time that he is a suitor for the Solicitor-Generalship, with slight pretensions to this advancement, and small hope of obtaining it, though Mr. Dixon does not notice the fact, he actually spends a few days in a sponging-house. Nevertheless, we hear shortly of a change to a fashionable residence, and of "superfluous horses," at which his anxious mother declares "the wise will laugh;" and throughout his life we trace the infirmity of a sumptuous person who cannot forego luxuries, whatever his means be, up to the day when, with debts weighing heavily on his diminished income, and in the extreme depth of his great disgrace, he must still be seen in a carriage, attended by a number of outriders, so that Prince Charles, who met him, could remark that he "scorned to go out like a snuff." In short, the first half of the imputation against him is unquestioned, that he was a man

poorer than the very poorest in this fatal sense, that his desires were ever in excess of his means, and that the door to his corruption was opened by his luxury and extravagance.

It is alleged that he was consequently importunate for place and preferment, and that he was so is evident on Mr. Dixon's admissions, but still more from circumstances which Mr. Dixon has overlooked, or which he has treated with supreme and reprehensible indifference. Thus, in two letters, written September the 16th, 1680, to his aunt and uncle, Lord Burleigh (see Montagu's edition of his works, xii., 471), we find him craving some official post, though he was not yet twenty, not called to the bar, and though he himself allows that his request was "rare and unaccustomed." Mr. Dixon makes no censorious comment on the proofs which even he is compelled to accumulate, that Bacon was a pertinacious beggar for advancement ever after. He wearied the Cecils, certainly with reasonable expectations that they would serve his ends, but still he wearied them. In 1593 he was a candidate for the post of Solicitor-General, to be vacated by Coke's rise to that of Attorney-General, and Mr. Dixon almost implies that the claims of the two men even to the higher office were about on a par. Yet Coke was already Solicitor-General and eminent as a lawyer both in his practice and his writings, while Bacon was scarcely known in the courts, and not to be mentioned in the same day for his legal attainments. Mr. Dixon has no censure for Bacon's

presumption, nor does he even take notice of Bacon's depreciation of his rival in his letter to Essex of November 10, 1593, in which he unworthily terms Coke "the Huddler," and moves Lord Essex to thwart Coke's reasonable ambition. So conscious was he of his own discreditable language that he says, "I pray, Sir, let not my jargon save my letter from burning, because it is not such but the light showeth through." As regards his own pretensions to the Solicitor-Generalship, a like unworthy abuse of his competitors appears in another letter, in 'Montagu's Bacon,' xiii., 77. In short, his pertinacity and that of Lord Essex in his behalf so disgusted Elizabeth, that she declared she "would seek all England rather than take *him*." In fact, she did take Thomas Fleming instead of Bacon; "a man," says Mr. Dixon, "only known to the world for having stood in Bacon's way, and to the profession for his singular and disastrous ruling in the case of Bates," a remarkable error and oversight on the part of the writer, seeing that Bacon himself, in a letter to the Lord Keeper of the 28th of July, 1575, himself says of Fleming, "If I see Her Majesty settle her choice upon *an able man, such a one as Mr. Serjeant Fleming*, I will make no means to alter it." It requires no recondite reason to explain why Elizabeth treated Bacon's claims as inferior to his rivals'. She not only considered him as "not deep in law," but she was disgusted with his and his patron's importunity.

It would indeed have been far better for Bacon's in-

terests had he heeded his mother's aspirations expressed while this question of the Solicitor-Generalship was pending. "I had rather," she says of her sons, that "ye both, with God's blessed favour, had very good healths, and were well out of debt, than any office." But Bacon coveted office with a sense of merit which was doubtless well founded, but with a pertinacity of solicitation which was degrading to so great a man. Elizabeth gave him the reversion of the registry of the Star Chamber, a grant of Zelwood Forest, and she made him a queen's counsel, in a peculiar and limited sense, in this very same year, proofs that her refusal of the Solicitor-Generalship is not ascribable to prejudice, but was due to a candid estimation of his claims. Essex compensated his unlucky *protégé* by the grant of an estate, of which more anon, and Bacon, deprived of his loyal, chivalrous friend—in what way deprived it will be necessary to reprobate—pursued his career of importunity alone. Already he had exerted himself on the accession of James, among all his acquaintance, high and low, to get himself favourably mentioned to the incoming monarch. To Mr. Davis he writes, "I commend myself to your love and the well-using my name, as well as in repressing and answering for me, if there be any biting and nibbling at it in that place, as by imprinting a good conceit and opinion of me, chiefly in the king, as otherwise in the court." To Mr. Foules he writes two letters, "To further my being known by good note unto the king;" and Dr. Morison, Sir Thomas Challenor, Lord

Kinloss, and the Earls of Northumberland and Southampton, the latter more discreditably, because he was the associate of Essex, were addressed by him either in similar language, or with the same object in view. It is to be added that these letters, as well as one which he wrote to the king, and which was fulsome even for that age, material as they are to his "personal history," are, as far as we can see, overlooked by Mr. Dixon. They were certainly not very conducive to his personal advancement, for they procured him nothing beyond a mere knighthood, that "prostituted title," as he himself terms it, but which he grudgingly accepted as necessary in certain senses to his convenience. Mr. Foss suggests that one of his reasons, "because of this late disgrace," probably refers to another personal arrest; and this may or may not have been; we are unable to form an opinion. It was not, however, till two years after his knighthood, and after his marriage, which was one of the chief inducements to its acceptance, that he succeeded in preferring a second claim to the Solicitor-Generalship, then held by Sir John Doderidge. This post he first of all endeavoured to obtain by an understanding with its occupant, but, when Doderidge declined the terms offered, he moved Cecil to press Doderidge's resignation, and thus acquired, even this first great stage of his promotion at the age of forty-six by exertions hardly creditable.

Five years later, in 1612, we find him making suit for the Court of Wards and Liveries, and so confident of

success that he orders new clothes for his servants. But Sir Walter Cope forestalls him by purchasing the office beforehand, and the wags of the Mitre have their fling at his patent disappointment. "Sir Walter," they say, "has got the Wards, Sir Francis the liveries."

During his six to seven years' tenure of the Solicitor-Generalship, he wrote letter upon letter for his further promotion, not one of which Mr. Dixon has quoted, yet all of which are material to our view of his life and our judgment of his character. Thus he begged the king's promise of the "Attorney's place whenever it should be void." When the Attorney was ill he wrote to remind the king of the promise he had extracted. When the Attorney recovered, he suggested that on the death of Fleming, then Chief Justice, the Attorney should succeed, and that, if the Attorney should refuse, he himself should not be passed over, intimating that the king *would then have "a chief justice which is true to your prerogative."* He next presented to the king a paper of "Reasons why it should be exceeding much for His Majesty's service to remove the Lord Coke from the place he now holdeth to be Chief Justice of England, and the Attorney to succeed him, and the Solicitor the Attorney." "It will," he says, "strengthen the king's causes greatly amongst the judges, for my Lord Coke will think himself near a privy councillor's place, and thereupon become *obsequious;* and the remove of my Lord Coke to a place of less profit, though it be with his will, yet will be thought abroad a kind of

discipline to him for opposing himself to the king's causes; *the example whereof will contain others in more awe.*" Thus encouraging James to destroy the independence of the bench for his own particular profit, he proceeds to disparage his then senior, in terms which show also his low and servile estimate of his parliamentary duties. "The Attorney-General," he says, "sorteth not well with his present place, being a man timid and *scrupulous*, both in parliament and other business;" and he further commends his own peculiar fitness for the office by suggesting the inference that he was not particularly scrupulous himself. "Whereas," he says, "the new Solicitor, going more roundly to work, and being of quicker and more earnest temper, and more effectual in that he dealeth in, is likely to recover that strength to the king's prerogative which it had in times past, and which is due to it." It is not surprising that his wishes thus urged, and commended, should have prevailed with a king of arbitrary inclinations such as James was; that Coke should have been removed to the King's Bench, the Attorney to the Common Pleas, and he himself to the Attorney's place, in October 27, 1613; but it is surprising—nay, more, it is startling—to observe that Mr. Dixon should assume to vindicate the purity of his character, and should entirely ignore the facts so essential to its rightful estimate.

That, further, Bacon should pursue his rise by servility to Carr, by servility to Buckingham, was consistent with the above. The proofs on this head are conclusive, but so

multitudinous that we must abstain from even attempting to cite them here. In the case of Buckingham, they are in extraordinary contrast to the instructions he drew up for his guidance in the station of prime minister. "If any one sue to be a judge," says he, "for my own part I should suspect him. By no means be you persuaded to interpose yourself, either by word or letter, in any case depending in any court of justice." What a commentary on the above is his own incessant suitorship, or his letter to Buckingham on receiving the Great Seal, that he should "count every day lost" wherein he should not "do your name honour in speech or perform your service in deed," explained as that letter was by his compliance with the earl's wishes in a series of cases depending before him—in the marriage of Coke's daughter, the Mompesson and Mitchell patents, and by his receiving a series of letters in favour of suitors, the efficacy of which may be inferred from the frequency of their repetition. Mr. Dixon hurls the heaviest epithets in his vocabulary at the "Villiers *gang*," at "Lady Buckingham's *crew*," and at all, indeed, who assisted Bacon in his rise, or who drew aside from Bacon in his fall. But he steadily turns his eyes from the facts which prove that Bacon was their pliant tool, that he served their base requirements in spite of his better theories, and that he fawned upon them humbly, meanly, and discreditably to his dying day.

It is from facts such as these that we form an estimate of his character, and of what he would be *likely* to do

under the pressure of extreme temptation. Thus we approach the heavier charges against him, enlightened by the tenour, the *uniform* tenour of his professional life. That inferior men should employ petty arts for their advancement is always worth remarking, but it is significant indeed when so great a man could stoop so low for mere professional objects, which he might hope to attain, and which he must have attained inevitably, in regular course, without sacrificing his self-respect or incurring humiliation by his subservience. In the case of Somerset, in the case of Yelverton, in the case of Coke's daughter, in various other cases which we do not stop to particularize, we find the craving suitor the compliant instrument. From his argument in St. John's case that a benevolence was not a tax, from his eagerness to grant greater subsidies to James than those he had previously grudged to Elizabeth; from his flattery of Cecil when living, and his satire of him when dead; from his eager depreciation of his chief rivals, and his abject deference to royal favourites —all of which is patent on the face of his history—we gain a consistent view of his character accordant with the heavier and darker charges which have burdened his fame with its peculiar obloquy. Nor do we get this view from any *à priori* reasonings or baseless theories, such as that of Mr. Dixon, that intellectual grandeur and moral depravity are incompatible, but from the evidence of facts which alone ought to influence our judgment, from the barely veiled avowal of Bacon himself that he was by disposition

"unscrupulous," and from a variety of acts and expressions which prove that he was in no sense self-deceived.

We have thus far based our view on facts of our own selecting, but in coming to the three principal charges against him we must assume that such facts are known to the reader, and on this assumption we are fairly content to rest our case in answer to the counter allegations of Mr. Dixon. The charge of ingratitude to Essex has, indeed, been put so forcibly by Lord Macaulay, it is so fixed in all our memories, that repetition here would be peculiarly superfluous. Mr. Dixon aims at excusing Bacon by disparaging, in the first instance, Essex's gift and eager endeavours to serve Bacon's interests. It is, indeed, one of the leading blemishes of Mr. Dixon's book that to elevate Bacon he disparages his contemporaries, friends and enemies indifferently. Thus he talks of the "strip of ground" which Essex had given him, as if it was "a fee" for a lawyer's services. Why, what lawyer's work had Bacon ever done for Essex? Essex was about 28, and Bacon 35; they were boon companions, running the same race of extravagance, of which Lady Bacon's letters afford such frequent indications. Essex, attributing Bacon's disappointment of the Solicitor-Generalship to his own maladroitness, generously presented him with an estate which Bacon succeeded in selling for 1,800*l*. Compare the value of money at that date and this, and the gift of Essex, inexplicable as a fee, is intelligible as the present of a munificent man ardently interested in the prosperity of a friend.

The whole context proves that Essex was devoted to Bacon's interest, and that he lost no chance and spared no exertions to promote his advancement and add to his resources.

Nor is Bacon advantaged by Mr. Dixon's second excuse —which is really a novelty—that Essex was the chief of a Popish plot to dethrone and murder the Protestant Queen. The fact is, his outbreak had more of a Puritan than of a Popish character, though such as were discontented flocked to his standard, as, in another instance, they trooped to the cave of Adullam; and the Papists, being discontented, there were Papists with the rest. Out of some hundreds Mr. Dixon names some few, yet even here his enumeration is inaccurate. John and Christopher Wright were not Papists at the time of Essex's plot, though they were converted afterwards, and before the "Plot of Powder." It may be questioned whether Sir Charles Danvers was a Papist at all. Sir John Davis was alleged by Coke to be a Papist, but Essex threw a doubt upon this at his trial. Bacon himself admits in his subsequent "Declaration" that there were as many Puritans as Roman Catholics about the earl, and the very circumstance that Essex relied on the city of London is a proof where the strength of his party really lay. There is no pretence for describing Essex's outbreak as Papistical or Anti-English, or of descending upon it in a torrent of polemical vituperation.

Nor, if it really was a treason portentous and full of peril, is Bacon to be excused for the shameless part which

he took as counsel against his fatally misguided friend. Lord Macaulay has shown that he did *not* do his duty "gently," but with gratuitous harshness. But was he really doing his duty in any sense? The best legal authorities have denied his obligation to appear as counsel at all. Mr. Foss infers that he was not even appointed Queen's Counsel, in the ordinary sense, at the date of Essex's treason and trial. And, if he had been, the obligation to prosecute his friend was not compulsory, for we find him taking no part in the subsequent trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. He could have refused, as Sir Henry Yelverton refused to plead against his patron, Somerset; or as Sir John Walter refused a brief against Sir Edward Coke. If the obligation had been compulsory, his position would not have been notorious, nor would he have incurred the odium which possibly prevented him from renewing his claims on the constituency of Middlesex, and which at all events put him on his exculpation to Cecil and Howard, and dictated his elaborate apology, three years later, to the Earl of Devonshire.

Can we doubt that his unpopularity in the eyes of his contemporaries arose from his gratuitous performance of an office which was optional, when we find him engaged still more gratuitously on the 'Declaration of the Treasons of the Earl of Essex,' which he drew up subsequently? This is the gravamen of the charge of black ingratitude and of treason to his generous and devoted friend. That he employed his professional talents to shed the Earl's

blood may be excused on what we can conceive to be a mistaken notion of his duty. But that he employed his literary talents to blacken the Earl's memory was an act of clearly superfluous baseness which Mr. Dixon passes over without comment or allusion.

We come next to the case of Peacham, where Bacon is accused of employing torture against his better knowledge, and of tampering in private with the convictions of the judges. As regards the application of torture, the answer to Mr. Dixon's argument is simple, but, at the same time, perfectly sufficient. Torture at that day was acknowledged to be *illegal* by the laws of England. It was a practice of which Elizabeth and her judges were ashamed, and of which, in 1628, in a crisis of political excitement, the judges decided that it could not be applied in the case of Felton. Bacon, a scientific legislator, was among the last who used the rack, and he used it in defiance of the opinions of his contemporaries, and of their common interpretation of the common law of England. As regards torture, he prolonged an exploded practice, while in tampering with the judges he inaugurated a new practice of which the discredit was exclusively his own. Lord Campbell is right in stating that a private consultation with the judges was, in such a case, most scandalous and most unusual. He has the high authority of Coke, who declared that it was a new and a highly improper practice in the judges to confer with a law officer of the crown about capital cases which they were afterwards to try. The form in which

Coke expressed his opinion was thus emphatic, that it was "of new and pernicious tendency, and not according to the customs of the realm." It is bold, it is even audacious on the part of Mr. Dixon to contradict Coke, as well as Lord Campbell, and to contradict them on a question of purely legal usage. Nevertheless, he says "the law books teem with precedents to the contrary;" and he cites *one* which is not, however, a precedent at all—that of Bartholomew Legate, the Arian preacher, sentenced by an ecclesiastical court for heresy in the time of Elizabeth. In Legate's case the judges were consulted, *after sentence*, in a cause with which they had no judicial connection, as to whether the repeal of the statute of heresy prevented the king from carrying out the sentence already pronounced. The difference of questioning those who were judges in the case *previous* to the sentence which it was their duty to pronounce, and of instituting, as Coke described the process, an "auricular taking of opinions *single and apart*," is so obvious that it requires no comment from us; and if this is the precedent on which Mr. Dixon relies, we can only observe that, so far from its being the precedent which Macaulay asked for, it is a precedent which has no bearing whatever in the sense in which Mr. Dixon cites it, and for which, on the authority of Coke, we believe he will look for a precedent in vain.

Lastly, we come to the corrupt taking of bribes, which was the charge upon which Bacon's fortunes and his fame were shipwrecked. Mr. Dixon contends that the presents

and payments he received were in the nature of fees, and that it was only a band of conspirators who construed them to be bribes. The details which prove them to have been really bribes are too diffuse to be set forth here. It was the unanimous verdict of his peers which so interpreted them, and they were confessed to be such in general terms by Bacon himself. If such payments were fees, such payments would have been customary, of legal obligation, or ascertained amount. Do we hear of any such payments in the case of Coke or Bacon's father, in the case of Bromley or Hatton, or Puckering or Egerton? Sir Thomas More before him refused repeatedly such proffered inducements to influence his judgments, and Sir Matthew Hale after him refused to receive even the accustomed gift of a buck from a gentlewoman who had a cause before him. It is quite true that every judge at that day took fees, and that fees were not bribes. But was the converse true? Did everybody take bribes, and were bribes fees? There are materials, such as the accounts in the Egerton MS., for questioning some of Mr. Dixon's views as to the then sources of official income; but, in our opinion, we waste labour if Bacon's own confession, ignored by Mr. Dixon, is explicit and conclusive. "Upon advised consideration of the charge, descending into my own conscience and calling my memory to account as far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I was guilty of *corruption*, and do renounce all defence, and put myself upon the grace and

mercy of your lordships." In our opinion it is impossible to get over these memorable words on the presumption that they were a technical plea, or an admission of a *false* charge by which Bacon sacrificed his rightful claim to the respect of posterity in consideration of a promise of the royal clemency. To the peers who asked him to verify his signature to this criminatory document he could only say, "It is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships, be merciful to a broken reed;" and the theory that this confession was a pure falsehood deprives Bacon of even the little grace or credit that was left him. We can illustrate this presentment of Bacon's case by a somewhat familiar but pertinent anecdote. A prisoner in Newfoundland accused of theft, and who pleaded guilty, was nevertheless acquitted by the jury. "You may think yourself a lucky fellow," said the chief justice who tried him, "but by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar." We may almost apologize for applying so rude a parallel, but this is precisely the case of Bacon as presented by his advocates.

Yet, although we thus dissent from Mr. Dixon *in toto*, it would be very unfair to part from him without a passing acknowledgment of the contributions which he has made to our knowledge of Bacon's life. He has produced something like a hundred new letters of Bacon himself, his mother, or his correspondents. He has clearly vindicated Bacon from the imputation of having made a mercenary match with Alice Barham, and he has ascertained some

particulars of her relatives, the Pakingtons, which are new and highly amusing. He has exposed the pretensions of Sir John Smyth, and ascertained for the first time the public bearings of the previously incomprehensible case of Peacham. Mr. Dixon is entitled to credit for his historic researches, if we are compelled utterly to repudiate his own inferences from his materials.

MR. SPEDDING'S LIFE OF LORD BACON.*

THE splendid edition of the works of Lord Bacon, on which Mr. Spedding and his coadjutors have lavished so much learning and conscientious labour, is now all but completed by the very important volumes which were published some months back in the present year. Previous to these had appeared five volumes of the philosophical and two of the literary and professional works of Bacon, and now we have in these another two, forming a considerable instalment of the 'Letters and Life,' which are to complete the whole. It would appear as if there had been some departure from the original plan, but it is not one of which the reader can complain. On the con-

* 'The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon,' including all his occasional works, namely, Letters, Speeches, Tracts, State Papers, Memorials, Devices, and all authentic Writings not already printed among his philosophical, literary, or professional works, newly collected and set forth in chronological order, with a Commentary, biographical and historical. By James Spedding. Vols. I. and II. Longmans, 1862.

trary, it strikes us as a happy arrangement, that instead of giving us a biography altogether separate from the historical pieces which are ascribed to Bacon's pen, Mr. Spedding has combined together all his letters, speeches, tracts, State papers, &c., and has made them tell for what they are—the most authentic portions of Bacon's history. It is certainly an admirable plan of editing the miscellaneous works in question; and, with the help of the narrative and commentary interposed by Mr. Spedding, it will probably form when complete such a record of Bacon's life as we not only have never had before in his case, but such as we cannot parallel in any other case of equal importance, if we except only the letters and speeches of Cromwell, so admirably edited by Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

As to the merits of this edition in other respects it would be now somewhat late, as well as superfluous, to express our high opinion. It is allowed, indeed, on all hands to be one of the most admirable results of careful and conscientious labour which has ever been presented to the world of letters. Mr. Spedding may comfort himself with this solace for his many years of assiduous toil—that his work is thoroughly appreciated, as thorough work generally is. If he should not succeed in bringing all the world to adopt his views in their entirety, he will also have accomplished much to the elucidation of Bacon's character. Like Mr. Dixon, though in a far less extreme sense, he aims at vindicating Bacon from some of the aspersions which have attached to his great name, and if

we still adhere to the popular estimate of Bacon's acts, it is not without a sense of the great importance to be attached to Mr. Spedding's conclusions, even where we are most disposed ourselves to question or dissent from them.

As yet Mr. Spedding has not arrived at the crucial question of Bacon's corruption as evidenced and admitted by his own confession. He has come no further than the case of Essex, though this includes all the earlier and more curious circumstances of Bacon's rise to professional prominence. In fact, Mr. Spedding's 'Life' commences with the earliest traces of Bacon's course, and with a pregnant estimate of the influences which moulded his character as far as we may regard it in a favourable light. The influence of his mother, learned, eloquent, and religious, full of affection and puritanic fervour, that reverence for the mysteries of statesmanship which we may assume he derived from his father; and, thirdly, the barrenness of the Aristotelian philosophy, against which the heavens themselves were at that time protesting (for "the new star in Cassiopea shone with full lustre on Bacon's freshmanship"), are all appreciated at their reasonable significance "without trespassing upon the province of the novelist," to determine Bacon's inclinations. We have thus a warranty for his interest in the three great causes of his epoch, that of the Reformed Religion, of his native country, and of the potential capacities of the human race—an explanation of those tendencies, moral and men-

tal, which made the grander part of his public life, and the glorious constituents of his chequered reputation.

Mr. Spedding, as he was entitled, puts all these influences in the foreground, and allows them to prepossess us in favour of a character which is ordinarily censured for reasons which appear at a later date. In fact, this historic order and sequence of narration is more favourable to Bacon's fame, than the freer analysis which interprets his successive acts by the subsequent avowals in his correspondence. It may be quite true that no man will ever form a correct idea of Bacon's life, "unless he bear in mind that from very early youth his heart was divided between the three objects distinct, but not 'discordant," which are specified by Mr. Spedding; and yet, to form an idea altogether adequate, he may need to remember that Bacon proved by his own words, that he was not swayed by these objects, unremittingly and exclusively. We have, ourselves, pointed out* the remarkable pertinacity with which, throughout life, he pursued the objects of meaner men, in the sense of urging his advancement to position and affluence. He was the most determined beggar for his personal ends that we know of in history, and he was not only servile in his appeals to his patrons, but what is more to his discredit, *avowedly* unscrupulous. We reply to Mr. Spedding, that no one will form a correct idea of him unless he bear in his mind steadily and con-

* 'The Times,' April 1, 1861. Being the preceding article on Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Defence of Lord Bacon.

tinuously the passages we quoted from Bacon's letters on a former occasion. These are our own warranty for the impression that Bacon was a "*mean*" spirit, that all the charges against him should be vigilantly scrutinized as cases of strong suspicion, and that the worst of them all, that of corruption, hits the central defect in his character. We conceive that his was a nature perilously flexible, in virtue even of its varied endowments, and that it was sorely tried at the point where its power of resistance was weakest. The mother's puritanism, the father's statecraft, and the star in Cassiopea were the benigner influences which stimulated and developed his higher capacities, but the malignant fairy mingled her spell with the blessings of her sisters in disappointing Bacon of his promised patrimony and coveted ease. His moral nature was unequal to the sharp trials of a narrowed income, and yielded to successive temptations till at last it made utter shipwreck. It is thus that we interpret the problem of his natural impulses, that we recognize their contrarieties yet admit their combination. It is thus that we read the marvel of his transcendent abilities, coupled with the less exceptional fact of his humiliating fall.

As we intimated above, the only question on which Mr. Spedding has as yet undertaken to vindicate Bacon from the imputations against him is the familiar charge of his treatment of Essex. Mr. Spedding is explicit and even emphatic; he has no fault to find with Bacon for *any part* of his conduct towards Essex, and so far he agrees with

Mr. Hepworth Dixon. But he does not think it requisite on this account to darken the character of Essex in our eyes, nor to reverse the general verdict of Essex's contemporaries. On the contrary, he does full justice to those fine and noble qualities, without which Essex could never have acquired the popularity which he undoubtedly enjoyed in the England of Elizabeth. Moreover, as Mr. Spedding is well aware, it is necessary to form a favourable estimate of Essex to justify the strong attraction of Bacon towards him in the earlier portion of their connected story. Thus he describes the influence which Essex acquired while yet very young by his adventurous spirit and his gallant exploits, his connexion with Burghley and his favour with the queen, but he adds:—

"The attraction which drew them towards each other was not of that ordinary kind. Bacon had many things at heart besides the advancement of his own fortune, and there was promise in Essex of something far greater than ascendancy in the Queen's favour. Except Sir Philip Sidney, no man had appeared on that stage who seemed so likely, if he attained great power, to make a great use of it, especially in those things which Bacon was most anxious about, but for which he had little reason to expect encouragement in high places. How to steer the State through the dangers and difficulties of the present time none knew better than Walsingham and Burghley, whose skill and policy, along with their offices, Robert Cecil seemed destined to inherit. How to maintain the

dignity of the crown, the greatness of the kingdom, and the authority of the existing laws—how to attract, attach, and use the ablest servants both for peace and war—no one knew better than the queen herself. But her cares did not extend beyond her own people and her own times. Though one of the greatest of governors, she was no great legislator. Though one of the most learned of women, she was no great patroness of learning, except where (as in the Church and the Law) she wanted it for an instrument to govern with. Though the champion of Protestantism, and without any shade of religious bigotry, she took no care to provide for the spiritual wants of the next generation by making room within the church for those varieties of opinion which the spirit of Protestantism was sure to develop. Though a reverencer of the laws herself, and well aware that the reverence of the people for the laws was the foundation and life of government, she took but little interest in projects for the reformation of them, by correcting abuses, removing uncertainties, simplifying complexities, and settling principles. Whatever savoured of 'speculation' she regarded with indifference or distrust, as a disqualification for practical service. And as for the recovery to man of his lost dominion over nature by means of knowledge, she had enough to do in maintaining the dominion of England within its own shores by means of vigilance and state policy. Neither to her, therefore, nor to her ministers could Bacon have looked for much encouragement in the prosecution of those large reforms in

philosophy, in letters, in Church, in State, upon which his mind was brooding, and which he certainly believed to be practicable if the government would take them in hand.

"But the rise of a man like Essex offered a new and unexpected chance. He was a man of so many gifts and so many virtues that even now, when his defects and the issue to which they carried him are fully known, it still seems possible that under more favourable accidents he might have realized all the promise of his morning: then it must have seemed more than possible. From his boyhood he had been an eager reader and a patient listener. The first year after he left Cambridge he spent happily in studious retirement. His knowledge was already considerable, his literary abilities great, his views liberal and comprehensive, his speech persuasive, his respect for intellectual qualifications in other men earnest and unaffected. His religious impressions were deep, and without being addicted to any of the religious parties in the state, he had points of sympathy with them all. His temper was hopeful, ardent, enterprising; his will strong, his opinions decided; yet he was at the same time singularly patient of oppugnant advice, and liked it the better the more frankly it was given. He had that true generosity of nature which appeals to all human hearts, because it feels an interest in all human things; and which made him a favourite, without any aid from dissimulations and plausibilities, at once with the people, the army, and the queen. A character rare at all times and

in all places; most rare in such a station as he seemed destined thus early to occupy; and promising fruits proportionably rare, if it might only escape the dangers incident to an over-forward season. It was easy for Bacon to see that here was a man capable by nature of entering heartily into all his largest speculations for the good of the world, and placed by accident in a position to realize, or help to realize them. It was natural to hope that he would do it. The favourite of a mighty queen, herself the favourite of a mighty nation; with a heart for all that was great, noble, and generous; an ear open to all freest and faithfullest counsel; an understanding to apprehend and appreciate all wisdom; an imagination great enough to entertain new hopes for the human race; without any shadow of bigotry or narrowness; without any fault as yet apparent, except a chivalrous impetuosity of character,—the very grace of youth, and the very element out of which, when tempered by time and experience, all moral greatness and all extraordinary and enterprising virtue derive their vital energy; in times when the recent agitations of society had stirred men's minds to hope and dare, and exercise them in all kinds of active enterprise, he must have seemed in the eyes of Bacon like the hope of the world. We need not seek any further, surely, to account for the attachment which spon sprang up between the two. The proffered friendship and confidence of such a man—what could Bacon do but embrace it as frankly as it was offered? Such a friend and counsellor seemed to be the

one thing which such a spirit stood in need of. If Essex seemed like a man expressly made to realize the hopes of a new world, so Bacon may seem to have been expressly made for the guardian genius of such a man as Essex. And thus their acquaintance began, about the time at which we are now arrived—in 1590, probably, or the early part of 1591. For, 'I held at that time,' wrote Bacon fourteen years after, 'my lord to be the fittest instrument to do good to the state, and therefore I applied myself to him in a manner which I think happeneth rarely among men; for I did not only labour carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter of advice or otherwise, but, neglecting the queen's service, mine own fortune, and in a sort my vocation, I did nothing but advise and ruminate with myself to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his lordship's honour, fortune, or service. And when, not long after I had entered into this course, my brother, master Anthony Bacon, came from beyond the seas, being a gentleman whose ability the world taketh knowledge of for matters of state specially foreign, I did likewise knit his service to be at my lord's disposing.'"

In accordance with the view taken in the above admirable passage, Mr. Spedding then narrates the known incidents of their intimacy. He details Bacon's disappointments and pecuniary difficulties, and the solicitude and loyal services of Essex in his friend's behalf. He describes the former as "gradually growing familiar with the *fatal*

necessity of borrowing money to pay the interest due upon money already borrowed," and the latter as spending (to use his own words) his "uttermost credit, friendship, and authority," for his *protégé's* advancement to lucrative office —an endeavour which failed mainly, as Mr. Spedding allows, not from the impetuosity of Essex's advocacy, but because the queen had been provoked by Bacon's antagonistic—or, if the term is preferred, independent—attitude in parliament. Somewhat is ascribed also to the prompting of Coke, such possibly as the opinion which Essex communicated to Bacon himself, that "in law she rather thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge than that you were deep." Moreover, Mr. Spedding allows that the gift which Essex made to Bacon as a compensation for his disappointment, was generous and "*munificent*," so that he does not in any respect detract from the merit of Essex's good offices to mitigate the sting of the ingratitude which has been hitherto ascribed to Bacon, and, as we think, most reasonably.

In another instance, Mr. Spedding further explains away Mr. Dixon's imputation that Essex expunged "a striking and conspicuous compliment" to Sir Walter Raleigh, which Bacon had inserted in a masque of his devising, with the view of reconciling Raleigh and Essex, so long ago as five years before Essex's insurrection. Mr. Spedding asserts that there is nothing whatever to countenance any part of the story; nothing to connect it with Bacon's device, or with York House, or with the year 1595; nothing to

suggest either that it was written by Bacon, or that it was suppressed by Essex, or that it was not exhibited on the occasion for which it was composed, whatever that occasion may have been. He does infer that the 'Letters of Advice from the Earl of Essex to the Earl of Rutland,' for which the former has obtained such signal repute, were in reality Bacon's composition; but the further inference, which has been urged with so much emphasis, that Essex was incapable of such a work, is not to be found in Mr. Spedding's argument. In fact, he prints two letters of a later date, when Bacon was giving Essex salutary counsel, after the proceedings with reference to Essex's conduct in Ireland, which had taken place at York House in June, 1600, and, in common with ourselves, he apparently holds that Essex's reply implies a capacity far above the average of his time. We quote these letters for their striking evidence of Essex's powers of composition, apart from their implication that at times his judgment got the better of his jealous temper and perversity:—

"*To the Earl of Essex.*

"My Lord,

"No man can better expound my doings than your lordship, which maketh me need to say the less. Only I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation first of *bonus civis*, which with us is a good and true servant to the queen, and next of *bonus vir*, that is, an honest man. I desire your lordship also to think

that though I confess I love some things much better than I love your lordship, as the queen's service, her quiet and contentment, her honour, her favour, the good of my country, and the like, yet I love few persons better than yourself, both for gratitude's sake and for your own virtues, which cannot hurt but by accident or abuse. Of which my good affection I was ever and am ready to yield testimony by any good offices, but with such reservations as yourself cannot but allow: for as I was ever sorry that your lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune, so for the growing up of your own feathers, especially ostrich's, or any other save of a bird of prey, no man shall be more glad. And this is the axle-tree whereupon I have turned and shall turn; which to signify to you, though I think you are of yourself persuaded as much, is the cause of my writing; and so I commend your lordship to God's goodness. From Gray's Inn, this 20th day of July, 1600.

"Your Lordship's most humbly,

"FR. BACON."

To this letter Essex returned an answer such as Bacon might himself have dictated:—

"*An Answer of my Lord of Essex to the preceding Letter of Mr. Bacon.*

"MR. BACON,

"I can neither expound nor censure your late actions, being ignorant of all of them save one, and having directed my sight inward only, to examine yourself. You

do pray me to believe that you only aspire to the conscience and commendation of *bonus civis* and *bonus vir;* and I do faithfully assure you, that while that is your ambition (though your course be active and mind contemplative) yet we shall both *convenire in eodem tertio,* and *convenire inter nosipsos.* Your profession of affection, and offer of good offices, are welcome to me. For answer to them I will say but this—that you have believed I have been kind to you, and you may believe that I cannot be other either upon humour or mine own election. I am a stranger to all poetical conceits, or else I should say somewhat of your poetical example. But this I must say, that I never flew with other wings than desire to merit, and confidence in my sovereign's favour; and when one of these wings failed me, I would light nowhere but at my sovereign's feet, though she suffered me to be bruised with my fall. And till Her Majesty, that knows I was never bird of prey, finds it to agree with her will and her service that my wings should be imped again, I have committed myself to the mue. No power but my God's and my sovereign's can alter this resolution of

"Your retired Friend,

"ESSEX."

In the analysis of Essex's treason, from first to last, we hear nothing of a Spanish plot, or of any warranty for that phrase of later coinage, which is the title of one of Mr. Dixon's chapters, the political *apostasy* of Essex. From Mr. Spedding's point of view his rebellion remains much

what it was described to be by Lord Macaulay, and what we also believe it to have been, an outburst of personal ambition and petulance, with little complication from political principle. As Lord Macaulay shows, the great struggle of the 16th century was over, and that of the 17th had not yet commenced. In the interval, the two sections of ambitious Englishmen who were struggling for power were separated from each other by no important public question. Both belonged to the Established Church, both were loyal to the queen, both entertained similar views concerning the succession to the crown, both were equally insensible to domestic grievances, both approved the national hostility to Spain. To represent the leading personages of Elizabeth's council as a patriotic party may be perfectly just; but it is not just, and it is not true, to represent Essex and his personal adherents as a faction devoted to Spain. The greatest feat of arms which Essex had performed, and which was nothing less than Lord Macaulay has described it, the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim, was an invasion by which Spain had sustained injury and signal humiliation. The popularity of Essex was identified with the resistance to Spanish dominion; and we can only hold, in defiance of all probabilities, that he was an apostate from this his political stand-point, and a traitor even to his own reputation.

As Mr. Dixon puts it, we must conceive of him, nevertheless, as the conscious instrument of a Spanish or Jesuit plot to dethrone Elizabeth and reverse our national policy. It is ludicrous to suppose that with such intentions he could dream of raising the city of London by a cry that the succession to the English crown was destined to the Infanta. Yet this was his only pretext, apart from his personal apprehensions, for raising a party in the interests of the faction he was thus denouncing on the very threshold of his enterprise. Mr. Dixon's view of his proceedings involves the singular contradiction that he was an accomplice of Spain, with an anti-Spanish war cry, a conception new both to logic and history. His conduct on such an hypothesis is simply inexplicable, as is also the co-operation of his Protestant and Puritan friends, in the same company with his Catholic adherents. There were doubtless various motives for their miscellaneous concert; but there is but one explanation of his attempt,—that it was made in the interests of his personal rivalries with reference chiefly to his personal objects. He involved his friends in fatal extremities, because he was as rash as he was pettish and vain, as regardless of consequences as he was unable to endure either an injury or a slight. It is the conviction of Mr. Spedding that it was the sequestration of his monopoly of sweet wines for a longer term than he anticipated which ultimately determined his actual outbreak. In that case his vanity was vulgarized by complicity with pelf; but it was vanity which provoked his

yeasty temper, and precipitated the projects he had pondered in his hours of querulous discontent. If his Jesuit prompters had other views, if Father Wright and his coadjutors had expectations of his more definite compliance with their wishes hereafter, knowing the capacity of these gentry to deceive themselves, knowing the atmosphere of sanguine and intense exaltation in which they lived and breathed and plotted, we can account for the accusatory tenour of their evidence. Mr. Spedding apparently heeds it as little as we do; while the whole demeanour of Essex at his death-scene, and, indeed, from the hour of his condemnation, when his chief solicitude was to obtain the ministrations of a certain *Protestant* clergyman, completes the refutation of this revival of the Jesuits' calumny.

On one point Mr. Spedding yields, and, as we think, too unhesitatingly, to the evidence of a date, which may be a mistake, but which, if it is accurate, attributes to Essex a treasonable design against Elizabeth *before* even his expedition to the North of Ireland and his famous interview with Tyrone. The gravamen of the charge which this implies is, that Essex was guilty of treachery to his sovereign at a time when she had not refused him anything, and while he was still the trusted commander of her army in the field. This criminating word "before" is found in the copy of Sir Charles Blount's examination, preserved at Hatfield, and there is no doubt upon the point that so it is written, for Mr. Bruce, who first discovered it, has again referred at Mr. Spedding's request, and ascertained that

the words of the MS. are clear. Clear though they be, are they quite conclusive that Blount was stating the truth, or that he did state what is written here? In Bacon's own narrative the date is otherwise given; in fact, it is distinctly implied that the criminating conversation deposed to by Blount did not take place till after Essex had returned. Mr. Spedding accounts for this error of Bacon (if it be an error) by supposing that he took his information from Coke's rough memorandum of Blount's confession, and was not in possession of the fuller copy of the examination at the trial. This hypothesis implies that a paper was mislaid or overlooked—a circumstance which it is difficult to conceive in a process of such importance, and at the best it is purely conjectural on the part of Mr. Spedding. There, however, is the date in the Hatfield copy inconsistent with the case as presented by Bacon, and it is only conjecture which can invalidate that and sustain Bacon's view of it. Mr. Spedding is right to admit this considerable difficulty; but he is too ready, as we conceive, to surrender his theory of the earl's proceedings to what may have been, after all, a mere mistake of an automaton clerk.

On the main question of Bacon's conduct towards Essex, up to the point at which he appeared as counsel against him on his trial, Mr. Spedding's presentation of Bacon is greatly to Bacon's credit. He early foresaw the difficulties in which the earl's want of ballast would eventually involve him, and with a candour which was equal to his prescience, he distinctly refused to be compromised.

Furthermore, he gave Essex most considerate advice, and used his utmost influence to keep him uncompromised also. He incurred even the odium of discouraging him in his most sanguine projects, and played the part of a true friend by whispering prudence incessantly. When all his good counsels had been thrown away, he did not at first desert his friend in his adversity, but incurred the serious displeasure of the queen by his endeavours to plead her favourite's cause. Up to the moment when he took a brief against his old benefactor, his conduct was not only irreproachable but praiseworthy. But at this point, where the controversy really turns, on the freedom of Bacon's professional position, and his continuing obligations towards an ancient friend, on the indelicacy, to say the least, of his prosecuting him to the death, Mr. Spedding abruptly declines to proceed with the argument. As we have formerly stated an opinion upon this point, and as Mr. Spedding has alleged nothing whatever to shake it, we therefore dismiss the question here as cavalierly as he does, but retaining as deliberately and firmly the opinion we have expressed before.

It was to Bacon's shame, as we conceive, that he consented to appear against his friend, when he could have refused, as Sir Henry Yelverton refused, to plead against his patron Somerset, or as Sir John Walter refused a brief against Sir Edward Coke. We believe Bacon to have fatally discredited himself by his compliance; yet if we could admit that he was justified in appearing as counsel

for the crown, we could certainly agree with Mr. Spedding that no exception can be fairly taken as to his manner of conducting the case. Lord Macaulay's imputations of unnecessary harshness immediately vanish on a close examination of the necessities of Bacon's position and argument. While Coke was blundering and betraying his temper, wandering needlessly from the point to be proved into personal altercations on indifferent topics, Bacon, as Mr. Spedding shows, was incessantly bringing back the Court to the legal and material bearings of the case. Lord Macaulay complains that he likened Essex to Pisistratus, who, by the exhibition of self-inflicted wounds, and the pretence that he was in imminent danger of assassination, succeeded in establishing tyranny at Athens. It was material, however, to point out that the evidence proved that Essex's professed peril was an affectation also, and it would have been difficult to draw a fairer parallel, or one more fitted to its place in the argument. Again, Lord Macaulay complains that Bacon compared Essex to Guise; but the context shows that the comparison was as apt as it was spontaneous. The earl interrupted Bacon in his argument as to the legal construction of treason, and objected that if he had purposed anything against others than his private enemies he would not have stirred *with so slender a company*. "Whereunto Mr. Bacon answered, 'It was not the company you carried with you, but the assistance which you hoped for in the city that you trusted unto. The Duke of Guise thrust himself into the streets of Paris

on the day of the Barricados in his doublet and hose, attended only with eight gentlemen, and found that help in the city which (thanks be to God) you failed of here.'" These similes were, as it were, required of Bacon to demonstrate the fallacies of Essex's protestations, and they could not possibly have been more to the purpose or more perfectly fair. When Lord Macaulay adds, "why Bacon had recourse to such a topic it is difficult to say," he admits his own misapprehension of the point in controversy. Nothing, however, shall persuade us that, because Bacon was prompt and appropriate, his simile was gratuitous, or that he was false to his friend because he was true to his argument. We rest our impeachment of him exclusively upon other grounds.

We can only part from Mr. Spedding here on repeating once more our sense of the great service which he has rendered and is rendering to English literature. Whether we assent to or dissent from his views of Bacon's conduct, we are satisfied both with the materials and with the spirit of his argument. As specimens of his successful quest after compositions of Bacon which are now restored to their legitimate author, we can point to the well-argued hypotheses on pages 43 and 97 of the first of these volumes. These are striking proofs of Mr. Spedding's qualifications as an editor, and whoever notes them will feel a confidence that he is in trustworthy hands. We ourselves can say no more than that we shall be always grateful for Mr. Spedding's aid when we again have occasion to refer to these controverted topics.

FRANCATELLI'S COOK'S GUIDE.*

WHEN an illustrious French statesman, still in the flesh, was invited to a banquet specially intended for his honour at one of our most pretentious London clubs, his cook, with a reasonable misgiving as to the consequences of the English *cuisine*, exclaimed, "*Ah, mon pauvre maître, je ne le reverrai plus.*" In the particular club, under the cook who then ruled its *rôtis*, there may or may not have been grounds for the apprehensions so tenderly expressed by the devoted *chef*. We carefully guard ourselves against endorsing his alarm, for the reason that we know nothing whatever of the *cuisine* to the presumed perils of which his

* 'The Cook's Guide and Housekeeper's and Butler's Assistant; a practical treatise on English and foreign Cookery in all its branches; containing plain instructions for pickling and preserving vegetables, fruits, game, &c.; the curing of hams and bacon; the art of confectionery and ice-making and the arrangement of desserts; with valuable directions for the preparation of proper diet for invalids, also for a variety of wine cups and epicurean salads, American drinks and summer beverages.' By Charles Elmé Francatelli. Bentley, 1861.

master was exposed. But we can add as conscientiously that it was not, and could not possibly have been, the club whose health and enjoyment combined were once under the care of the accomplished Francatelli. We have dined at that club under his culinary *régime*, and can gratefully testify to the superlative virtues of his *suprême de volaille*, to the *verve* of his salad *à la Casanova*, and the touching grace of his incomparable peach fritters. Such opportunities, alas! are to be numbered with the past; but we console ourselves for the loss of his savoury exemplifications by the welcome reception of his artistic maxims, and by the knowledge that, if he is lost to his contemporaries, he is at least devoting himself to the instruction of posterity.

If consoled by this reflection we turn to the 'Cook's Guide,' we find that this is not, however, the *magnum opus* on which the author rests his reputation *in sæcula sæculorum*. Another book has preceded this, entitled the 'Modern Cook,' which reveals the complicated mysteries of the more recondite opsonia. For that work some previous study is required, or at least an advanced degree of intelligence, a predisposition to the culinary art, or a liberal measure of the light of nature. At all events, an intellectual superiority of some kind, combined with an ample share of the resources which are indispensable to produce complicated culinary products, renders that work comparatively difficult for mere proselytes of the gate. The book before us is more humble, but more generally

useful. We observe that here the author is doing a wider service to his kind in giving us the simpler and more economical results of his researches; and we hail this sacrifice of an artist's choicer predilections to the modern principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

A book, which is specially intended for ordinary households, may benefit all who are dependent on the ordinary British cookmaid, by providing that benighted person with maxims for her better guidance. It is a fact too well known, and too painfully appreciated, that the creature's knowledge of her craft is in most cases rudimentary. It is, doubtless, because the public could not bear the proofs of its aggregate helplessness that no commission has yet issued to inquire and report on her general incompetence. It is, perhaps, the saddest fact of the nineteenth century that our English viscera are so sorely tried, without compensation to our palates or any sense of a sanitary atonement. If we want an explanation of the pangs we suffer, we shall find it in the ignorant empiricism of the culinary regions, where the red-handed Phillis does violence to our victuals. We are deserving of better treatment. We are naturally a race of strong digestion, and our Carlyles can vaunt our prowess at the flesh pots; we are supplied literally with the best of everything from all contiguous seas and shores, and yet dinner is a recurrent discomfort and the source of permanent dyspepsia. Seriously speaking, the cause is, that our cooks, being ignorant of the capacities of saucepans and stewpans and all the *batterie de*

cuisine, cast their functions on the more delicate machinery of our interiors. Every man his own cook and kitchen fire! It is a melancholy reflection, seeing what he pays for coals and wages, that he should have to consume so much vital heat, and to earn the wages in his own diaphragm.

For an illustration of the source of the evils we suffer let us call up, for example, and examine Martha or Mary Anne. "Martha, how do you boil a leg of mutton?" "Sir, I puts it into hot water; if it was a piece of salt beef I should put it into cold, to simmer the salt out." Ask this question in a series of households, and you will find that this is generally the answer. And yet some of the best cookery books tell her to employ cold water; and Francatelli is no less emphatic. This is not one of the proofs of his special skill in his *métier*, but simply a passing and obvious illustration of the ignorance to which his skill may be regarded as a revelation. To estimate the work of St. Augustine and his service to our isle, we must first of all take a survey of the state of the barbarians.

On the other hand, if we examine Francatelli's book even superficially, we shall soon find enough to satisfy us that he is fully equal to the task of their conversion. We have not done him the justice to test every recipe, for this is a feat beyond our power, and even our deep reverence for his art. It is only not impossible, because we know of a case in which a cookery book was reviewed thus conscientiously, and we mention it to the eternal credit of the

reviewers' craft. The critic was an accomplished scholar, a lover of creature comforts, but still more distinguished as an amateur in the culinary art, and higher still as an orthodox churchman of a most scrupulous conscience. When it was cast upon him in the course of his sublunary duties to review a new cookery book, he did it, as we have said, by testing every recipe *seriatim*, and pronouncing on the results as determined by his own hands. Such zeal might well be taken to imply that Providence had a special destiny in reserve for him, and he ultimately realized this in a way which nobody expected. The story is so old that it is almost new. Proceeding to Australia he, with upwards of some 100 others, was shipwrecked and cast ashore on an island in the South Pacific; and there, in virtue of his culinary knowledge, as applied to the herbs and shell fish procured by his companions, he contrived to nourish and keep alive the whole of that forlorn ship's company. It is a pity he is not here to review Francatelli, but it would be a greater pity still if Francatelli should bear no like fruit—if now that he proffers such a missal for our conversion, when, in relation to the urgent wants of the age, cookery has the elevation of a home mission to the domestic heathen, he should want humble disciples to practise his maxims, or a discerning public to insist on their observance.

If any one wishes for a speedy conviction as to his missionary pretensions, let them try the suprême, the salad, and the fritters already mentioned; or let them indulge

in his curried ox palates à la Florentine, or the more subdued savour of his veal cutlets à la Maintenon. In the recipe for the last-named (No. 605) we get a good illustration of the practical value of his book. It is a common incident to côtelettes à la Maintenon to find the protecting envelope unpleasantly burnt. Now, this comes from the practice, often pursued even at our best hotels, of attempting to perfect this familiar favourite upon the gridiron. Even Soyer, we regret to say, countenances this culinary heresy; while Francatelli, more discriminative, says "Put them in a sharp oven." Francatelli is at issue with his predecessors on many points, on which, if we reserve our judgment, we have still an instinctive conviction that he is right. He says you should not put milk in green-pea soup; you should not flavour gravy soup with walnut catsup, Chili vinegar, and brandy; you should not season turtle soup with curry-powder; or, again, put sorrel in green-pea soup, for it will make it both yellow and sour. Some of these are comparatively new doctrines; and, if the educated palate is prepared for their reception, they will be found difficult at first to the barbarian unbelievers.

Moreover, Francatelli has promulgated to the world a secret, which we fancied was confined to ourselves and an eminent Mahomedan theologian, who had it by Præ-Brahminical tradition from our first parents—that a little apple is essential to a perfect curry. We believe this was the destination of the original apple according to the Tal-

mudists, though the Ulemas differ; and Francatelli is thus the restorer of the culinary ritual. His own incontestable superiority in all the lighter products, which a profane friend of ours terms the *parfumerie* of the dinner-table, compels an implicit assent to his doctrines upon these points. Happily, his injunctions and precepts are stated with an explicitness which leaves nothing to be questioned or desired. Do you wish to know the most recent improvements in the preparation of jams and jellies, compotes, dessert-cakes and bonbons, water and cream ices, summer drinks, &c.,—they are communicated here. The author is copious also in the matter of recipes for wine and other kinds of cups, for salads and appetizers, American drinks and granitos, which will be found of material use to you or the impostor, your butler, by enabling you to produce what neither of you were competent to otherwise. The whole book has the merit of being exceedingly plain, of containing sufficient cross-references to satisfy a Panizzi, and of being so serviceably arranged in all its parts, that we defy you to miss any of the consolations intended for your physical infirmities.

Of course no cookery book is perfect, nor will be till the Francatelli and Faraday epoch is over, and we finally luxuriate in the Millennium of digestive chymistry. Even Francatelli's is founded on an earlier dispensation, which he does not altogether and in every instance supersede. He is silent on the serious theme of Irish stew. If you want a rump-steak pudding compounded on the right

ideal, you must still resort to the 'Modern Domestic Cookery;' or if you have a patriotic love for Christmas pudding, strangely enough, you must refer to the 'Modern Housewife' of the Frenchman M. Soyer. Great is the product of the latter artist, especially in the items of almonds and marrow; and, while we mention Soyer, can we forget his snipe kidneys? If we remember rightly, he designates them by a more pretentious title, but the recipe is an invention by which that *avium avis facile princeps* is, as it were, sublimated and kept perpetually in season.

We have a more direct controversy with Signor Francatelli on the constituents of his veal-and-ham pie, which, as enjoined in his commandments, must produce a result too pungent for our English palates. But having made these sacrifices to our desire to find critical fault, we have no comment left but words of praise and gratitude. His 'Cook's Guide' is an admirable manual for every household where pleasure, health, and economy are consulted. He has imparted all that can be imparted of his personal excellence. We are aware that much of a *chef's* manipulation, of his sense of flavour as a corrective to the varying quality of his ingredients, of his *coup-d'œil* and capacity to deal with the unforeseen—in short, of the personal skill of the performer, can never be imparted in books, or, indeed, in any form of instruction. The idiosyncrasy of a cook is impressed on his most volatile materials; and as no two persons see precisely the same rainbow, so no two hands

compound identically the same dish. In the most homely forms of cookery, in the west of England for example, where the Abigails generally excel in the frying of pancakes, we never met with any two who produced them of exactly the same consistency; and one pancake differed from another pancake in savour as one star differs from another star in brilliancy. *À fortiori,* in the preparation of a *Salmi* or a *Mayonnaise* there is a greater latitude for this variety of results, and no one must suppose that, with the very best instructions, he will precisely imitate the manner of the author. Subject to this qualification, however, a book such as this is the best service which an accomplished cook can render, for it really does popularize some of his best combinations, and, subject to refined distinctions, renders them possible to the meanest capacity.

MEMOIRS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

We have before us a Memoir of Professor Wilson, compiled by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, with illustrations from his correspondence, and a provision of sketches of a humorous description from the well-known portfolios of Mr. Lockhart. In summing up its contents, we cannot say that they alter in any material sense the impressions entertained as to Wilson's character, or the measure which has been taken of his literary capacity. No one has painted him so fully to the eye of the reader as Wilson himself in his various magazine sketches. His versatile talents, his academical culture, his ardent sensibilities, his affection—for it was no less—for natural objects and scenery, and his transcendent animalism, were his cardinal qualities, and his writings made them patent and popular phenomena. There remained little for his biographer in the sense of

* 'Christopher North;' a Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Compiled from family papers and other sources by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. 2 vols. Edmonston and Douglas, 1862.

characterization but to fill up the outlines with which we were familiar with the details of time, place, and attendant circumstances. Some of the *facts* of his life, however, remained to be told, and one or two of its little secrets; and these, though they do not alter our impressions of the man, are now revealed to us for the first time here.

John Wilson was born at Paisley, then "pretty" and "pleasant," in May, 1785. Like most talented men, he was the son of a remarkable mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Sym, and whose brother Robert is not unknown to fame as the "Timothy Tickler" of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Mrs. Wilson herself was one of the dignified old Scotch ladies, of whom Lord Cockburn has sketched the principal types; and she appears to have possessed such bitter prejudices, combined with her maternal virtues, that we are quite content with a distant acknowledgment of her merits. The earliest thing we hear of her son John is the characteristic fact that he angled in a "wee burnie" with thread and crooked pin when he was only three years old; that he played at preaching, and took for the subject of his sermon the delinquencies of a fish which behaved unparentally to its offspring; and that he drew "Teegars," which, as he himself opined afterwards, would have made Sir Edwin Landseer stare. He was first sent to school at Paisley, then in the neighbouring parish of Mearns, that parish which he has described so lovingly in his 'Recreations,' in the papers entitled 'Our Parish,' 'Christopher in his Sporting Jacket,' and 'May Day.' As the author of

his Memoir says, "in no other writings do we find so inexhaustible and vivid a remembrance of the feelings of boyhood," and the "wild, moorland, sylvan pastoral" parish comes in for a considerable share of it. The charming descriptions of his loss in a Scotch mist, of the duck-gun of the manse, and of the "snowball bicker of Pedmount," carry us back to this epoch; while the tender regrets with which he left these scenes of his early frolics and rambles, to proceed to Glasgow College, close the first chapter of his present Memoirs.

Previous to this, however, when he was no more than twelve years old, he lost his father, apparently somewhat suddenly. Then he was entered at Glasgow University as a student in the Latin class for Session 1797-98, and he attended other classes in due course down to 1803. Much is said of his special love and admiration for two of its Professors, Jardine and Young, the latter of whom translated 'Homer' in such resonant Scotch, that the process brought tears into his own eyes as well as those of his pupils. At this time Wilson was a decorous and comely young gentleman, according to the testimony of his portrait by Raeburn in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. From the testimony of his own pocket-book, we learn that he was methodical, kept a neat and punctual diary, balanced his pocket-money regularly, and never allowed his expenditure to exceed his income. These praiseworthy habits, says the writer, are more worthy of remark, as in later years they were almost entirely laid

aside. We ourselves account for the difference by the early maternal drill, and by a circumstance which did much afterwards to dissipate its influence, and to drive him into a course of reckless living as a relief from mental distresses.

His diary discloses the nature of the occupations which at this time he added to the routine of his appointed studies, how he practised the flute, wrote little poems, enjoyed testing his strength and skill, won prizes, ran races, and proffered welcome adulation to William Wordsworth in the form of a complimentary letter on the subject of his Lyrical Ballads. The most striking fact of the whole is, perhaps, the circumstances that he gained a bet by walking *toe and heel* six miles in two minutes within the hour, as is testified by a friend who was present on the occasion. A further chapter lets us into the secret of his attachment to a young lady at Dychmont, an orphan, to whom his mother grimly objected, and whom, after many struggles and much pain, he consented to relinquish. In the crisis of his trial, some few years later at Oxford, we are told that he was driven to the very brink of despair; for to Oxford he went accordingly in 1803, and was entered as a Gentlemen Commoner at Magdalen College. The general impression that he had led what is called a "fast life" there, and was not a reading man, is, says the present writer, by no means correct. His wonderful physical powers gave him great advantages in overtaking his work, and recovering the loss of hours spent in gloom or

hilarious enjoyment. But, with all his unaffected relish for the delights of sense, his was a soul that could never linger long among them without making them "stepping stones to higher things." Many, doubtless, were his wild pranks and jovial adventures, and for a brief space he gave himself up in the agony of blighted hopes, as he himself confessed, to "unbridled dissipation;" but the freshness and purity of feeling, which he retained till old age, prove, as the writer contends, that excess was alien to his nature, and that there was somewhere or other, in his principles or his prudence, a steady check and counterpoise to his superabundant vitality.

That such a man should have delighted in angling and in boating, in walking, running, and leaping, was natural; nor, if we remember the tastes of his time, is it astonishing that he should have enjoyed also wrestling, boxing, and *cock fighting*. Of his pugilistic skill, it is said by De Quincey that "there was no man who had any talents, real or fancied, for thumping or being thumped, but he had experienced some *preeing* of his merits from Mr. Wilson." A story is told of a then not unknown pugilist disputing his right of passage across one of the narrow bridges which abound about the lashers and weirs of the Isis, and getting the worst of it in the "mill" which ensued. The confident professional, astonished as well as punished, on recovering from his blows and surprise, accosted him thus:—"You can be only one of the two; you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil;" whereupon a truce was es-

tablished, and fraternity and equality were speedily proclaimed over a pot of porter.' Jack appears to have been a still more extraordinary leaper, owing to his short trunk, remarkable long legs, his arched instep, and powerful heels. In fact, he once leapt the Cherwell, 23 feet at a bound, and was, perhaps, the best level leaper of his generation. His conversational powers were as strikingly manifested in the common room, where he shone among the best capacities of his time as an intellectual athlete, and was a match for them all. His eccentric inclinations impelled him to exercise the same powers, after he had taken his master's degree and was free from proctorial restrictions, in visiting the different Oxford inns at night, in hobnobbing with the coachmen and guards, and presiding at the passengers' supper-table. After astonishing a coach-load of travellers at the Angel with his wit and pleasantry, he would send them off wondering who and what *he* could be; and he would then seek a further audience at the Fox and Goose, the rendezvous of the coaching officials, which would keep him employed till the college gates were opened in the morning by the porter. He had been known to dine in Grosvenor Square over-night and to walk down to college —58 miles—at an almost incredible pace, arriving early the next morning. In connexion with his College symposia, a curious characteristic of the time is mentioned by the narrator of these anecdotes, his contemporary, Mr. Southwell. After declaring that he never saw Wilson the worse for his liquor, he adds, "I shall never forget his

figure, sitting with a long earthen pipe, and a great *tie* wig on; those wigs had descended, I fancy, from the days of Addison (who had been a member of our College), and were worn by us all (in order, I presume, to preserve our hair and dress from tobacco-smoke), when smoking commenced after supper—and a strange appearance we made in them." Through this haze of tobacco-smoke and uproarious hilarity rises the spectre of his unhappy attachment, instigating Wilson to strange vagaries. At one time he thought of accompanying Mungo Park to Timbuctoo, at others he roamed the country far and wide; and he was in such a state of depression in 1807, when he went in for his degree examination, that he really dreaded he would be plucked as the result. His apprehensions, however, were not only groundless, but he passed with such distinguished *éclat*, that the examiner thanked him publicly, and his private tutor bore testimony that had the class-list then been established, Wilson must have had a first. Sotheby, who was present, declared it was worth coming from London to hear him translate a Greek chorus. "I was exceedingly pleased," says another listener, "with Shepherd, his examiner, who seemed highly delighted at having got hold of him, and took much pains to show him off. Indeed, he is given to show people off; and those who know little are said not to relish the operation, so that his name is a name of terror, but nothing could be luckier for John than his strict, close style of examination." In 1807 he left

Oxford, and fixed himself at one of the most lovely sites on Windermere,—that Elleray with which his name is for ever identified.

De Quincey has described Elleray in many a happy phrase; and these volumes contain a woodcut depicting Wilson's cottage. At this time Wilson was, or supposed himself to be, a rich man, having inherited 50,000*l.* from his father, and he spent large sums in rebuilding and adorning his residence. There was good and congenial society in the neighbourhood—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lloyd, Bishop Watson, &c. De Quincey met him at Wordsworth's, and thus commenced their long intimacy. How Wilson roved that lake country at all times of the day and night is familiar gossip there even yet. Among his other robust tastes he had a great passion for boating, and he maintained quite a small fleet upon Windermere. Even on a stormy December night he would take to one of his little yachts till, according to the report of his faithful Palinurus, Billy Balmer, "his master was well-nigh frozen to death, and had icicles a finger length hanging from his hair and beard." We hear of his knocking up the toll-keeper on the Ambleside Road and having a night of it, of his swimming the lake on horseback, of his turning out a bull for a chase in the early summer mornings, of his fighting a main of cocks in his drawing-room at Elleray, of his wrestling with the Cumberland professionals, and being reckoned "a varra bad un to lick," and of various other demonstrations of his

exuberant physique and animal spirits, of which the following is a specimen recounted by one who knew him intimately:—

"'I was most interested,' says the writer, 'in Ritson's anecdotes of famous men who visited Wastdale. He had wandered many a day with Professor Wilson, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and others. Ritson had been a famous wrestler in his youth, and had won many a country belt in Cumberland. He once wrestled with Wilson, and threw him twice out of three falls; but he owned the Professor was 'a varra bad un to lick.' Wilson beat him at jumping; he could jump twelve yards in three jumps, with a great stone in each hand. Ritson could only manage eleven and three quarters. 'T' first time 'at Professor Wilson cam to Wastd'le Head,' said Ritson, 'he hed a tent set up in a field, an' he gat it weel stock't wi' bread, an' beef, an' cheese, an' rum, an' ale, an' sic like. Then he gedder't up my grandfadder, an' Thomas Tyson, an' Isaac Fletcher, an' Joseph Stable, an' aad Robert Grave, an' some mair, an' there was gay deed amang em. Then nowt would sarra bud he mun hev a boat, an' they mun all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t' boat he tell't un to be particklar careful, for he was liable to get giddy in t' head, an' if yan ov his giddy fits sud chance to cum on he mud happen tummle into t' watter. Well, that pleased 'em all gaily weel, an' they said they'd tak varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an' called oot that they mun pull quicker. So they did, and what does

Wilson do then but topples ower eb'm ov his back i' t' watter with a splash. Then there was a girt cry, ''Eh, Mr. Wilson's i' t' watter!' an yan click't, an' anudder click't, but nean o' them could get hod on him, an' there was sic a scrowe as nivver. At last yan o' them gat him round t' neck as he popped up at teàl o' t' boat, an' Wilson taad him to kep a good hod, for he mud happen slip him ageàn. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bit o' pranks, he was snurkin' an' laughin' all t' time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an' as lish as a trout, an' he hed sic antics as nivver man hed. Whativver ye sed tull him ye'd get yowr change back for it gaily soon. . . . Aa remember there was a 'murry neet' at Wastd'le Head that verra time, an' Wilson an' t' aad parsen was there amang t' rest. When they'd gotten a bit on, Wilson med a sang aboot t' parson. He med in reight off o' t' stick end. He began wi' t' parson first, then he gat to t' Pope, an' then he turned it to t' devil, an' sic like, till he hed 'em fallin' off their cheers w' fun. T' parson was quite astonished, an' rayder vex't an' all, but at last he burst oot laughin' wi' t' rest. . . . Naabody could stand it. . . . T' seàm neet there was yan o' their wives cum to fetch her husband heàm, an' she was rayder ower strang i' t' tung wi' him afore t' heàl comp'ny. Well, he took it all i' good pairt, but as he went away he shouted oot t' aad minister, 'Od dang ye, parson, it wor ye at teed us two tegidder!' . . . It was a' life an' murth amang us as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wastd'le Head.' "

At Ambleside he became acquainted with Miss Jane Penny, the leading belle of the lake country, who afterwards became his wife. At the same time that he was about to be married, in 1811, he was contemplating the publication of a volume of poems, including his 'Isle of Palms.' On May 11 of the same year he did marry, and brought his wife at once to Elleray, where, however, they were not destined to remain many years. The poems also came out, but were not very cordially welcomed by the reviewers. "Southey," which is highly characteristic, "would have gladly reviewed them in the 'Quarterly,' but found it impossible *without speaking at length of himself and Wordsworth*; so he, from conscience, declined it." From 1811 to 1815, Wilson enjoyed four years of tranquil married life at Elleray; but in the latter year he discovered suddenly that he was totally ruined. An uncle, to whom his property was confided, had dissipated it all, as we infer, in speculations, and Wilson was obliged to give up Elleray, and to accommodate himself to his altered lot by taking up his residence together with his wife in his mother's house at Edinburgh.

Mrs. Wilson, senior, was a superior manager; she washed up her own tea-things and did her own marketing, and was equal in every sense to this added responsibility. But she must have been an awfully hardmouthed disciplinarian, or, perhaps, we should say, fanatical partisan. When she heard that her son had contributed an article to the 'Edinburgh Review,' she exclaimed, "John, if you

turn Whig this house is no longer big enough for us both." John, however, had no inclination to turn Whig, but was quite as orthodox a Tory as the stanchest Scotch Cornelia could desire for her stalwart offspring. Previously, however, to his expenditure of his vitality in this line, he rambled about the Highlands, fishing its lakes and licking its bullies, or enjoyed the social life of Edinburgh, though he was somewhat distracted by his preparations for professional advancement at the bar. Nothing, however, or next to nothing, came of his legal efforts, and he could not be said to have come to any profitable bearings, or to have really developed a career in life, until the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' It may be a question whether even his assiduity there was an adequate result of his remarkable talents, but the writer puts aside this question, or considers it as solved by his magazine successes.

The most interesting part of this book, in a literary sense, is the account of the origin of this magazine, and of the controversies which arose out of its original scope and spirit. A brief observation suffices to state the case in its substance. 'Blackwood,' now become as fair and decorous as the rest of the world, was at that day truculent in the extreme, caustic, and even calumnious. It was the misfortune of the age that the world was divided into two camps, which hated each other as much from mutual ignorance as from divided opinions. We will not say that there was not a pin to choose between them, because we must see that in the main the one cause was the cause of

advancing justice. But the advocates on both sides blacked their adversaries to the best of their ability; and it really requires some quickness of eye to discriminate who were the most to be reprehended for blows administered beneath the belt. "You were either a Tory and a good man, or a Whig and a rascal, and *vice versâ*. If you were a Tory and wanted a place, it was the duty of all good Tories to stand by you; if you were a Whig, your chance was small; but its feebleness was all the more reason why you should be proclaimed a martyr, and your opponents profligate mercenaries." When 'Blackwood' came into the field, the 'Edinburgh Review' was supreme; and the 'Edinburgh Review' had kicked and cuffed its adversaries with such serious effect, that there were many bruises and sores distributed among them, and a reservoir of rancour accumulated in their coteries. 'Blackwood' unquestionably opened the sluices in return, and it flowed out with a freedom which at this day the world would neither admire nor tolerate. Wilson and Lockhart especially worked lustily at the venture, and somewhat soiled their reputation in the recklessness of their zeal. It was the fashion of the time to call your adversaries liars and calumniators, and they added the opprobrium of asserting that you were infidels and atheists. Articles ascribed to the wrong persons, letters with names falsely assigned to them, mystifications, and revilings were ascribed to their pens, and the world had much to forgive them both before it could honour them with a decorous reputation.

Such of their mystifications as were least hurtful were those which, in pure fun and wantonness, they coupled with the names of their friends and acquaintances. How many an article was fathered upon the "Ettrick Shepherd," to his intense perplexity, has been recounted by himself. A certain Dr. Scott, of Glasgow, a dentist, denominated "the Odontist," who "had no more pretensions to literary or poetic skill than a street porter," shared in Hogg's predicament, as reputed author of articles which he never wrote, and was, perhaps, not even capable of understanding. The "Odontist" became recognized as one of 'Blackwood's' leading characters, and so far was the joke carried, that a volume of his compositions was gravely advertised in a list of new works prefixed to the magazine, as "in the press." Even the publisher, John Ballantyne, as Hogg relates, was so convinced of the "Odontist's" genius, that he expressed a desire to be introduced to so remarkable a man, and wished to have the honour of being his publisher. The doctor himself, who had a capacious stomach and an easy temper, converted the jokes of his persecutors into professional advertisements. Happening to pay a visit to Liverpool, he was welcomed by the literary society there as the "Glorious Odontist" of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and received a complimentary dinner, which he accepted in entire good faith, replying to the toast of the evening with all the formality that became the welcome occasion.

An attack on the venerable Playfair, for writing in the

'Edinburgh Review,' and which accused him of having turned his back on the faith he once preached, and of having allied himself with a band of unprincipled wits and insidious infidels, excited more indignation than all the rest. This attack appears to have come from Lockhart, but Wilson, in conjunction with him, bore the odium of the retort which was made upon them in an anonymous pamphlet entitled, 'Hypocrisy Unveiled.' Its author denied them all title to the character of gentlemen, and refused to accept the challenges which he received from both of them simultaneously. Wilson on this occasion received an earnest remonstrance from the Rev. Robert Morehead, and prejudiced, in consequence of the attack, his friendly relations with Jeffrey. To such extremities had the literary war proceeded, that in other cases horsewhips were flourished, and thrashings interchanged.

In 1819, Wilson left his mother, and established himself with his wife and children, now five in number, in a separate home, and here he frequently forgathered with his friends, Raeburn, Watson Gordon, Allan, Lockhart, Hogg, Galt, Sir Adam Ferguson, and Sir William Hamilton. With Hamilton, moreover, in 1820, occurred his contest for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, then vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown. The patronage lay with the Town Council. The contest was a party matter, and Wilson's was, fortunately for him, the stronger side. Sir William may have been a more philosophic moralist, but Sir William was a Whig,

Wilson was a Tory. "The matter," says the biographer, "all lay in that." No unpleasantness interrupted the personal intimacy of the rivals, though the antagonists of Wilson pressed him hard for some real and some imaginary failings. The obnoxious articles in 'Blackwood' were thrown in his teeth, particularly "The Chaldee MS.," one of the most notorious of them. Moreover, he was accused, though most falsely, of being not merely a "reveller" and "blasphemer," but a bad husband, a bad father, a person not fit to be trusted as a teacher of youth. He even found it necessary to adduce testimonials to his moral character as well as to his intellectual acquirements. But the upshot was his election by 21 votes out of 30, a majority of 12, a proof less of his superior qualifications than of the preponderance of Tory opinions in the corporation. An attempt was made afterwards to annihilate his reputation and quash the election, in which the leader was a certain Deacon Paterson; but the council disposed of the deacon very summarily, and he disappeared with his green bag in a hearty chorus of hisses.

Wilson had short time to make his preparations for opening his course in the face of sundry dissatisfied and menacing auditors. At his introductory lecture, the lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. "Such a collection of hard-browed, scowling Scotchmen, muttering over their knobsticks, I never saw," says one who was present at it. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence, and, whereas every one expected some deprecatory

or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against him, reason or no reason, he began, in a voice of thunder, right into *the matter* of his lecture, and kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric which swamped and carried away his auditors. "Not a word, not a murmur," says the same spectator, "escaped his captivated—I ought to say his conquered—audience, and at the end they gave him a right down unanimous burst of applause. Those who came to scoff remained to praise."

Of his lectures *in extenso*, as delivered afterwards, for many successive years, we have no report which enables us to form a satisfactory judgment. But the author of this memoir has collected some particulars from some of those who attended them, which are well worth perusal. At the very least, it was a great spectacle to behold the lecturer, with swinging arm and flashing eye, kindling the circle of his hearers by his rolling utterance and infectious enthusiasm. His very lion-like mane was a symbol of his power. As he spoke, the bright blue eyes looked with a strange gaze into vacancy, sometimes sparkling with a coming joke, sometimes darkening before a rush of indignant eloquence; the tremulous upper lip curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden gray hair "floating on the old man's mighty shoulders" (this was spoken of his latter days), "if, indeed, that could be called age which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth." One of his

hearers compares him to all the great orators of his time to whose eloquence he had listened, and accounts his presence and manner and mastery over his audience as something stronger and superior to them all. "It was something to have seen Professor Wilson, this all confessed; but it was something also, and more than is generally understood, to have studied under him. This is the testimony of one of his class, which is hardly, we think, borne out by the passages cited from his lectures in these pages, but which is doubtless strictly true if we take into account the extraordinary stimulus to their advancement which he imparted to his pupils. A number of anecdotes illustrate his manner of dealing with his "children," as he affectionately termed them. His holyday ramble with them at St. Mary's Loch is vividly remembered; and the interes the took in their exercises, his explanations and admonitions, his mild reproof and "the golden largess of his praise," which was ever flowing and ever opportune. John Hill Burton describes well his hospitalities to his class: —

"It is possibly its personal bearing that makes me now remember pretty distinctly a good-humoured and kindly pleasantry of the professor's at that first dinner. I have mentioned that there were some representatives of young Edinburgh present. I do not know what precise position towards the rest of the human race the youth of Edinburgh may now claim, but it appeared to me, when I come among them at the time I speak of, that they considered

it beyond any kind of question that they were superior to all the rest of the world. To one coming from the common hard drudgery of our classes in the North, where we did our work zealously enough, with plenty of internal rivalry, but thought no more of claiming fame outside the walls than any body of zealous mechanics, it was a great novelty to get among a community, where the high school dux of 18—, or the gainer of the gold medal in the —— class, was pointed out to you; nay, further, to meet with lads of your own standing, who were the authors of published poems, had delivered great and telling speeches at the Speculative, or had written capital articles in the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal' or the 'University Album.' Whether it were the inheritance of the long hierarchy of literary glory which Edinburgh had enjoyed, or arose from any other cause, this phenomenon was marvellous to a stranger, and rather disagreeably marvellous, because a youth coming into all this brilliant light, out of the Bœotian darkness of Aberdeen, was conscious of being contemplated with compassionate condescension. We had, however, at the University of Edinburgh, at that time, a considerable body of Aberdonians, pretty compactly united. At our head was William Spalding, the first among us in learning and accomplishments, as well as in the means of using them. He well justified our expectations by his subsequent career, sadly impeded as it was by bodily ailments, which brought it to an untimely close. I have got into an episode in mentioning him here,

but it is not entirely inappropriate, for the professor was, as I believe he has been in many other instances, the first, who from a high place, took notice of Spalding's capacity.

"Well, emboldened and elated, I suppose, by being brought into social equality, with them, it came to pass that, in our after-dinner talk, I threw down the gauntlet to the representatives of young Edinburgh then present, and stood for the equality at least, if not the superiority, of Aberdeen in all the elements of human eminence. In such a contest a good deal depends on the number of names, in any way known to fame, that the champion remembers; and Aberdeen possessed, especially if one drew on the far past, a very fair stock of celebrities. As I was giving them forth, amid a good deal of derisive laughter and ironical cheering, the professor, tickled by the absurdity of the thing, threw himself into the contest on my side, and tumbled over some of my antagonists in an extremely delectable manner. This was a first revelation to me of a power which I afterwards often observed with astonishment,—a kind of intellectual gladiatorship, which enabled him, in a sort of rollicking, playful manner, to overthrow his adversary with little injury to him, but much humiliation. I can compare it to nothing it so much resembles as a powerful, playful, good-natured, mastiff taking his sport with a snarling cur. As I shall have to mention more especially, this was a powerful instrument of discipline in his class. He never had to stand on his dignity. When it was worth his while, he tumbled any trans-

gressor about in a way that made him, though unhurt, thoroughly ashamed of himself, and an example to deter others from doing the like. On the occasion referred to, it was possibly visible to the bystanders, and had I possessed more experience, might have been known to myself, that I also had been gently laid sprawling in the attacks that seemed directed entirely against my adversaries; but I happily saw only their discomfiture, and rejoiced accordingly. All that was done for me was, however, entirely neutralised by a random shaft from the Pole, finding mark he never meant, and piercing more effectually than all the artillery of my opponents. Looking with an air of intense gravity on the whole discussion, he broke in with the inquiry, whether he was right or not in his supposition, that 'Apperdeen was verray illoustrious for the making of stockingks?' After this, there was no use of saying more on either side." Wilson's mode of remonstrance with the culprits in a great snowball riot, which really broke into something like an insurrection, is a happy illustration of the tact with which he could use his peculiar influence.

"I remember a very strong negative testimony to this peculiar power, in the circumstance of his entire freedom from the persecutions of two licensed tormentors, who were the terror of all the rest of the professors. They were men of venerable years and weak intellect, who had established a sort of prescriptive right to attend such classes as they might honour with their presence. It was not of course their mere presence, but the use to which it was put by

tricky students, that made the standing grief of the professors. One of them was called Sir Peter Nimmo, a dirty, ill-looking lout, who had neither wit himself, nor any quality, with a sufficient amount of pleasant grotesqueness in it, to create wit in others. I believe he was merely an idly inclined and stupidish man of low condition, who, having once got into practice as a sort of public laughing-stock, saw that the occupation paid better than honest industry, and had cunning enough to keep it up. He must have had a rather hard time of it, however, in some respects, for it was an established practice to get hold of the cards of important personages—especially if they were as testy as they were important—and to present them to Sir Peter with a request that he would favour the person indicated with his company at dinner. He always went, pretending simplicity, and using a little caution, if he saw symptoms of strong measures. I suppose he sometimes got a meal that way, following an old Scottish saying about taking 'the bite with the buffet.' He always called himself Sir Peter. It was said that a man of high title had professed to knight him in a drunken frolic. He wandered about sometimes endeavouring to establish himself as a sponge in country-houses. Strangely enough, he thus got the ear of Wordsworth, who shewed him attention. He used the professor's name; and Wordsworth, as I heard, talked of him as a Scotch baronet, eccentric in appearance, but fundamentally one of the most sensible men he ever met with. The professor remarked that this compli-

ment was no doubt owing to Sir Peter having judiciously preserved silence, and allowed Wordsworth to pour into his ear unceasingly the even tenor of his loquacity.

"The other of this strange pair was a rather more interesting creature. He was called Dr. Syntax. He had of course another name, but of that the public knew nothing. The 'Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque' with its doggrel rhymes and extravagant illustrations, had not then quite lost the great popularity it enjoyed. The representations of the hero were intended to be gross caricatures, but the structure of his namesake was so supernaturally protracted and spidery as closely to approach the proportions of the caricature. His costume, probably by no design of his own, completed the likeness. This being, if seen in the street, was always marching along with extreme rapidity with his portfolio under his arm, as if full of important business, unless, indeed, he had just got a present of a turban, a yeoman's helmet, or some other preposterous decoration, when he would stand exhibiting himself wherever a crowd happened to pass. He honoured the various professors and clergy of Edinburgh with his attendance at their lectures and sermons. He always chose the most conspicuous places he could find. There, with his long, demure, cadaverous face, on which a stray smile would have been at once frozen, he proceeded to businesss and spread out his portfolio. He sometimes took notes of what was said, at others, took the portrait of the speaker: it may be presumed that in church he

limited himself to the former function. If it grew dark, he would solemnly draw from his pocket a small taper and strike a light, determined not to be interrupted in his duties; and in the centre of the general gloom a small disk of light would distinguish his countenance, which was as solemn as the grave, yet shed around a degree of restless mirth, which spoiled many a lecture, and must have sadly jumbled the devotions of the church-goers. I believe every professor received a full share of this man's attentions, except Wilson. His literary ally, the Professor of Civil Law, a man endowed with a great fund of humour, which, however, he could not convert like him into defensive armour, suffered dreadfully from Syntax; and when the pale face was visible in the highest desk, we knew that a day was lost, the poor lecturer having enough to do in keeping down internal convulsions of laughter, which seemed as if they would explode and shatter his frame to pieces.

"Both these tormentors, of whom I have, perhaps, said too much, stood in wholesome dread of Wilson. It was, I have no doubt, by effectually treating them according to their folly, that he earned this exemption, in which his brethren must have greatly envied him."

The writer of the above reprobates the tendency in certain quarters to decry his lectures as loose and declamatory, and the syllabus of their substance which is here given, implies a wide philosophic range, and possibly a true speculative insight.

Simultaneously with his professional duties, Wilson re-

mained for many years chief pillar in the house of "Ebony" and the better part of the second volume is occupied with the details of his literary labours and domestic life. He never edited the magazine, though he was its indefatigable *amicus curiæ;* but he contributed incessantly and in astonishing profusion. The combined proceeds of his professorship and his literary work enabled him soon to take a more commodious residence in Edinburgh, and to return, for summer quarters, to his beloved Elleray. To his moving to and fro we owe the sprightly correspondence, though of fugitive interest, which we encounter here. At one time he is memorializing the Government against the institution of a Professorship of Political Economy at Edinburgh. Shortly afterwards we find him entertaining Scott, and, as we infer, Canning also, with "a beautiful aquatic, spectacle" on the Lake of Windermere. Lockhart writes to him confidingly on his grievances as against Blackwood, on his distrust of Maginn, on the new annual of *Janus*, which they projected in common, on John Murray's journalistic venture, and on the projects of John Wilson Croker to make a Premier, or something resembling it, of the Marquis of Hertford, and, at least, a Cabinet Minister of himself. We have glimpses of Hartley Coleridge counselled by Wilson in vain, and breaking away from his friendly care to booze with low companions till, wandering "like a breeze," he finds repose in Grasmere churchyard. De Quincey, again, comes to him for a night and stays the greater part of a *year*, turning night into day and perplexing

Wilson's cook with his special requisitions and his "awfu' sicht of words." He would couch his requests in such terms as these:—"Owing to dyspepsia affecting my system, and the possibility of an additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form." Then we have Wilson himself luxuriating in a cruise with the experimental squadron in 1832, and still rambling, still fishing, till his strength deserted him, and he dwindled to the sad decrepitude of his closing years.

Long before he himself entered the dark shadow he lost his valued friend Blackwood, in 1834. In 1836 he lost his wife, which was a fearful blow to him, in consequence of which we are told he was seized with a sort of half-delirium, and lay helpless on the floor with his family weeping round him. In fact, the intensity of his domestic affections is one of his deepest characteristics, to which we may append, as cognate accessories, his love of his animal pets, and the tender and exquisite care he lavished upon dependents such as his oarsman, Billy Balmer. In his latter days he even relented towards the besmutched Whigs, induced thereto by the marriage of his present biographer with one of the sect, and his consequent renewal of his old associations with some members of the Whig party. In 1850 came his own first but most emphatic "warning," when

not entering the lecture-room at his usual hour, he was found by some of the students prostrate in a room adjacent. Then came his involuntary relinquishment of his professorship, and the assignment to him of a Queen's pension of 300*l.* a year. One of his last acts in public was to creep out in spite of his infirmity, and to record his vote at an Edinburgh election for T. B. Macaulay. A sojourn at Woodburn till the autumn of 1852 renewed his strength in a partial degree; and while there he enjoyed an interesting meeting with his old partner in literature, and all the wild audacities of its former unlicensed liberty, John Gibson Lockhart. His yearning for home took him back to Edinburgh, where he was shortly to die, borne down by a second attack of paralysis, when his strength was already too enfeebled to survive its shock. The story of his latter days is a sad one, but it is tender and impressive to the last. In fact, the authoress has related its details with so much feeling and pathos that, as a true expression of natural affection, to praise it would be impertinent. Thus the moralist quits the scene. *Requiescat* John Wilson!

FEMALE LIFE IN PRISON.*

THERE are many obvious reasons why records of prison life should prove an attractive department of literature, though ordinarily they are more welcome than deserving of encouragement, because they minister to the cravings of our curiosity only. The present volumes have at least this higher pretension, that, while they satiate our interest in pet murderesses and other prison monstrosities, they aim at affording us a fuller view of the working of a retired and special department of State administration. Moreover, the machinery of government is here compared with its results in individual cases to an extent to which blue books do not condescend; and we are enabled to estimate the duties of prison superintendence from a personal and humane point of view, in addition to that of generalizations and statistics. The authoress, who has herself been a prison matron, and who writes throughout

* 'Female Life in Prison.' By a Prison Matron. Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

with good sense, good taste, and good feeling, enlightens us considerably upon two main divisions of the subject, the onerous duties of the officers in charge of female prisoners, and the generally irreclaimable nature of the latter. The phenomena of female prison life which she describes are most curious, and, while they have never been painted before, if they are accurately portrayed here, we owe it to the authoress to specify the grounds, on which we consider her book to be as authentic, as it is new in the form and details of its information.

She herself contends that she offers for the first time a true and impartial chronicle of female prison life, and she adduces her reasons for a conviction which our own impressions corroborate. She remarks that it is the humbler officers of our female convict prisons who have the greatest —nay, the only opportunity of estimating the true disposition of those criminals whom they have in charge. Directors may issue annual reports, governors of prisons may write books, and chaplains may preach, pray, and visit, but their opportunities of judging fairly and honestly are few and far between, and they are misled and deceived every week in the year. In men's prisons she believes it is the warder, and in female prisons she is *convinced* it is the matron, who alone has the power to offer a true picture of prison life. The matrons are in constant communion with the prisoners, seeing them not for a few minutes each in a daily or weekly inspection, but passing their lives in their midst; witnessing each minute some little slip of the

mask which on visiting days the more cunning keep before their feelings; and often remarking some weakness or passionate outburst or wail over the past, or little trait of character that speaks of the old and better times, which it is not part of a matron's duty to report.

In virtue of this close and continuous observation, the most general inferences which she enables us to make are, first, that the female criminal is more depraved than the male; and, secondly, that she retains in the midst of her degradation much that is most strikingly characteristic of her sex. The female convicts, "as a class," says the matron, "are *desperately wicked.*" As a class they are "deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling." In the penal classes of the male prisons there is not one man to match the worst inmates of our female prisons. "There are some women so wholly and entirely bad, that chaplains give up in despair, and prison rules prove failures, and punishment has no effect save to bring them to death's door, on the threshold of which their guilty tongues still curse and revile, and one must let them have their way or see them die." They are, in fact, as irreclaimable as the zebras or hyænas. "There are some women less easy to tame than the creatures of the jungle, and one is almost sceptical of believing that there was ever an innocent childhood or a better life belonging to them." And yet, strange as it may appear, these are not the worst in every sense, for there are few, if any, murderesses among them. They have chiefly been con-

victed of theft after theft, accompanied by violence, and they are satanically proud of the offences which have consigned them to their prison cells. The fall of man, as it has been well said, is from heaven to earth; the difference between such a fallen woman and her sister is as the difference between heaven and the very depths of hell.

Furthermore, the matron asserts of "the *majority*" of the women who have come under her superintendence, that they are "inordinately vain and incorrigibly mischievous." The vanity comes into play vigorously at the first great ordeal of prison life.

"The first inexorable rule to which the new prisoner has to submit, and which is a trial that is always one of the hardest to bear, is that of having the hair cut. With a woman new to the rules, a comer who has not sat in that room before, with the scissors of Atropos snipping round her head, it is seldom performed without a remonstrance. Women, whose hearts have not quailed, perhaps, at the murder of their infants, or the poisoning of their husbands, clasp their hands in horror at this sacrifice of their natural adornment—weep, beg, pray, occasionally assume a defiant attitude and resist to the last, and are finally only overcome by force. It is one of the most painful tasks of the prison, this hair-cutting operation—moreover, it is, in my opinion, at least a test of character.

"One woman will be resigned to her fate on the instant, and, with a Socratic stoicism, will compress her lips, and submit herself to the shears, and march away to her bath

afterwards in a business-like manner. A second will have a shivering fit over it, a third will weep passionately, and a fourth will pray to be spared the indignity, and implore the matron on her knees to go to the lady-superintendent and state her case for her.

"Some women are impressed with the idea that coaxing will go a long way towards softening the matron's heart, or at least obtain a variation in the rules, and a less length of hair from their heads; and consequently bestow many 'my dears,' and 'God bless you's,' on the operator.

"The greatest trouble in my experience of prison life was with an old woman of 60 years of age, and with about the same number of gray hairs to her head. She was an old prison-bird—had spent two-thirds of her life in prison, and was as vain of her personal appearance as any girl of 17.

"'No; Miss B.,' she said to the operator, after catching sight of the scissors, and drawing herself up with the haughtiness of a duchess—'not this time, if you please, Miss B. It can't be done.'

"But Miss B. replied it could be done, and was absolutely necessary to be done before the prisoner left the room.

"'Things have altered a little, Miss B., since I saw you last, I can assure you. You've no power to touch a hair of my head, mum.'

"'How's that?'

"'If you please, mum, I'm married;' and the old woman regarded the matron with undisguised triumph.

"'And what's that to do with it? Sit down—you really must sit down?'

"'What's that to do with it!' shrieked the old woman, indignantly, 'why, its my husband's hair now, and you daren't touch it, according to law. It belongs to my husband, not to me, and you've no right to touch it. Lord bless you, the Queen of England daren't lay a finger on it now.'

"And the old woman's stanch faith in the laws of her country to protect her gray hairs would in any other place, under any other circumstances, have been supremely ludicrous. Argument with her was useless—she did not see that anything more was required after an expression of her opinion—she would not object to the bath, because the law had nothing to say in the matter of baths to married women, but her hair couldn't be touched by any mortal power. When there were signs of being uninfluenced by her eloquent expositions, she demanded to see the governor—he knew the law of England, of course—and when her hair was cut to the statutable length she vowed to make a full statement of the case to the directors, on the next board meeting, and please put her name down to see those directors at once. Such an infamous violation of the laws of her country she had never been a witness to in her time!

"And, strange as it may appear, the plea of marriage has latterly been very often urged by prisoners, under the same circumstance. 'It's their husband's hair' has now

become a constant reason why the rules of the prison should be waived in their particular cases. And when it is not urged as a plea, women, whom a repetition of crime has brought back to the old quarters, generally offer, as their first piece of information, that they have been married since their last incarceration. There is a peculiar craving to be considered an 'honest married woman,' and the husband, more often than otherwise, is alleged to be in the army—probably out of compliment to the military character of the governor and his deputy.

"There have been times, as I have already indirectly mentioned, when some woman, resisting all idea of discipline, will stoutly maintain her determination not to have her hair cut. One woman, if my memory do not fail me, from Stafford gaol, persisted in scoffing at all persuasive efforts of the matron and replying thereto by a torrent of vituperation. She was a tall, powerful woman, with the face of a tigress and the limbs of an athlete—and one glance was sufficient to convince the matrons in attendance that it was beyond their power to master her. On such occasions the guards on duty in the outer yards, or in the men's prison, are summoned to put the handcuffs on, while the necessary ceremony is gone through. In this case it required three men to secure her wrists while her hair was cut the requisite length, she struggling, and cursing, and swearing long after the operation was over—even when she was in her refractory cell, and the gas was burning feebly in the wards, and the matron on night duty was

gliding noiselessly along the passages, and the clock in the yard was chiming the early hours of morning.

"I can remember one prisoner delirious for a day and a night after the operation—the mortification of 'losing her hair,' or the impression made upon a nature more highly sensitive than ordinary, tending to that unfrequent result. She was a young, fair Scotch girl, and her 'Dinna cut my hair—oh! dinna cut my hair!' rang along the deserted corridors with a plaintive earnestness.

"Still in reality it is not a barbarous ceremony; it is essentially necessary for cleanliness, and the hair is not cut to an ungraceful shortness. But the impression left upon the prisoner's mind is not a pleasant one; and I am inclined to think, that there are really a few who are more sullen, more doggedly obstinate, or more ferocious, according to their respective natures, from the moment their locks of hair are strewing the floor of the reception-room."

In fact, the natural love of the sex for personal adornment is exhibited in every stage of their prison life, and the love of display under difficulties constitutes one great difference between the male prisoner and the female. One woman used to startle the matron by the brilliant colour in her cheeks, which were evidently painted, and in the absence of any colouring matter in her cell, or about the prison, this gave rise to much speculation among the prison officers. At length her secret was discovered, for which it is necessary to premise that the female prisoners are required to make the cotton shirts for the male

convicts of Millbank—blue cotton shirts with a red stripe crossing the texture. These stripes, it was afterwards ascertained, the woman had been in the habit of drawing upon, or carefully unravelling, until a sufficient number of threads were obtained to soak in water, by which operation a colouring matter was procured, which was transferred to her cheeks, for the better adornment of that portion of her countenance. As great geniuses invariably suffer from imitators, and the fact became generally known among the women, considerable extra surveillance of the work became imperative; but to this day colouring the face is a prevalent weakness of the female wards. The matron gives an account of one Mary Ann Ball, who also employed extraordinary devices to produce a full skirt, such as appropriating the ropes of her hammock, or turning the sheets of her bed into full petticoats! and the rapidity with which a new prison dress would, the morning after its receipt, assume a fashionable appearance was no less remarkable. The prison dresses are not made to exhibit grace of outline, but the matron has known Ball receive one over night, and appear the next morning in a long-waisted flowing robe that was the envy of the whole prison; and with a tight-fitting pair of stays beneath, that, considering stay-bones were not allowed, was a marvel of construction. It appeared that she used the wires from the windows of her cell to stiffen her stays, and her appropriation of them was discovered on her fainting away in chapel one day, a victim to extra tight lacing. Her

example, says the matron, infected the whole prison, and its influence is not yet eradicated. Great, again, is the craving for hairpins and tallowgrease. "Pieces of glass are also much in request with these women as with a tribe of savages." They will break a window for a piece of glass, and make it into a mirror by smoking it over the gas or candle. "The possession of a trifle of this kind will often keep the worst woman patient for many weeks; the confiscation thereof will transform her into a Pythoness."

It would seem almost to be common humanity to wink at this feminine tendency, and to allow for the all but insuperable inclination to smash windows or tear apparel, which is another indication that the prisoner belongs to the *gentler* sex. It is said by the matron to be peculiar to the English female prisons; but this we are hardly prepared to credit, if, as appears on her own showing, it is often a manifestation of pure feminine hysteria. In one year at Millbank Prison 154 cases of destruction of prison property occurred. Windows were shivered, and blankets were rent into strips, at first such strips as were available for "prison" flannels; but eventually it became a general rule to devote a little more time to the work of demolition, so as to make quite certain that the infinitesimal portions should render no further service to the state. In the refractory cells it became so general a rule to tear up a pair of blankets a night, and this studied demolition became so important an item in the prison expenses, that

sacking sheets stitched with string were provided for the fair infuriates. This, says the matron, was a trying ordeal for the finger-nails, and worked well for a time, until one woman, more crafty than her fellow-prisoners, made a feint of destroying her dinner-can, and concealed from the pieces one strip of the metal, which she sharpened during the night, and with this cut up the sacking with great exultation, and called attention to her success in the morning.

The matron allows that some of these "breakings out" are parts of a deliberate attempt to obtain a removal to a dark, or refractory cell, adjacent to a favourite companion who has recently committed a similar offence; or, again, that they are perpetrated in a malicious spirit of revenge. "I'll serve them out for putting me here!" is often the accompaniment to an act of wholesale damage. But this is not the explanation of many of them, which are rather actuated by a craving for change or for some little excitement to relieve the monotony of prison existence. Sometimes two or three women will, in a quiet, aggravating manner, arrange for a field-day of destruction, without which it is their conviction that they will go melancholy mad.

"I have even known women address their matrons in a style similar to the following:—

"'Miss G., I'm going to break out to-night.'

"'Oh! nonsense!—you won't think of any such folly, I'm sure.'

"Persuasion is generally attempted first, as a 'breaking out' disturbs a whole prison for a day or two.

"'I'm sure I shall, then.'

"'What for?'

"'Well, I've made up my mind, that's what for. I shall break out to-night—see if I don't!'

"'Has any one offended you, or said anything?'

"'N—no. But I *must* break out. It's so dull here. I'm sure to break out.'

"'And then you'll go to the "dark."'

"'I want to go to the "dark," is the answer.'"*

"And the breaking out often occurs as promised; and the glass shatters out of the window frames, and strips of sheets and blankets are passed through, or left in a heap in the cell, and the guards are sent for, and there is a scuffling, and fighting, and scratching, and screaming, that Pandemonium might equal, nothing else."

The matron remembers one woman begging for extra work to keep her from thinking, as else she was sure to make a smash of it; and a still more curious illustration of this tendency was the confession of a fellow-matron, who once told the authoress in confidence, and with a comical expression of horror on her countenance, that she was afraid she should break out herself, the temptation appeared so irresistible. She had been used, she said, to so different a life that the tedious round of prison duties

* If the matron really believes the woman's determination to break out, the prisoner is taken to the "dark" at once.

distressed her nervous system. "I assure you, Miss ——, that when I hear the glass shattering, and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break something—dreadfully." The "darks," as they are termed, is the only remedy as yet invented for this female ailment; and yet the authoress cannot say from her own experience that they have ever produced a salutary effect. Some prisoners will stay in them in desperate defiance, till their health is considerably affected; and as they are particularly proud of "keeping it up while the screws are in bed," the thump, thump, of the prisoner's feet and hands mingles incessantly with the matron's dreams, "or wells up from the cell the defiant song of the caged tigress."

A lively and suggestive picture of one of these creatures in her paroxysm is afforded in the case of Mary Ann Ball, referred to above for her great ingenuity in personal ornamentation. When Ball was put out in one of her little whims, "the windows would shiver, the furniture of her cell would collapse, and Ball's progress to the "dark" be marked by shreds and patches of her garments, *tufts of hair* from the men's heads and whiskers, and buttons of the official uniform." Imagine the consternation at seeing a prisoner of this class, who was an athlete to boot, returning to her Millbank guardians and victims. "Here's Ball back," spread with lightning-like rapidity from mess-room to mess-room, "and among prison officers, and even prisoners, there fell an extra shade of gloom." Still

there was one woman more terrible even than Ball, and she is a certain Maria Copes, who has been thought worthy of special mention in a Parliamentary paper. The distinguished Copes is described as a giantess, with broad shoulders and muscular arms, who is at the same time a wild beast, destitute of common sense, and devoid of common feeling even for her own sufferings. Breaking furniture, smashing glass, tearing blankets and rug, after the old prison fashion, are mere trifles to Copes; the table is reduced to firewood in an instant, gaspipes are torn down, the sides of tin cans are flattened together, and a greater number of men are required to complete her procession to the "darks" than have ever been employed in any other case. In the "darks" it was found that she had a partiality to leaping from one side of the cell to the other, taking "headers," as it were, against the opposite wall; "or else assuming a crouching position in a corner, she would curl her arms round her knees, and commence a series of violent swinging motions against the wall, with a sickening series of cracks that would have ended in concussion of the brain with any other prisoner." Then Copes would wrench up the flooring and batter away at the door, or tear her canvas jackets, as if they had been prison sheeting. Her handcuffs she broke or bit away from her wrists, and, failing that, tried to dash her brains out with them. When placed in a padded cell she would climb about it like a cat, and she finished her feats there by tearing down with her teeth all the strongly-fixed canvas

supports and stuffing, and piling up the ground with the *débris*. Nevertheless, the physicians who were consulted on the subject were unable to pronounce her insane, and her frenzies are said to be only complicated by a "*naturally playful*" nature. We ourselves hear, therefore, with much the same feeling as the matrons at the return of Ball to Millbank, that, since the above startling description was written, Maria Copes is at large. What a prospect for the unfortunate district in which this wild cat roams at liberty!

The rapidity with which news will spread is also another remarkable feature of prison life. "Smith has broken out in the old prison," soon gets wind in the east or west wing of Brixton; "Jones is coming back to Pentagon 2 and coir-picking," circulates as quickly through the pentagons at Millbank. The freemasonry which exists among the professional thieves accounts for many of these rapid communications, and the prisoners, moreover, are ever on the alert to secure writing materials, and exercise the greatest ingenuity in passing little notes to their "pals," or converse by noiseless movements of their lips in chapel to an extent which baffles all the vigilance of their guardians. The thieves, as we said, are highly educated in their art, and have derived their instructions from adepts each of whom has a school of disciples. "Jenkinson's school," and "Watson's school," and "Smith's school," are the names of these select academies; and the first inquiry of one thieving prisoner of another is "What *school* do you belong to?"

Many are the efforts to deceive the doctors and get into

the infirmary. The whitewash from the wall is carefully laid on the tongue, and the gums are carefully pricked with a needle to counterfeit illness. Troublesome prisoners, moreover, are highly inventive in their modes and fashions of annoyance. One takes a pride in "cheeking the Director;" another was accustomed to shriek out suddenly when all the prison was still, and it was some time before the playful culprit could be identified. Another cut up a new cell broom, and was heard a few minutes afterwards shrieking with laughter in her cell. "What's the matter, M'Williams?" the matron inquired. "Nothing particular, ma'am—only, oh dear! it looks so funny. I have been cutting the broom's hair. It's much too long, Miss, according to the rules." Others will inflict self-mutilation, personal damage, and wanton destruction of health. A woman will coolly pound a piece of glass and bring on internal hæmorrhage; nay, often bring herself to death's door, for the mere sake of the change. Bad hands, and arms, and feet will be studiously contrived by means of scissors, thimble, a half-penny fastened to a wound; madness will be feigned, staylaces will be twisted round the neck till respiration almost ceases; and a still more perilous experiment is actual suspension, in the hope of being cut down in time and taken to the infirmary. The button of the "inspection," or the iron-work of the ventilator above the door, is generally chosen. A piece of list or string is procured, and the prisoner stands on her pail or stool, fastens the end of her string to the ventilator, puts her head in a running noose,

and then gives a kick to her pail, which sends the water streaming underneath the door over the flagstones of the ward. The appearance of the water suggests something unusual to the matron on duty, the door is attempted to be opened, a heavy swinging substance, to the matron's horror, is felt inside the door, extra assistance is called for, the woman is cut down, and the doctor is hastily sent for. Sometimes it is found that the woman has done her business only too effectually, and she goes to the graveyard instead of the infirmary. In one case, a certain Burchell had concerted with another prisoner that she was to leap off her bucket at a certain signal and then to be discovered, but, hearing the footsteps, which she counted on, approaching a few minutes before the appointed time, she leaped off as arranged, and the footsteps *passed the door and went on down the ward.* Some three minutes after the confederate came with the matron, and Burchell was then to all appearance dead in earnest. She was unconscious for three and forty hours, and it was with great difficulty that she was restored to life. Pricking the gums with a needle has been mentioned above, and its object is much the same as that intended to be obtained by hanging. The prisoner fears "she's bust a wessel, because the blood keeps coming up in her mouth so." Moreover, soap pills for sham fits and frothing at the mouth are as much in request at the Government prisons as among those street impostors who horrify a London audience. There are women who will counterfeit a state of catalepsy; and one is mentioned who

possessed a marvellous power of self-inflation, which deceived for some time even the medical attendant, who imagined that she was suffering from some natural malady. Another woman had a strange fancy for squeezing her head into embarrassing positions, and especially to push it through the trap used for passing food to the prisoners in the refractory cells. "The guards were accustomed to be called in to Jarvis's head at all hours of the day and night, and efforts were made to gently force it through the aperture again; if successful, the trap was immediately closed; if unsuccessful, a matron sat down to keep watch on this aggravating head." Though strict orders were given not to open the trap, the force of habit would lead the matron, almost unconsciously, to unfasten it, when, quick as a Jack-in-the-box, and almost on the same principle, Jarvis's head would immediately appear. The alternative of removing Jarvis's head was a performance for 24 hours by Jarvis's heels. She would kick on the floor, says the matron, for this time without an instant's cessation.

Of course, there are saner tendencies than these even in the category of prisoner's fancies. Some prisoners are mentioned who have tamed mice and sparrows. The principal amusement of the good-conduct women appears to be the making of innumerable tiny boots and shoes, constructed with exceeding neatness, and from a quantity of material the diversity of which is a puzzle to the officers. The construction of small rag dolls, which have "a gaol-bird look to the whole of them," is another source of amuse-

ment which is equally against the rules. Crochet is often practised *sub rosâ*, with a crochet hook formed out of a needle or a hair pin. Pincushions and card boxes are also contrived; and a common daisy picked in the exercising ground has been known to be a source of sentimental interest. Prisoners with unpoetical fancies, or unindustrious fancies, have peculiar whims concerning their food, and ideas for cooking such food in an original and felonious manner. Bread is made into cakes and baked in tin cans over the gas-burners, and the authorities have wavered between pewter and tin with a view to repress this dainty propensity. In short, everything that schoolboys would contrive under similar circumstances appears equally to result from female ingenuity. Nor must we omit one circumstance characteristic of female prisons, which is the excessive jealousy which one prisoner evinces towards another, if she thinks that other is treated kindly by the matrons. Again, the attachment which prisoners sometimes display to a favourite matron is a source of much inconvenience and frequent embarrassment.

A great part of the interest of this book is the gallery of portraits it contains, some of them anonymous, some of them bearing names only too well known of criminals whose offences were recent and notorious. The Garnetts, mother and daughter, a singular imperturbable pair; Celestina Sommer, the murderess, since a confirmed lunatic; the swindler, Alice Grey; Letty Cooper, the Gipsy; Towers, the vein-opener; Elizabeth Harris, and other murderesses,

„are included in this collection, of which some of the sketches evince no mean skill in characterization. As a rule, the murderesses seem to be excessively well-conducted. Elizabeth Harris, who destroyed two of her children, with little temptation to the act, "was ever a cheerful woman, possessing a brisk step and a bright smile, following the rules and plying her needle industriously." She betrayed no remorse for her crime, which she called "getting into trouble," but "she was a thoughtful woman, and read her Bible attentively." Hannah Curtis, who was convicted of putting arsenic in her husband's gruel, was a grayhaired, venerable woman, whose motherly qualities and exemplary conduct made her a general favourite. So also Sarah Featherstone, the presumed original of Hetty in 'Adam Bede,' "won much love to herself from all classes of women; she had the art of imparting comfort to the distressed, and of soothing the disputatious and quarrelsome." She was a constant reader of her Bible, "a regular communicant, patient, uncomplaining and reverent," a pattern of Christian resignation. Such are the singular anomalies of this prison world, and of the life and character included in it. One class of its prisoners may afford us subject for still more serious misgivings. Such persons as "Granny Collis" and Mary Maclean appear to have committed crimes out of preference for the comfort and repose of prison life; the latter because of "the worry to earn a crust, and the fight to get work at all at any price. I have no friends," she said, "and I like this best. Where's the opposition here?" The writer makes some caustic observations on the employ-

ment of such prisoners in making cheap shirts for city firms, and the ruinous opposition it entails on the honest women working outside. There is, indeed, more reason than she alleges for questioning the propriety of this novel organization of labour.

In addition to the picture which she gives us of the routine of prison duties, the matron, moreover, raises objections to the excessive work imposed upon her class, because their numbers are kept at a working *minimum*. Fifteen hours a-day does, indeed, seem a hard lot, when the labour is accompanied by such responsibility and anxiety. She complains also of the matron's diet; and there is such evident candour in her statements that we are disposed to accept them ourselves, and to press them upon the notice of those concerned. Her book will certainly have the effect of interesting the public in a class of its servants who have hitherto worked unheeded, or whose responsibilities were little known. She has left their ranks herself, but she has secured our sympathy for her successors, as much as she has interested us in her repulsive charges. As regards the latter, we should remember that she saw the very worst of their class, as the more improving specimens were draughted off to Brixton, and thence to Fulham Refuge, thence to find their way back to honest life by means of the Prisoners' Aid Society. We must steadily bear this in mind, lest we should make the inference too hastily that our prison system is a failure, and prison reformation altogether a delusion.

THE

IONIAN ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1863.*

PROFESSOR ANSTED selected an opportune time when he determined to visit the Ionian Republic on the eve of its contemplated transfer by Great Britain. Now that these islands were likely so soon to become a part of Greece, he felt, he says, that it would be interesting, in every way, to visit them before so great a change should take place. The presence of his fellow-countrymen rendered the task of investigation easy. He would see a country preparing for a peaceful revolution. He would be able to judge, in some measure, what England had done, how far she had fulfilled the responsible office she had undertaken, and what was the probability of her plans being carried out. At a turning point in her history he would be able to study and observe the physical geography and geology of the islands and the customs of the people, and he could judge how far there was reason for the unpopularity of the

* 'The Ionian Islands in the Year 1863.' By Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S. W. H. Allen and Co., 1863.

British Government, and take stock, as it were, most conveniently of the existing situation. Actuated, as he himself says, by these several inducements, he made a tour through these islands last year, and the result is a most attractive and agreeable volume.

Thus he commences with Corfu, to which, as we conceive, he devotes less attention than its relative importance deserved; but probably he was a little more reticent in this case from the impression that Corfu was already sufficiently familiar to others. Of course he was struck like the rest by the first aspect it presented, and by the grandeur of the views that can afterwards be obtained of the island and of the opposite Albanian coast. The population of its chief town and suburbs he distinguishes into three very distinct groups, one-third consisting of Jews of an unusually pleasing physiognomy, industrious habits, and useful capacities; another third an admixture of Turks, Maltese, Italians, Albanians, Dalmatians, and many other races—in fact, a mongrel class and the refuse of the population. He asserts that only the remaining third can pretend to be Greeks; and even these are not Greeks of pure descent, being greatly mixed up with the remains of the old Venetians. Only a third of the effective population of Corfu and its suburbs could honestly desire and be proud of a return to Greece, while the other third would be indifferent, and the rest opposed to such a change. Nevertheless, if we will weigh voices not by their loudness and numbers alone, Professor Ansted seems to think that

"there is sufficient justification for the transfer in the sentiments of the best class of Ionians, and that there is a respectable motive for their inclination for a union with the kingdom of Greece.

After some observations on the *status* of the Greek Church in Corfu, on the public buildings, and the supply of food there, the Professor remarks the similarity of the pottery now made there to that manufactured by the ancient Greeks.* Not only, he says, are the forms identical, but even the strange waved lines on the necks of the vessels scratched with a stick as a kind of rough ornamentation are unchanged. The retention of forms, perfect of their kind, with markings in the highest degree inartistic and unmeaning, combined with the fact that all these articles were, and are, made by hand, but never vary in the slightest degree from one generation to another, is a subject of intense interest to every one who considers what good taste is, how it happens that a people has once struck out a few shapes which have never been surpassed, and how it is that the descendants of these people retain the power of reproducing these without the smallest power of improving them. Nothing is better than the old Greek potter, and few things more curious than this exhibition of the Chinese nature in his imitator.

Professor Ansted witnessed some amusements of a curious kind in Corfu—a hurdle race *by dogs*, much enjoyed by the common people, and a hunt of another kind, called there a *paper* hunt, which is common among the garrison

and their friends. The latter is a kind of steeple-chase led by a bold rider, who drops at intervals pieces of paper for the rest of the field to follow. As to the cultivation of the island at this time, the writer contends that it does not nearly equal its reputed perfection in the days of Homer; and that the inhabitants have become listless, idle, and suspicious, distrustful of each other, and only partially confident in the goodwill of the English stranger. The olive trees are still a great item in the productive capacities of these islands; and they differ, as Professor Ansted remarks, from the cultivated trees of Italy and Provence, by appearing to grow spirally, with a number of stems interlocking and embracing within a single circumference. "I have seen," says he (in the island of Santa Maura), "these large trees, each seven or eight feet in growth, all growing within the compass of one living bark, so that the girth of the whole group, which is to all intents and purposes a single individual, is nearly 40 feet." Another, which he observed in the grounds of Sir Patrick Colquhoun, close to Corfu, to all appearance also a single individual, has a girth of 27 feet. Such trees, in which many generations seem to combine together, and indeed the olive trees generally, are left pretty much to themselves in the Ionian Islands. The oil is carelessly made, yet it is highly valuable; and Professer Ansted says the quantity that pays the export duty from Corfu is from 150,000 to 200,000 barrels, of 16 gallons each, equivalent to about 3,000,000 gallons. "Probably as much," he

adds, "is retained for home use; and a very large but unknown quantity is smuggled out of the country." The cypress, again, is a great feature in Corfu. As in England the chalk favours the yew, so in Corfu the limestone favours the cypress; and the Professor, recording his impressions of the peculiar effect they have on the scenery there, says he has nowhere seen them take a more prominent part in the landscape.

The chief discomfort in traversing the island appears to be the importunity of Aristides, Themistocles, and Miltiades juniors, who make a lively Oriental clamour for *bakshish*. The peasantry in many parts of the island appears to thrive; but the Professor notes the growth of malaria in the valleys of this and other islands from the imperfect drainage, and its effects in checking the fair development of the population. His description of the formation of Corfu especially is applied in elucidation of this serious question, and the statistical facts which he reports seem to bear out his inferences. If reliance can be placed on the returns, he says the native population of Corfu in 1861 had certainly not increased at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum for many years, and scarcely then exceeded 64,000, being at the rate of 281 per square mile. The proper increment would be at least triple that rate in a healthy thinly-peopled country, and this loss must be laid to a malaria which is partly preventable by drainage. The Professor desires that a work so important should be taken in hand while the island yet remains under British protec-

tion. But we demur to this, except it be at the cost of the Ionians themselves, while, if they are to pay for it, they may reasonably claim the right of doing it or not at their own option. At all events, it is wanted, let who may undertake to supply it.

In wandering over the island, Professor Ansted found no such remains of Cyclopean walls, crowned with an Acropolis, as in the islands of Leucadia (Santa Maura), Ithaca, and Cephalonia; but the scenery is described as being most beautiful. That it is fair to the eye, but unhealthy, is the impression which Professor Ansted leaves us of Corfu. He did not visit the caverns of Paxo or Antipaxo, though the scenery connected with them is very fine, and is said to be superior to anything of the kind in the whole range of the islands; and yet Paxo is famous by the legend of Plutarch as the isle whence the pilot was charged by a mysterious voice to communicate the news that the great god Pan was dead, and that the classic dispensation was now superseded.

In Santa Maura, the old Leucadia, the Professor found a more congenial subject in its fine Cyclopean remains and other traces of classic antiquity. He was there when the Leucadians were celebrating the marriage of the Prince of Wales, among other accompaniments with a transparency representing Sappho making her famous historic leap, with the addition of a British vessel-of-war in the offing, where a solitary British tar was represented as dancing a hornpipe in anticipation of her arrival. Moreover, all the

incidents of this *fête* were most gratifying to the Professor's feelings and his patriotism as an English subject. The assiduous loyalty of the inhabitants convinced him that, although it is true that the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands, for various reasons and at various times, have intimated a strong desire that they should form a part of a free Greek people, it is not true that the majority of the people dislike, distrust, or object to the government of Englishmen. England and the English are well liked, and are respected for their solid qualities; and the Professor concludes with an expression of his belief "that in spite of many mistakes on our part, there will be found among the inhabitants a general feeling of admiration and respect, if not of affection, for the Western race, who have dwelt among them, and who have ruled them without domineering them."

Besides the Cyclopean wall of ancient Leucas, which Professor Ansted describes as of great beauty, he dwells on the aspect of a bee garden, in the same locality, and observes the peculiar encouragements given to the rearing of bees from the remotest antiquity by some natural characteristics of these islands. "The honey of Leucadia is perhaps almost as good as any, and the descendants of the bees that fed Ulysses demand some consideration." The choicest bee plants abound on these limestone rocks, and communicate the most pungent flavour to the honey, while the bees have given little or no trouble from the days of the Odyssey downwards. The olives thrust their arms

among the gigantic stones of the great wall, and the Dryads thus succeed in overturning the work of the Cyclops; but the bees murmur on without change in their lot, because they are equally favoured by all the conditions which surround them.

A kind of communism exists in Santa Maura in relation to property, the particulars of which Professor Ansted describes at some length. He examined also a series of deposits of bituminous shale in one of the cliffs there, and considered it to be promising and important. The climate of Leucadia is, he says, on the whole, delightful, and it is the custom for the people to walk out after dusk with their wives to enjoy the evening breeze. But, says Professor Ansted, in such cases the lady walks before her husband, and they do not address each other. Should a gentleman meet his friend thus accompanied, he would not think of addressing the lady or alluding to her existence; he would not even take off his hat, though acquainted with and visiting the family. The lady is entirely *incognita*, and must remain so. This is a curious specimen of Orientalism preserved intact to the present day, common enough in Greece a few years ago, but now confined to the less-visited islands.

If Corfu is the most beautiful, Cephalonia the largest, Santa Maura the wildest, and Zante the prettiest of the Ionian Islands, Ithaca, says the professor, is beyond all comparison the most romantic. There is a poetry about it that is in us and not in the place; and, small as it is,

"it abounds in charming and retired spots where one may fancy the old spirits still haunt, and where nature has not changed." It is easy to appreciate the fondness of Homer for this spot, which he certainly knew well, and which he wisely selected as the home of the wise Ulysses. Yet one of the great glories of Homer has departed. No longer does the swineherd build his hut in the dark forest, and tend his charge on the wooded cliffs. The ilex and the numerous other varieties of oak have long been destroyed, and the rocks once green with foliage are now gray and naked. Goats supply the place of swine, though there were goats there in the time of Homer, and very mischievous are they, in their increased numbers, to the young plantations.

In other respects, the Ithaca of to-day is accurately described by Homer himself, and it is obvious that he knew it perfectly in every nook.

"Admirably adapted as a place of resort for a small society, provided with a few ports into which the ships could enter and be securely housed, having a coast for the most part inaccessible and very defensible, and placed opposite and in sight of the mainland of Greece; it was also within a couple of hours' easy sail of the city of Samos, on th sland of Cephalonia, certainly one of the earliest and gr lest of those ancient Greek cities enclosed by Cyclopean alls."

Besides these advantages, it enjoyed in itself all that could be needed in the early times of civilization to tempt occupation, and provide a nucleus and a home for the

family of the restless and curious Greek. In fact, Ithaca, says Mr. Ansted, would naturally suggest itself to Homer as the home of Ulysses, even if he had to invent the character and find a spot adapted to his conception of the hero. The tradition that from time immemorial has connected him with the island, and the few medals that belong to its history, prove, however, that it has always borne the same name since Homer's time, and has always been regarded as having been the habitation of Ulysses. Homer must have had the spot in his eye completely when he dramatized the facts, and adapted the tradition to his own purposes; and though no one need suppose that the so-called "Castle of Ulysses" was the actual habitation of the husband of Penelope, the grottoes and the fountains that bear familiar names exist probably much in the state in which they always were, and in which they were seen and described by the Father of Poetry.

Professor Ansted examined the "Castle" above-named, the fragment called "the school of Homer," the quiet little recess of Dexia, whence Ulysses took his departure, and the cavern into which he was brought loaded with the treasures of Alcinous on the further side of the cove. He also visited the fountain of Arethusa, and the rock Corax, whither Ulysses was instructed by Minerva to repair, on his return to his country, when he desired to unmask the numerous and troublesome suitors of Penelope, and where he was to find the respectable and trusty Eumæus,—

"Him shalt thou find abiding with the swine,"—

and the whole scene so simple in description is as charming, says the Professor, in reality. There is nothing he says to mark either antiquity or modern change; but the place is so little accessible, any reason for making alteration is so wanting, and the population is so little interested in the whole matter that one cannot imagine much to have been done. In fact, no doubt can remain after visiting the spot that its identity is indisputable, and "the Ithacâ of our day is and must ever remain the Ithaca of Homer."

The Professor thinks that even the so-called "Castle of Ulysses" is probably the building that Homer had in his eye when he imagined his character Penelope, and pictured the place where she was subject to the annoyance of her suitors, and from which his hero drove his enemies. Its remains show, at least, that it has been a very strong place,—too large for an ordinary habitation, and too small for a town. "The space enclosed is a triangular area on a steep hillside, the horizontal base being about 600 paces in length, and the length of the works from the extremities of this base to the Acropolis at the top of the hill about 800. The whole space enclosed may amount to about *forty acres*," but nearly the whole area is now one confused mass of huge blocks of stone, as we infer from Professor Ansted, the *débris* of a most extensive edifice for the remote date at which it was built. There are certain clear indications of the rooms or spaces into which it was divided, and these have been carefully noted by Sir William Gell, and a com-

parison established by him with the Castle of Ulysses, as Homer described it. And whether or no he carries the identification somewhat further than circumstances warrant, Professor Ansted is of opinion that the building, Cyclopean in the character of its masonry, is such as must, so far as we can tell, be far more ancient than Homer himself, that Homer knew it well, and described it substantially—yet in some of its details as best suited his artistic inclination.

From Ithaca to Cephalonia, the largest of the Ionian group, the distance is small, but the difference is great. Cephalonia contains a loftier mountain chain and more perfect and interesting antiquities than are to be found elsewhere in these islands. Four ancient fortified cities are recorded to have belonged to it; and of these the remains of two, Samos and Cranea, as described by Mr. Ansted, are of extraordinary interest. In the case of the former, great walls of Cyclopean architecture ran up from the sea to meet at the Acropolis on the hill-top. The adjoining hill presents remains of monumental works, and the contents of tombs; while the space within the walls is so thickly strewn with fragments of brick, tile, and coarse pottery, that in many parts they are actually more abundant than the stones. The *vast* abundance of these indications of the ancient population will, however, be duly appreciated; but we are venturing into the depths of a pure mystery when we speculate on the condition of the people, Pelasgians, or by whatever name we call them,

who built these enormous walls. Who were they? Whence did they come? What were their habits and resources? What their influence on their contemporaries, or those who came after them? Who were the enemies against whom these mighty walls were intended to act as a defence? Who were the recipients of that accurate practical engineering knowledge their builders possessed? To all these questions it is probable we shall never find an answer, and the problem may remain, as it is, unsolved. We know only, says Professor Ansted, that they used vast blocks of solid and weighty stone, as the Romans used bricks, and handled them with as much freedom as we now, in the plenitude of our strength and by a combination of various mechanical powers, manage to move our heaviest weights, whether of stone, metal, or machinery.

That it must have been necessary to construct these walls at all in localities naturally very strong and not very accessible is one fact; that they should be so large and numerous is another; that they should exhibit successive systems, such as scholars distinguish—the Cyclopean and Polygonal structures, gradually advancing towards a more finished style, but all equally efficacious against certain attacks—is a third. But it would be unreasonable to suppose that security was obtained at such a cost of labour, if there were not something valuable to protect, and powerful and watchful enemies to assail its possessors. It must have taken a number of years to execute, and occupied a large population—how collected, employed, and fed

for the required time, in such a place, on labour so unproductive, is part of the mystery. If the enemies came from the mainland they must have had powerful means of transport; as to their means of attack and defence, they are altogether inscrutable. When the Romans in later days, with all the appliances of their military art, took Samos after a siege of four months, as Livy admits, they found these walls were very troublesome obstacles. And no wonder, when parts of them which remain are still at least twenty feet high, and composed of regular courses from the foundation, many of the stones being as much as eight feet or nine feet long. One stone of this wall is described as weighing about twelve tons, while there is one in the walls of Cranea which was admirably smoothed and squared to a right angle, and which could not, says the writer, have been less than twenty tons. Speaking of the former of these, Professor Ansted characterizes it as a miracle of ingenuity and industry that any people should move this vast and cumbrous weight without injury over ground so rough as that which must always have characterized these hills—should place it so carefully on two other stones that it should bear the dead pressure of a heavy wall of almost equally massive stones above it—that there should be no chipping, no injury of any kind to the equally well-chiselled blocks below; and he challenges a comparison with Egypt or any other country for anything superior as a work of artful and astonishing construction.

"Certainly the Pyramids have long stood, and still re-

main; but they are monuments of folly and tyranny. These walls involve at least equal ingenuity in their construction, greater power of combination, and had a much more definite object than the Pyramids; and thus the Pelasgians, or whoever else invented and kept them up, were at least as intelligent, and probably a more practical people than the Egyptians, if we are to judge of them by such of their works as are handed down to us in a perfect state.

"The gigantic stone just alluded to is not alone, nor is it on the bottom course,—there are several others almost as large close by, and in the second or third course from the bottom. Some are partially broken by the heavy, crushing weight to which they have so long been exposed; nor is this surprising, when the extreme difficulty is considered of obtaining a perfectly level surface for the two or more underlying stones on which the large block is to be placed, and the necessity of a foundation that shall be precisely the same for each of these two. Without this perfect foundation one of the stones would sink and the overlying block be imperfectly supported. It needs some thought to perceive the mechanical difficulties that must have been met and overcome in bringing to perfection the art of constructing massive walls,—a perfection which had certainly been attained at least 2,500 years ago, and which had probably been very nearly reached a thousand years earlier."

Euripides, in the 'Hercules Furens,' speaking of Mycenæ,

alludes to this style of architecture as in his time already fabulous. Thus 500 years before the Christian era there existed as much mystery concerning this remarkable style of building as there does at this day; and we can only add that as a mystery we leave it as perhaps for ever incapable of solution.

But Cephalonia has other wonders besides the mysteries of Cyclopean art, and among them mills driven by a current of sea-water, acting quite independently of tide, constantly and steadily rushing in over the earth's surface, and finally disappearing. This water is absorbed by some cavern in the limestone rock; and Professor Ansted has an ingenious theory to account for the marvel that it disappears in an abyss which it never seems to fill. This we leave to the reader, with the assistance of Mr. Ansted's diagrams, only observing that the influx of water is by no means small, amounting on his computation to more than half a million of gallons per diem for the two mills together. The Professor also theorizes on the disintegration by minute vegetables of the massive Cyclopean walls themselves, which are built too solidly and carefully to have suffered from any ordinary decay; for he says, "I am quite satisfied, from the results of my own observation in Cephalonia and Ithaca, that vegetation has had much more to do in oversetting these gigantic blocks than either man or accident." And before he leaves Cephalonia, he describes the Black Mountains, which present a succession of lofty ridges, nearly of the same height, and all more than

5,000 feet above the sea—in fact, the principal chain of the Ionian Islands. The magnificent Cephalonian pine woods, such a fertile subject of misunderstanding with the natives, and the source of murders and insurrections against our own protectorate, the wine, the food, the gypsum, and the earthquakes of Cephalonia are all passed in review in the Professor's examination of the island.

His last survey is of Zante, where he visits and describes that curious natural phenomenon the Grease Cavern, or rather, as we ought to term it, the Grease Well. He visits, also, the great lion of Zante, the phenomenon which every stranger is at once taken to see, and "the site of innumerable pic-nics, from the time of Herodotus to this present year," the pitch wells of the Bay of Chieri. He describes, of course, the peculiarities of the currant vine; and, finally, on leaving the island, which is almost without any remains of antiquity, and the least interesting in its historical associations, he estimates with conspicuous candour and judgment the difference between the Greeks and Italians, and the results of English protection to the Greeks of the Ionian Islands.

It is not, he thinks, a pleasant reflection that what England has done for and in the Ionian Islands, during the half-century they have been under her protection, has not tended to bring out much of the better part of the national character of the people. Misgovernment long left the management of affairs in the hands of the old oligarchy, and the lower classes—the labourers and the

useful workers—were left to the cruel tender mercies of those whose firm determination it was to absorb everything. Had the islands been fairly and reasonably governed *from the beginning* of our rule, they could not now, after so many years, exhibit so small a result. A comparison of Ionia with modern Italy is discreditable to us; and the uncomfortable feeling that this is the case produces an impression not easily shaken off.

What have we done or left undone? No doubt much might be said on both sides. We have made roads, which the natives hardly seemed inclined to keep in repair. We have supplied the towns with water, and we have greatly improved the streets, the public buildings, the harbours, and the defences. We have *latterly* taught the people to respect and understand justice. We have attended to the natural wants of the people; but, on the other hand, we have not till lately so encouraged general education among all classes as to strengthen their intellectual character. We granted them a constitutional system before they were ready for it, and which they have very grossly and corruptly abused. Whether they are really prepared for a union with Greece is a problem which time may not solve entirely to their mutual advantage; but it must be our desire to encourage their union, and our hope that it may be for the benefit of both. Our own interests in the matter are purely secondary. Corfu alone affects England in a naval or military sense; and it is of less importance in this sense, that it should be our possession than that

Greece should be able to hold it as against a surprise from France or Russia. All these points, and many others, Professor Ansted discusses towards the close of his volume, which is above the average of such works in its form and style, as also in the completeness of its information.

THE JOURNAL EDITED BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

ARE we warranted in making any allusion to a very curious volume, consisting of extracts from a lady's journal, kept during a visit to Germany in 1799-1800, and now edited, but not published, by her son, the Dean of Westminster? When the letters, journals, and other papers of his mother came into the Dean's hands, last year, he states that he found among them this journal, from which he has printed certain selections, containing notices of persons of historic interest, with whom the writer was brought into more or less familiar contact. In one case, that of Nelson, they are notices of a personage of the very highest historic interest, while in others (we speak only of those which are printed in this volume) they relate to persons who live more or less in the memoirs of that time, and live on even in our own time in the oral traditions of social life. More than one member of our own royal

* 'Journal kept during a Visit to Germany in 1799-1800.' Edited by the Dean (Trench) of Westminster. (Not published.)

family, the Duke of Brunswick and his Court, the Queen of Prussia, Breteuil, Beurnonville, Bellegarde, Rivarol, Gentz, Lavalette, Alexis Orloff, Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Minto, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mr. Elliot our Minister at Dresden, Righini the composer, Füger the painter, with many others, all find a place here. Are we warranted, then, in assuming that this contribution to our knowledge of persons so public in some sense is public property also? All the persons mentioned here are dead, no injury that we see can be done to the feelings of any of their representatives, and, as we conceive that a time may come in any case when there is no longer any reason for the reservation of such memoranda, however private in the first instance, so we contend that the time has fully arrived in this case when they may be claimed as materials for historical portraiture. Had the Dean kept these memoranda to himself, we conceive that biographers would have had reason to complain of their concealment. Having printed them for communication to his literary friends, we can see no reason whatever why they should not be more widely circulated; and, as we have no clear intimation of a prohibition to the contrary, we take a liberty which we believe *no one* will think inexcusable.

It appears, however, that it is thought desirable that something should be said on behalf of the writer—that these memoranda were made at such a very early period of her career, as by no means to show the character to which she attained in later life. The writer, the grand-

daughter of Lord Chesterfield's "Richard Chenevix," was married, at the age of 19, to Colonel St. George, of Carrick-on-Shannon, and at the age of 22 was left a widow with an only son. A period of several years elapsed before her second marriage, and during this interval she made the tour of which this volume is partly the record. She was then, as the Dean conceives, unawakened to those more serious and earnest views of existence which later sorrows and trials brought home to her, though even of that day there are traits unpublished which would, he says, show that she was of no light or frivolous turn of mind. For our parts, we are not in the least disposed to complain of Mrs. St. George for taking an innocent interest in those scenes of life which she regarded as a passing panorama, and we require no excuse for anything we see here. We mention the subject by way of concession to the Dean's scruples, who, we think, is unduly sensitive on the score of a youthful vivacity, which was shortly sobered to a matronly decorum, and ended, as we are told, in a mood eminently serious and devout. We see nothing to scandalize any one, not even an Archbishop, still less anything which should prevent one of high ecclesiastical rank receiving absolution from such latitudinarians as ourselves.

We absolve the Dean, then, and we claim for him, on the other hand, the praise of the ghost of Caxton for passing through the press such a very amusing volume. It is but of small dimensions; in fact, it is not much bigger, and certainly does not contain more, than many a

pamphlet of the season, while the entries are of the most concise character; like the jottings in an ordinary pocket-book. Nevertheless, they often succeed in presenting us in a few sentences, and sometimes in a single phrase, with lively, vigorous, and distinctive portraits; and "altogether there rises before one a certain picture of Germany and German Courts, at a time when Marengo was more recent than Solferino is now, such as is not obtained from books of far greater pretensions" Only we must be cautious in accepting the impressions of the writer in every particular instance; and, knowing little of the bias of her tastes and predilections, we must read her, both when highly caustic or highly complimentary, with a considerable margin and allowance for differences of opinion.

Thus we find the writer as severe on the behaviour of Nelson and the Hamiltons as we should expect from the descendant of a friend of Lord Chesterfield. The facts, however, prove that the sea-king in his cups could be boisterously coarse, and that Lady Hamilton, when she was not in her "attitudes," was quite as coarse and not a little of a slattern. Altogether, these scenes with our naval hero and his low-lived enchantress are the most striking in the volume, as they show both in a new light, and, unless we allow much for the manners of the time, and somewhat also for the narrator's fastidiousness, they must tend to lower our conception of these popular personages. We are sorry to have our romantic impressions disturbed by this series of pictures, but for the evident

truth contained in them they are valuable, and we print them *in extenso*:— .

"*Oct.* 2.—Dined at the Elliots. While I was playing at chess with Mr. Elliot the news arrived of Lord Nelson's arrival, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Cadogan, mother of the latter, and Miss Cornelia Knight, famous for her 'Continuation of Rasselas' and 'Private Life of the Romans.'

"*Oct.* 3.—Dined at Mr. Ellipt's with only the Nelson party. It is plain that Lord Nelson thinks of nothing but Lady Hamilton, who is totally occupied by the same object. She is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet which are hideous, well-shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne; the shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud, yet not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity; who, I suppose, must resemble what Suwarrow was in his youth, as he is like all the pictures I have seen of that General. Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most sub-

missive and devoted I have seen. Sir William is old, infirm, all admiration of his wife, and never spoke to-day but to applaud her. Miss Cornelia Knight seems the decided flatterer of the two, and never opens her mouth but to show forth their praise; and Mrs. Cadogan, Lady Hamilton's mother, is what one might expect. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailor's way, with 'Hip, hip, hip, hurra,' and a bumper with the last drop on the nail,—a ceremony I had never heard of or seen before.

"*Oct.* 4.—Accompanied the Nelson party to Mr. Elliot's box at the opera. Lady Hamilton paid me those kinds of compliments which prove she thinks mere exterior alone of any consequence. She and Lord Nelson were wrapped up in each other's conversation during the chief part of the evening.

"*Oct.* 5.—Went by Lady Hamilton's invitation to see Lord Nelson dressed for Court. On his hat he wore the large diamond feather, or ensign of sovereignty, given him by the Grand Signior; on his breast the Order of the Bath, the Order he received as Duke of Bronté, the diamond star, including the sun or crescent given him by the Grand Signior, three gold medals obtained by three different victories, and a beautiful present from the King of Naples. On one side is His Majesty's picture, richly set

and surrounded with laurels, which spring from two united anchors at bottom, and support the Neapolitan crown at top; on the other is the Queen's cipher, which turns so as to appear within the same laurels, and is formed of diamonds on green enamel. In short, Lord Nelson was a perfect constellation of stars and orders.

"*Oct.* 6.—Dined with Lord Nelson at the Hôtel de Pologne. Went in the evening to a concert given to him by Count Marcolini. Paris sung—a fine bass, with the lowest tones I ever heard; and Ciciarelli, a soprano, who has lost his voice, but declaims well. From thence went to a party at Countess Lichtenstein's, Lady Hamilton loading me with all marks of friendship at first sight, which I always think more extraordinary than love of the same kind.

"*Oct.* 7.—Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery with great facility, swiftness, and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine, and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room, with a strong light to her left, and every other window closed. Her hair (which by-the-by is never clean) is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very easy, with loose sleeves to the wrist. She disposes the shawls so as to form Grecian, Turkish, and other drapery, as well as a variety of turbans. Her

arrangement of the turban is absolute sleight-of-hand, she does it so quickly, so easily, and so well. It is a beautiful performance, amusing to the most ignorant, and highly interesting to the lovers of art. The chief of her imitations are from the antique. Each representation lasts about ten minutes. It is remarkable that, though coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful, and even beautiful, during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of the accuracy of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her useful dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded, and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress, which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes she sung, and I accompanied. Her voice is good and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has no shake, no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion, with the eyes fixed on a book and the person confined to a spot, must always be a poor piece of acting *manqué*. She continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty, and lived in

good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says, 'She will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England.' Dined with the Elliots. He was wonderfully amusing. His wit, his humour, his discontent, his spleen, his happy choice of words, his rapid flow of ideas, and his disposition to playful satire, make one always long to write shorthand and preserve his conversation.

"*Oct.* 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss's, wife to the Prime Minister, with the Nelson party. The Electress will not receive Lady Hamilton, on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to Court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no Court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the Elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot, 'Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the Elector down, and —— me, I'll knock him down too.' She was not invited in the beginning to Madame de Loss's, upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr. Elliot persuaded Madam de Loss to invite her. From Madame de Loss's visited Mrs. Newman, a very obliging, entertaining woman of the *tiers état*, thence to sup at Mrs. Rawdon's. Here I found Lady W—— in the midst of a very animated

discourse on precedence, which I soon found took its rise from Mr. Elliot's having led me into dinner at Madame de Loss's before her and another lady who had place. She politely told me he showed his ignorance and his impertinence, and she was sorry he knew no better. I had been so amused by his conversation at dinner I had quite forgot the indecorum.

"*Oct.* 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliots, given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behind-hand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers, proposed the 'Queen of Naples,' adding, 'She is my Queen; she is Queen to the backbone.' Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavoured to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty; but not till the Lord and Lady, or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra, were pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the Queen would receive her, adding, 'I care little about it. I had much sooner she would settle half Sir William's pension on me.'

After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the *Tarantola*. During her acting, Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonished applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then 'Mrs. Siddons be ——.' Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to Court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the Elector never gave dinners or suppers. 'What?' cried she, 'no guttling!' Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star and riband all flying about in the air.

"*Oct.* 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board to-day. He heard by chance from a king's messenger that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally. He says, 'The moment they were on board there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to scold in French about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which were never spoken but by men of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one boat to another. Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn. In the evening I went to congratulate the Elliots on their deliverance, and found them very sensible of it.

Mr. Elliot would not allow his wife to speak above her breath, and said every now and then, 'Now, don't let us laugh to-night; let us all speak in our turn, and be very, very quiet.'"

It is suggested that Mr. Elliot was a little too easily satisfied with his information as to the frigate, because he was desirous of getting rid of Nelson and his travelling appendages. Such athletic performers were too much for the nerves of a discreet, decorous, and fastidious minister, and would excite much the same kind of shocking sensation as a set of riotous schoolboys in a young ladies' school. The manners of the day were coarse, those of seamen more particularly so; and they would be more than usually repulsive to persons conversant with the amenities of continental society before the courtliness of the old *régime* had been worn off by the revolution. When, probably, the well-bred Windham would have sworn in an English ball-room, when the most refined members of English society rarely left the dinner-table sober, we should err if we ascribed to Nelson any extraordinary brutality, because his manners were somewhat uproarious for the emporium of Dresden china. That his vanity was capable of receiving enjoyment from very coarse flatteries is, we fear, a more reasonable imputation upon him and his companions. Among the latter the reader will, of course, note Miss Cornelia Knight, whose autobiography we shall shortly have occasion to examine. As to Lady Hamilton and her mother, everything seems to imply that the highly satiric

sketch of the writer must have been the very truth; but it is more surprising that the fair adventuress should have played such a conspicuous part in history than that her voice should have been loud, her dress vulgar, and her vinous exhilaration at the enthralment of her sea monster too demonstrative. The incident of her old mother washing the potatoes for the Irish stew is emblematic in so many senses, is so suggestive of their antecedents, the reciprocity of their affection, the style of their household, and the creature comforts they derived in common from the compliant Hamilton, that the picture is incapable of improvement, it is so domestically truthful and Homeric.

Next to these characteristics of the Nelson party we are most impressed by the writer's desultory remarks on the society of Vienna, which are very brief but particularly full of meaning. Since 1848 this society has undergone some changes, but in the main it has retained the peculiarities here described. The running footmen have disappeared, but the passion for dress and the universal good-nature and good order remain. It is, however, no longer possible to live there "in the same manner as in London, as nearly as the difference of each town will permit, for about one-third of the expense." On the contrary, house rent in Vienna within the circuit of the old walls is now as high, if not higher than it is in London, and the tariff of expenses generally approximates to, if it does not quite reach, the London and Parisian standard. The following account of an Austrian bath, though it reminds one of

"The Bath" of Miss Winifred Jenkins, could not now be written of any German watering-place:—

"*June* 15–17.—Three days at Baden, a small town two posts from Vienna, celebrated for its warm sulphureous baths. They appear convenient and well attended. In the largest men and women of the best society bathe together, and appear very much to enjoy the amusement. The gentlemen are in shirts and trousers; the ladies in their usual white morning dresses, and on their heads caps, handkerchiefs, laces, and riband, fancifully and becomingly disposed. It is the triumph of real beauty and freshness, as no rouge can be worn, or paint of any kind. The bath opens a vast field for coquetry. A becoming dishabille, graceful attitudes, timidity, languor, and an affectionate confidence in your conductor, may here all be displayed to advantage. The lover leads his mistress, and has perhaps a secret satisfaction in finding himself with her in a new element; for Madame de Genlis observes, I think with truth, that to those who really love every new situation in company with the beloved has a certain charm. Many of those who have no lovers obtain, however, half a conductor, as every man who is not devoted generally gives each arm to a different lady. The old, the plain, and the neglected sit round on benches, as it is dangerous for women to walk about in the bath without a guide. Spectators are admitted, who view the scene from a little gallery. To them the heat and sulphureous smell are very unpleasant."

The sketch of Lady Holland, whose chastened tyranny so many remember as very captivating, is no less striking, though somewhat spiteful:—

"*Sept.* 7.—Dined at Mr. Elliot's with the Hollands. Her ladyship's manner to her husband is too imperious; it is not the tyranny of a mistress or a wife, but of a governess to her trembling pupil.

Sept. 8.—Dined with the Hollands. She has a mixture of imperiousness and caprice very amusing to the mere spectators. Her indolence is also remarkable, and she lies in a very easy posture on a sofa, with screens between the lights and her eyes, in all the dignity of idleness, employing every individual who travels in her party without apology or intermission. Her husband has the honour of being fag-in-chief, but she likewise entirely occupies a humorous clergyman, a peevish physician, and a young lord. There is likewise a boy (Mr. Dickens) who comes occasionally, like those who attend servants in great families, to do jobs; but he has found out that she dislikes the trouble of repeating her orders, and often evades them by affecting not to hear."

But we take the sting out of this extract by quoting a genial and sparkling criticism on the Madonna di San Sisto, than which nothing can be more happy:—

"We then went to the gallery, where the picture that most struck me was a Raphael representing the Virgin standing on a cloud with the infant Jesus in her arms, the saints on either side in the act of adoration, and at the bot-

tom of the picture two of the loveliest heads of cherubs I ever saw. The Virgin's face is divine. The Child, who appears about a year old, has more the expression of the King than Saviour of the world. There is a beautiful haughtiness, mixed with disdain, in his features."

Nor is the following judgment on one of the philosophic ladies of the end of the last century wanting either in faith or humour. It would be worth quotation, if it were only for the glimpse of the writer's after-life, which the Dean has added as a note. In 1825 much that shone so brightly in 1799 had ceased to dazzle:—

"Sept. 28.—Left Königsbruck, where I had passed a few very pleasant and retired days. Countess Münster is a warm partisan of the philosophy of Kant, who says perfectibility, and not happiness, should be the object of human researches. Madame Münster has adopted this idea, and considers all revealed religion as priestcraft, and Christianity as depraving our hearts, because it founds our virtues on a selfish hope of future bliss, and contracting our understandings, because it substitutes faith for reason. She thinks truth unattainable, but that there is a degree of relative truth to which each understanding may arrive, in proportion to its strength and efforts. She is not the most formidable opponent to the Christian religion it has yet encountered; and I doubt if she perfectly understands herself on these subjects, which she seeks with an eagerness that denotes a perfect conviction of her own strength. A lofty contempt of those who do believe and great bigotry to

her own system render her conversation on such topics unpleasing. She has some imagination, extensive reading, but little tact, and a great deal of vanity; yet she is altogether superior to the general class of females, and neither wants sensibility nor elevation."

"I copy (says the Dean) from a later journal an entry with date Jan. 7, 1825:—'At last, after an interval of twenty-four years, which succeeded a tolerably intimate acquaintance of seven weeks, I saw Count Münster, of Hanover, again. We met like two ghosts, that ought to have been laid long since. I witnessed the whole process of the difficulty of persuading him that *I* was *I*, and I thought him as much changed in his degree as he could have found me. When we conversed all the persons we referred to were dead and gone; and our interview added another link in my mind to the chain of proofs that after a very, very long interval neither friends nor acquaintance ought to meet in this world. He was kindly anxious to renew our acquaintance, and visited me the next day; but still it seemed as if seeing me had renewed some painful associations.'"

At Vienna, and subsequently at Berlin the writer had the *entrée* to the best society, and if her little descriptions were translated into German they would doubtless be read eagerly in either capital. At Berlin she was introduced to Prince Henry among other persons. "He looks like a little fiend of the minor class, not Belial or any of the noblesse of hell. We conversed so little I can speak but of his ex-

terior. He appears as if he had just crept out of the embers and was half-singed." Beurnonville, originally a corporal, pays her compliments "very much in the style of Monsieur Jourdain." On returning from a party at Madame Engeström's she finds "an immense inhabitant of the hair" on her tucker. "My suspicions turned for a moment on Pignatelli, but on reflection I am sure he belonged to the French mission." She was greatly impressed by Gentz, who, with Rivarol, were the two men of greatest talent she met in Berlin. Moreover, she went to Court and beheld that Queen of Prussia so famous in history, and who influenced the chivalry of her subjects to such impotent results.

"Dec. 28.—She reminded me of Burke's 'Star, glittering with life, splendour, and joy,' and realized all the fanciful ideas one forms in one's infancy of the young, gay beautiful, and magnificent queens in the 'Arabian Nights.' She is an angel of loveliness, mildness, and grace; tall and *svelte*, yet sufficiently *embonpoint;* her hair is light, her complexion fair and faultless; an inexpressible air of sweetness reigns in her countenance, and forms its predominant character. As perfect beauty in nature is a chimæra, like the philosopher's stone, and as it is rarely to be found but in the higher works of art, I take nothing from her charms in saying she is not faultless. An ill-shaped mouth, indifferent teeth, a broad forehead, and large limbs are the only defects the severest criticisms can discover; while her hair, her height, her movements, her shoulders, her waist,

are all unexceptionable. These slight faults only prove she is a woman and not a statue, and altogether she is one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. Her dress was in the best taste. Her hair was dressed in the fullest and most varied of the Grecian forms, going very far back, and ornamented with a heron's feather, and a number of immense diamond stars, so placed as to form a bandeau quite round, which came close to her temples. She wore a chemise of crape, richly embroidered in emerald-green foil, and a *moldave* (simply a body, train, and short sleeves) of pale pink silk, slightly sparkling with gold, and trimmed all round with sable. Her neck was richly ornamented with jewels. She speaks very graciously and politely to every one. I was also presented to the Princess of Orange, a beautiful young woman."

This last extract falls under the date of December 28, 1800, and on December 31 the journal ends. At all events, its continuation, if it ever existed, has been sought for in vain. We long, however, to hear something more of the writer, and to know her when the heyday of her youth had been clouded by those sorrows to which the Dean alludes. So sparkling and joyous a nature, though it was, perhaps, saddened, was surely mellowed, in the autumn of life.

THE

REMAINS OF MRS. RICHARD TRENCH.*

A PUBLICATION of "the Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench" having followed our notice of her unpublished journal on the 9th of October, 1861, we may draw some further inferences from these fresh materials as to her character and qualifications. In the first place, we can now infer without a doubt that Mrs. Trench must have been a woman of exquisite mould. There is a delicacy about her nostril and a finesse in the play of her lips, as delineated by Romney, in the portrait of which an engraving is prefixed to these papers, which are eloquent as to the charms of her presence in the flesh, and which invite attention to this volume of her posthumous remains. Romney was not inferior to Reynolds in his appreciation of feminine beauty, and he had an inspiring subject here at the side of his easel. So we wave our hand to Mrs. Trench, and

* 'The Remains of the late Mrs. Richard Trench, being Selections from her Journals, Letters, and other Papers.' Edited by her son, the Dean of Westminster. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn, West Strand. 1862.

salute her as she sits, with a tender retrospect of the time when our grandmothers were Graces, and bloomed as freshly as the blossoms of the old roses.

Mrs. Trench was descended from a Huguenot stock, and probably drew from this her type of beauty, as well as her peculiar vivacity and talents. She lost her parents when very young, and was brought up nominally under the care of her grandfather, Lord Chesterfield's friend, Chenevix, once the "young Bishop" of his lordship's letters, but then become so old, deaf, and infirm that the superintendence of his granddaughter devolved upon a crabbed governess. The writer long after remembered the cruelties she suffered at the hands of this ancient disciplinarian, and conceived in consequence the deepest horror of anything like unkindness to the young. She contends she was "the best little child possible," but she was so harshly handled that she grew thin and weak, to the detriment both of her health and beauty. "In all the useless and encumbering *embonpoint* of my present existence, I still," she says, "shudder when I call to mind the thinness of my neck and arms." Though she remarks that she was greatly admired as a sort of Ariel or Sylph, her experience at this stage was characteristic of her time, and of its harsh notions as regards the education of children, for she lived, as she observes in a significant passage, among people who were old, and "old age was then less gracious, particularly to the young, than it is now." Such is her testimony to the improvement effected in the education of

youth within the recollection of the generation which preceded our own.

As she grew up, her recollections included many incidents which mark some other changes in our social habits, such, for example, as the custom of her grandfather, the Bishop, to receive frequently large companies "from whom he retired to his study *when they sat down to cards.*" Again, the story which she tells of a party of ladies, including the hostess of a house at which she was staying, who conspired to open and read one of her gossiping letters, is suggestive of the unscrupulous curiosity of our grandmothers. Her early marriage with Mr. St. George and her speedy widowhood, followed by the death of her grandfather at upwards of fourscore, apparently left her free to select her own course, and to survey that old-world life from a position of easy independence.

It is clear, from a number of allusions in her correspondence, that her social opportunities were improved by her beauty and talents. People of some consequence received her, or wrote to her on terms of intimacy, which implied not only a liking for her, but a deference for her judgment. A letter from Colonel Cradock, afterwards Lord Howden, is one of this character, and it has exceptional interest from its being written from the Duke of Brunswick's quarters on the memorable day when the Prussian army entered France, with the intention of marching to Paris, releasing the King and putting down the Revolution. In face of the reverses so soon to befall

it at Valmy and Argonne, we read the following significant passage as an invocation to retributory fate:—

"The Prussian army seems to be exasperated to a degree against everything that bears the name of Frenchman, and patriot or emigrant appears to make but little difference of sentiment in them. The emigrants everywhere conduct themselves with so little good sense, and are so regardless of goodwill and conciliation, that the world regard them and their cause with much indifference; and was it not thought that their cause would ultimately affect others, no one would stir a step in their behalf. The other day there had been a skirmish between some Prussian Hussars and a party of the French, which ended in the defeat of the latter, without the loss of a single man on the side of the Prussians. About fifty wounded men and prisoners were brought into town, and passed before our windows, where we were at dinner at a *table-d'hôte* with some Frenchmen. They jumped up and ran out, and returned, after viewing the poor wounded people, crying out, '*Que c'est charmant! comme les Hussars les ont bien arrangés!*' We abhorred them."

From 1799 to 1801, Mrs. Trench herself made that tour in Germany which has already furnished us with the incidents of her meeting with Nelson and the Hamiltons. Her character as a shrewd and lively observer is illustrated in a variety of other passages which have already been pointed to by us or by others. We now have, in addition to her German diary, a large number of her letters, or

passages from her letters, and these greatly heighten our conception of her abilities. Much of her gossip is like Walpole's, with the addition of kindly sentiments and an intense affection for her children by her second husband, whom she married during a subsequent sojourn in France. What is more, the attentive reader will find in them continually suggestive mention of facts which came under her observation, and which illustrate the changes and progress of society. Thus we find her complaining that her journey from London to Paris in 1802 cost her above fifty guineas, though she travelled with only a courier, a man servant, and her little boy. At Breteuil she remarks the extinction of the ancient French gaiety, and the contrast to Sterne's picture of a French Sunday. "I have seen," she says,—

"To-day no cessation from toil, no intermixture of devotion, and repose, and pleasure. I have seen no dance, I have heard no song. But I have seen the pale labourer bending over the plentiful fields, of which he does not seem, if one may judge from his looks, ever to have enjoyed the produce; I have seen groups of men, women, and children, working under the influence of a burning sun (for the heat at present is extraordinary, such as has not been remembered since the year 1753), and others giving to toil the hours destined to repose, even so late as 10 o'clock at night. Indeed, to judge from the attenuated appearance of the peasantry, one would conclude they were overworked and under-fed. The children, however, give a

promise of becoming a hardy race, and seem healthy, strong, and blooming."

Her criticisms on the Louvre, on the principal French actors, on the state of Parisian society and the tendencies of its various ranks, are all full of sprightliness, and most of them are judicious. The observation that they were passing through a stage of revolution is made in the midst of the absorbing occupation of *shopping*. The lower ranks are now "marked by a total want of probity, and an earnestness for the gain of *to-day*, though purchased by the sacrifice of that character which might insure them tenfold advantage on the morrow." The Dean of Westminster adds, from his father's memoranda, a curious evidence of the difference in this respect between the generation which was rising up and that which was passing away. "We have often seen," says the latter, "the mother rebuked, at least in looks, when, by a direct and honest answer, she has cut short the hesitating, overreaching prevarication of the daughter. I might," says Mr. Trench, "make a similar observation on the difference between men and women; and I have so often smarted in addressing myself to youth and the female sex, in their *magasins*, that I now, when I wish to avoid being cheated, apply to the men in preference to the women, and even to the old in preference to the young. '*La jeunesse veut gagner*;' or, in other words, '*tromper*,' seems to be their motto."

Mrs. Trench's stay in France was prolonged beyond her

expectations, for she was married in Paris to her second husband, who had not very long been called to the Bar, and just as they were on the point of returning to England they were overtaken by the somewhat abrupt termination of the Peace of Amiens, and were included for several years among the *detenus*. The husband was confined to Orleans on his parole, but the wife was at liberty to move freely in the interior of the country, with no other restraints than those she shared with the French themselves. In fact, she could at any moment have obtained with little difficulty a passport allowing her to return to England; and more than once she actually obtained one, although when it came to the point of using it, from the doubt whether she would be permitted to rejoin her husband, it was not used. Every year during their detention at Orleans she paid a visit of several weeks to Paris, and in 1804 two visits, having always on these occasions the same object in view—to make the most of what little interest it was possible there to command, either for the mitigation of the character of her husband's captivity, or the bringing of it to an end altogether. It required, in fact, all her exertions at times to prevent his being sent to Verdun, where the great body of the English were then detained, while at other times various relaxations of his confinement to Orleans were vainly solicited. At length, in 1807, after a captivity of four years, in this respect more fortunate than many of his countrymen who remained in detention till 1814, Mr. Trench was permitted to return uncon-

ditionally; and, in the company of his accomplished wife, he did return to his own country.

Many of the letters of Mrs. Trench, written during the prosecution of her suit in his behalf, are included in the present series; and, although they seldom touch on public matters, from a very visible caution, they were calculated to cheer and enliven her captive spouse. They contain glimpses of some of the French celebrities of the time, such as the Abbé Delille, Isabey, the miniature painter, Madame Récamier, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Berthier, and others, whom she characterizes lightly in her little *réchauffés* of Parisian chat and gossip. Delille recited his verses to her, though he was sixty-four, and had lost some of his teeth as well as his memory. "A French gentlemen, on finding the Abbé could not recollect some lines I had asked for on Rousseau, drew his chair close to mine, saying, '*Eh bien, Madame, puisque Monsieur l'Abbé ne veut pas réciter ses vers, je vous en dirai des miens,*' and set out immediately." At another place "Madame Récamier looked much handsomer than ever I saw her before; indeed, I thought her very handsome, *for the first time.*" The writer found Berthier, the Empress Josephine, and Napoleon himself very polite, though it was a long time before her petition was finally granted. In imparting her gossiping details to her husband, which she does with a very remarkable tact, to allay his apprehensions on account of her unprotected position, she says very prettily, "I have a generosity of soul about a good story

which makes me uneasy at having no one to tell it to. I feel about it like a hospitable epicure about a delicacy, quite uneasy if I must feast on it alone."

Her letters to her husband are more frequently commingled with those to other correspondents after their joint return to England, though it seems even then she was very frequently away from him. In March, 1808, doubtless during Lent, we find her greatly impressed by Mr. Walker's orrery and lecture. Her comments on the works of Southey, Scott, Byron, Miss Porter, and others, recall the literary activities of the time by a series of pointed criticisms, most of which are just, though some few of them are singularly out of accord with the verdicts of later times. She is discriminative, though severe, upon the poetry of Lord Byron, but then she admires West's picture only a little less than the "Descent from the Cross," and the "Transfiguration." She meets Catalani and her husband at dinner, and disposes of the couple thus:—"She is coarse in person and manner in private; nay, even in voice, which is extraordinary. He is presumption and impudence double distilled. The opening of your book on old age," she says to Mrs. Leadbeater,—

"Reminds me of an anecdote of the late Duke of Queensberry, which I had from an ear-witness. Leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa near Richmond, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise, he followed with his eyes the majestic Thames, winding through groves and buildings of

'various loveliness, and exclaimed, 'Oh that wearisome river! Will it never cease running, running, and I so tired of it!' To me this anecdote conveys a strong moral lesson, connected with the well-known character of the speaker, a professed voluptuary, who passed his youth in pursuit of selfish pleasures, and his age in vain attempts to elude the relentless grasp of *ennui*."

As regards herself, the writer is suggestive as to the changes which time had wrought in her personal appearance, without, however, affecting her own serenity. Mrs. Morgan's "lamentations over me at my having lost what, as Clarissa always says, 'she was pleased to call' the prettiest and lightest figure she ever saw, were really entertaining, from their contrast to the fibs one is in the habit of hearing; adding, 'Ah, my dear' (for she has some Irish phraseology), 'what a beautiful creature I remember you, and now even your face has grown fat and broad. Well, you will always be delightful *to listen to*.'" While Madame de Stael was in London the writer seems frequently to have been in her company, and she observes that the envy excited in her own sex was painfully disclosed by their continual remarks on the foreigner's total want of grace and beauty. The writer was disposed to defend her on this score, but a Mrs. Jones, a lively friend, put an end to the discussion in three words,—"In short, she is most *consolingly* ugly;" thus, says the writer, "by one happy phrase criticising the critics with a light yet sharp touch." These critics, she adds, would have inveighed with far more jus-

tice against the tiresome uses De Stael often made of her powers, for she "turned (it is said) a drawing-room into a fencing school." Certainly her fencing reached a high pitch of gladiatorial art, when she praised Sheridan for his morality, while he was extolling her beauty, as happened on one occasion when Mrs. Trench saw them in company together. Kean's Richard the Third, which the writer much admired, called up to her a very unexpected reminiscence. "He reminded me constantly of Bonaparte—that restless quickness, that Catiline inquietude, that fearful somewhat resembling the impatience of a lion in his cage." She tells a good story, in a letter to the Hague, of the Emperor Alexander, whom she also seems to have seen while he was in England:—"L'Empereur a été, ou a paru, charmé de tout le monde, et tout le monde charmé de lui. Il s'est plu particulièrement dans la société de quelque membres de l'Opposition, et il a dit, 'Ils sont les meilleurs hommes du monde, et *je veux avoir une Opposition aussi,* quand je serai de retour en Russe. J'aime bien cette phrase d'un autocrate. C'est vraiment comique." On the appearance of the *vaurien* Lara in company with the insipid Jaqueline, the writer makes a very pointed and caustic criticism. "Byron certainly persuaded Rogers to let their poems see the light together, in order to prove the immense distance between a pair whom the reviewers had lately bracketed together."

Mrs. Trench's preface to an English translation of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, which she contemplated

making, is also sensible, though it makes no claim to literary criticism. For her manner of telling a story see the following one of Rogers:—

"So Mr. Wilmot, you are going to the Duchess of ——'s?

"Mr. Wilmot.—Yes, immediately.

"R.—How *fat* you'll grow!

"Mr. W.—*Fat!* how so?

"R.—You will sleep so much. They go to bed so early.

"Mr. W.—No, I never go to bed early.

"R.—You will, indeed.

"Mr. W.—No. I always read in my own room.

"R.—You will not. *Measure your candle.*

"(*Exit* Mr. Wilmot). Rogers (to the remaining circle). That Mr. Wilmot is a sensible man. I don't say so from my own knowledge; not the least. He wrote a book, too. That, you'll say, was *nothing.* And printed it. I don't say that from my own knowledge either, for I never read it—never met anybody that had."

Or the following about Lord John Russell, then a rising statesman and literary celebrity:—

"The Bishop said, on going down to dinner with the *prima donna,* 'Lord John Russell, take Mrs. Trench.' I felt much pleasure at the thought of sitting by the historian, the political economist, the successful author, and prepared to treasure up his sayings and doings with that due degree of awe for his talents which is always a little

unpleasant to me at first, though it soon subsides into a pleasant feeling of respect. Well, we sat down, and he talked of Harrow, and wished he had been at a private clergyman's, saying that he should have read more there, and been much happier; that at Harrow he had been subdued, and that he always had wanted encouragement. 'How amiable!' thought I; 'how modest!' He went on to say, 'If I had been at a private clergyman's, I should have been quite a different person.' Still more modesty! 'How can a person who is so lauded,' thought I, 'have so moderate an opinion of himself.' Well, he drank his due proportion of wine with everybody, and watched their wants with a scrupulous attention; how very attentive to all the little forms of society,' thought I; 'this is so pleasing in an author of eminence.' In the evening he played cards, and I went into the music-room, and sang in quite another way from what I do, when I am *afraid* you are *anxious* I should please. I came home and gave such an account of the author of 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,' that all were dying to see him. 'Not that he said much to mark him out,' said I; 'but you could see the possession of talent under the veil of simple and quiet manners it pleased him to assume.'

"Well, the Bishop had mistaken the *name*, and I had been led down by one who passes for the greatest proser of his day, Lord John ——, and I had all my feelings of awe for nothing. So much for a *name*."

Mrs. Trench records also the performances of Mrs. Fry, and the Ancient Music, and the automaton chess-player, and she was present in the Abbey, last and choicest experience of all, when the Queen was forced back from its gates, at the time of the coronation. We have probably said enough to indicate her opportunities, but the reader will find her best points in her casual commentaries on more ordinary things and ordinary people. For example, "Lady Buckingham has engaged me for a month's *tête-à-tête*. If our friendship survives this ordeal it may be immortal." "At Mrs. Walker's masquerade we supped in the chapel. Some were shocked at this, who, when they heard it was a Roman Catholic chapel, felt their consciences perfectly at ease." In the case of a lady at Madame Récamier's, who was loud in applauding the dancing of another, Mrs. Trench interpellates, "Some women, conscious of envy, take this vulgar mode of hiding it. Frenchwomen, to do them justice, never do; you scarcely ever hear them admire another woman." When a friend of Mrs. Trench was stopping at a hotel in Cheltenham, and the *impropriety* of certain other ladies would not allow them to visit her, where they might meet so many men on the stairs, she observes, "What strange points people choose for their propriety, and how few are there who may not go up and down stairs with perfect security!"

On the death of a daughter, Mrs. Trench mourns over her loss in these beautiful words:—

"A daughter is a benignant star, shining through the clouds of adversity, and embellishing every scene of joy; her mother's companion in sorrow, her attendant in sickness; it is on her a mother relies to close her eyes and cherish her remembrance, which the scenes of busy life may soon efface from the breast of man."

With this quotation we conclude our notice of these "Remains," which, for some of the topics they illustrate, as well as the abilities they display, are properly a public book, and as such have been judiciously and tenderly edited.

ENGLISH CANT AND SLANG.*

WE do not wish to alarm the purists in philology unnecessarily, but it is our duty to inform them, if they are not already aware of it, that there are some very striking and significant changes at present taking place in the popular speech of England. That noble language is in process of enrichment from an immense reservoir of Cant and Slang. That little 'Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words' issued by a London Antiquary in 1859, and which contained about 3,000 words only, has gradually developed, since its first publication, into a volume of nearly 10,000 words and phrases commonly deemed vulgar also. Why, then, has this crop of English blackberries expanded so extensively in so short a space of time? We have nothing like the capacity for the invention of Slang which is possessed by our neighbours

* 'The Slang Dictionary, or the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and "Fast" Expressions of High and Low Society, many with their Etymology, and a few with their History traced.' John Camden Hotten. 1864.

across the Channel. A nation of Litterateurs, Lorettes, and Gamins have that facility in its very highest activity. But we are far behind them in the production of *argot*, as their own learned dictionaries testify. The recent accretion to our own slang vocabulary, then, is to be accounted for by other agencies. In the first place, we are simply getting a larger knowledge of the existing stock. "The entire subject," as Mr. Hotten says, "has been re-surveyed; outlying terms and phrases have been brought in; new street-words have been added; and better illustrations of old colloquial expressions given." During the four years that have elapsed the compiler has gone over the field of unrecognised English once more. He has found an extraordinary aftermath, and has cut, carted, and garnered it into a volume of nearly 300 pages, which is, after all, only an instalment of a crop which is always rising, and entering as a constituent into the ordinary English tongue.

There is, indeed, a positive growth of Cant and Slang springing up under our very noses, some of the aspects of which are of peculiar importance to the philologist and the philosopher. While the transformation of our language—call it vulgarization or enrichment, reader, according to your predilections—is going rapidly forward, it is really a matter of great interest to note what these changes are amounting to, and what is the nature of the agencies which are producing them. Let us premise, then, that Cant and Slang are not identical, as we learnt, perhaps, in

the first instance from this very dictionary. "The word 'Cant' in its old sense, and 'Slang' in its modern application, although used by good writers and persons of education as synonyms, are in reality quite distinct and separate terms. Cant, apart from religious hypocrisy, refers to the old secret language, by allegory or direct terms, of gipsies, thieves, tramps, and beggars. Slang represents that evanescent, vulgar language, ever changing with fashion and taste, which has principally come into vogue during the last 70 or 80 years, spoken by persons in every grade of life, rich and poor, honest and dishonest." Cant is old; Slang is always modern and changing. Cant was formed for purposes of secrecy. Slang is indulged in from a desire to appear familiar with life, gaiety, town humour, and with the transient nicknames and street jokes of the day. Yet, although the distinction between Cant and Slang is so substantial, the elements of both are continually shifting from the one division to the other, and it would be difficult to classify many words as now belonging exclusively to either. For this reason they must be included together in any dictionary which attempts to provide a complete vocabulary of both, and they can be described most conveniently, whether their meanings or relations are simple or complex, in the form of an ordinary alphabetical arrangement.

While this, then, is the plan of the dictionary before us, its object and bearings are only to be adequately understood and interpreted, in the first place, by the study of the

prefatory introduction, *The History of Cant, or the Secret Language of Vagabonds*, and, secondly, by following up the various terms in the body of the book itself, and which terms have common affinities of origin and derivation. Some very curious results are deducible from such a process, and we doubt whether it is possible to find a department of literature so new or so promising as regards the information which it is likely to afford us, not only on obsolete facts and conceptions, but on the actual world around us, on which, until we know its secret language, our judgment is at fault, and our speculations are most fallacious.

Let us observe, then, as one of the earliest facts in this series, that our beggars and thieves are undoubtedly indebted for much of their Cant language to the Gipsies. When the Gipsies landed in this country early in the reign of Henry VIII., they brought, in addition to their vagabondism and shreds of Pagan idolatry, *a language* quite distinct from anything that had been heard in England previously. Our own vagrant and criminal outcasts soon learnt from them the value and application of a *secret tongue*,—indeed, all the accompaniments of maunding and imposture, except thieving and begging, which were well known in this country very long before the Gipsies paid it a visit, and for which, therefore, we can only thank them in an accessory sense, as to beg and thieve were in the first instance aboriginal, and of purely native British invention.

It was from the Gipsies, then, by the channel of our

thieves and our beggars, that we first enriched our language with the terms *bosh* and *bamboozle;* and actually, as the late Mr. Buckle observed to Mr. Hotten, while "many of such words and phrases are still but serving their apprenticeship, and will eventually become the active strength of our language," the two terms we have quoted above, and many other such, have become so long ago, and may be regarded at this day as very respectable English. We owe to the Gipsy the familiar expression *cheese* or *cheesy,* as indicating the superior quality of any acceptable commodity. From the Gipsy term *chive,* the tongue, we get the word *chivey,* a shout or shallalo. It seems doubtful whether our *Daddy* comes from the Gipsy or the Welshman. *Mammy* is almost certainly from the Gipsy; so is *Pal;* so is the term *Slang* itself; and *Rig,* in the sense of a frolic or a "spree." Mr. Hotten makes a significant remark, in which we dare say Mr. Borrow would support him, that had the Gipsy tongue been analyzed and committed to writing three centuries ago, there is every probability that many scores of words now in common use could be at once traced to it as their source.

Not a few of our ancient and modern Cant and Slang terms are Wallachian and Greek words, brought in by these wanderers from the East. Our established Cant words themselves, however, have undergone considerable changes in their significations. *Beck,* a constable, is, in our modern Cant and Slang, *Beak,* a policemen or magis-

trate. *Chete*, now written *cheat*, was in ancient Cant what *chop* is in the Canton Chinese, an almost inseparable adjunct. Everything was termed a chete, and qualified by a substantive adjective, which showed what kind of *chete* was meant; for instance, "*crashing chetes*" were teeth, a "*moffling chete*" a napkin, a "*grunting chete*" a pig, &c. "*Prygges = dronken tinkers, or beastly people*," as old Harman wrote, would scarcely be understood now; a *Prig* in the nineteenth century is a pickpocket or thief, and, in fact, in our higher circles, where they speak Slang, not Cant, he has grown to be something else, and may be sometimes recognized in a starched neckcloth, with a pretentious, vain, and supercilious bearing.

Several words in the category of Cant are entirely obsolete. *Alybbeg* no longer means a bed, nor *Askew* a cup. *Fullams* was the old Cant term for false or loaded dice, and, although used by Shakspeare in this sense, is now unknown and obsolete. On the other hand, words have been drawn into the thieves' vocabulary from every conceivable source, and it is curious to read some of the highly respectable English terms which were employed in this service a century or so back, and which are ascribed to the knights and gentlemen of the road, who were many of them in those days well educated men, and employed the terms which they understood in one sense, for the purposes of their profession, in the ears of others who understood them as mere ordinary polite conversation. Apart from this and the Gipsy element, we find that Cant

abounds also in terms from foreign languages. In the reign of Elizabeth and of James I. several Dutch, Spanish, and Flemish words were introduced by soldiers who had served in the Low Countries, and by sailors who had returned from the Spanish Main, who, like "mine ancient Pistol," were fond of garnishing their speech with outlandish phrases. Many of these were soon picked up and adopted by vagabonds and tramps in their Cant language. The Celtic languages, again, have contributed many Cant and vulgar words to our popular vocabulary. This element may come from the Celtic population, which from its ancient position as slaves or servants to the Anglo-Saxon conquerors have contributed so largely to the lowest class of our population, and therefore to our Slang, provincial, or colloquial words; or in some cases it may be an importation from Irish immigrants, who have undoubtedly contributed very largely to our criminal population, and therefore presumably to the enrichment of our vulgar tongue in the form of Cant.

There is one source, however, of secret street terms which was unknown to the editor until it was pointed out to him by a friendly correspondent—the *Lingua Franca*, or bastard Italian, spoken at Genoa, Trieste, Malta, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and all Mediterranean seaport towns. It has been introduced to the notice of the London wandering tribes by the sailors, foreign and English, who trade to and from the Mediterranean seaports, by the swarms of organ-players from all parts of Italy,

and by the makers of images from Rome and Florence —all of whom in dense thoroughfares mingle with our lower orders. An extraordinary illustration of the prevalence of this particular kind of speech is given in the vocabulary itself on page 218, where the word *saltee*, meaning a penny, and the equivalent of *uno soldo*, leads off quite a series of numerals in constant use among this community for the purpose of their reciprocal barter and exchanges. The editor has a note upon this, which includes some very notable statements and observations, such as, for example, that, after the number six, a curious variation of this system of numeration occurs, which is peculiar to the London Cant, seven being reckoned as *say oney*, six-one; *say dooe*, six-two = eight, and so on. "Dacha, I may remark," he says, "is, perhaps, from the Greek Deka (δέκα) ten, which in the Constantinopolitan *Lingua Franca* is likely enough to have been substituted for the Italian." If so, it is really a very curious circumstance that a British costermonger, down at the Docks, should have unconscious recourse to "Liddell and Scott" for the requisite word to represent his ten fingers. *Madza*, again, meaning *half*, is clearly the Italian *mezza*, and this word enters into combination with various Cant phrases, mainly taken from the *Lingua Franca*, as *madza caroon*, half-a-crown; *madza saltee*, a halfpenny; *madza poona*, half-a-sovereign; *madza round the bull*, half a pound of steak, &c. Mr. Hotten estimates somewhere (though, as we cannot put our hands on the reference, we cannot

cite upon what *data* he calculates) that this lingo is spoken by 30,000 denizens of this metropolis. Professor Ascoli, of Turin, has recently published a lengthy work upon the *Lingua Franca* words in the speech of our lower orders, in which he looks to the Lombard merchants who flocked to London in the days of Elizabeth and James I. as the source whence we derive this curious element in our vulgar speech. But we confess we infinitely prefer Mr. Hotten's hypothesis as more natural and probable—viz., that the organ-grinders and image-sellers in our streets, the foreign seamen from the vessels in the river, and our own connection with Malta and the Ionian Isles, may explain, to a further extent, the phenomenon of these southern phrases in the mouths of our studious costers and appropriative tramps.

Thus, *Carnish* meat, from the Italian *carne* flesh, is another *Lingua Franca* importation; *Carnish ken* signifies a thieves' eating-house; *Cove of the Carnish ken* the keeper thereof. *Catever*, a queer or singular affair, anything very poor or very bad, and from the Italian *Cattivo* bad, is another *Lingua Franca* example, and it is variously spelt by the lower orders; see the Editor's reference to *kertever*. On the other hand, *couter*, a sovereign, and *half-a-couter* half-a-sovereign, come from the Danubian Gipsy word *cuta*, a gold coin. We will here put our finger upon a very opportune coincidence. No farther back than Wednesday, the 12th of October, our readers may have seen the report of a police case in 'The Times,' in which

the sitting magistrate had to ask the meaning of a phrase then uttered in court,—"*Where's the deaner?*" Now, if we turn to Mr Hotten, we find the explanation, which the magistrate received from the attendant policeman, corroborated by the statement that a *deaner* is a shilling, and supplemented by the information that in *Provincial Gipsy deanee* means a pound, and that it may be another form of *dinarly*, which we find to be a corruption from the *Lingua Franca*, itself a corruption of our old school friend *denarius*, or a relative of the Turkish word *dinari*, introduced by the Wallachian Gipsies. A conscientious magsman, on leaving his night's quarters, will say to his pal or companion, "*Square the omee for the flowery*," which means, "Pay the master for the lodging;" and this Mr Hotten tells us is *Lingua Franca* also, though he does not add the corresponding terms in that much esteemed and now widely-disseminating language. *Letty*, in the thieves' slang, meaning a bed, is evidently the *Lingua Franca letto;* so also *nantee*, not any, or "I have none," is an equally near relation of the Italian *niente*, nothing. We mentioned above the term *omee* as representing the master or landlord of a house. Here is a still better illustration of its meaning and derivation. An organ-grinder, when ordered to cease his infernal performance, if he is simply a civil specimen of his fraternity, will remark, "*The omee of the cassey's a nark on the pitch*,' meaning, "The master of the house will not let us perform," the *omee of the cassey* being the *uomo della casa*, the simple Italian for "the

master of the house," whatever the rest of the sentence may signify, respecting which we have not as yet any explicit information. If we follow this gentle organ-grinder to the House of Detention we may, perhaps, hear some such little expression as this,—"*scarper with the feele of the donna of the cassey*," almost pure Italian, "*scappare colla figlia della donna della casa*," and meaning "to run away with the daughter of the lady of the house," being a mixture of Seven Dials and prison Cant on a basis of *Lingua Franca*. This is a pleasant revelation for Paterfamilias, who may indignantly exclaim, "So, that's what you mean, is it, you impertinent rascal, when you roll the dirty whites of your eyes towards my attic windows?" It will not make the gentle organ-grinder more popular in this metropolis, if he can express such sentiments or entertain such inclinations. At all events, our study of *Lingua Franca* may put us on our guard against the dulcet ruffian, and we shall make, with less remorse than ever, our appeal to the proximate policeman.

Another curious instance of the prevalence of this *Lingua Franca* is the word *Mungarly*, as representing bread or food. *Mungarly Casa* is a baker's shop, evidently a corruption of some *Lingua Franca* phrase for an eating-house. The well-known *Nix Mangiare* stairs at Malta derive their name from the endless beggars, who lie there and shout "Nix Mangiare," *i.e.*, "Nothing to eat," to excite the compassion of the English who land there—an expression which exhibits remarkably the mongrel compo-

sition of the *Lingua Franca*, *mangiare* being Italian, and *nix* an evident importation from Trieste or other Austrian seaport.

There are several Hebrew terms in our Cant language, obtained, it would appear, from the intercourse of the thieves with the Jew *fences* (receivers of stolen goods); many of the Cant terms again are Sanscrit; many Latin, got by the beggars from Catholic prayers before the Reformation. Hindostanee, also, contributes several words which have been introduced by the Lascar sailors, who come over here in the East Indiamen, and lodge during their stay, in the low tramps' lodging-houses at the east-end of London. Our thieves catch at such vocables with avidity, for they serve their secret purposes; and thus the Babel of the world is reconsolidated, as it were, for the benefit of our vagabonds, pickpockets, and burglars. By the time the ends of the world are thus brought together, and the tags of all times are tied up into one great linguistic web, we shall have made a very pretty mess of it, which we must bear as we can, looking on at the chaos, and exchanging in *Lingua Franca* our mutual congratulations.

Into the "short history of Slang, or the vulgar language of fast life," as distinguished from Cant, and which is also prefixed to the substantial part of this dictionary, we do not pretend to enter here. This is a field in which men of every age, region, country, class, and capacity have exercised their inventiveness, where their caprices have

had full fling, and where the results have been simply infinite and immeasurable. Such words and terms as have sprung up in these departments are exempt from all laws and systematization. They do not belong to science, nor can science condescend to regard them, though it looks at them cursorily when arranged in a catalogue. Swift and Arbuthnot may have been fond of this Slang; Dr. Johnson may have been well "up'in" it; it may have been employed by all classes, by the fashionable or upper class to the *bloke* in the *jasey* who can't shut his *tater trap* on the road to that carnival of Slang, the Derby; there may be turf and ring Slang, military and naval, parliamentary, dandy, and visiting Slang—aye, even university, literary, religious, and possibly, episcopal Slang; in all these departments the choice of terms is arbitrary, and the element of caprice forbids their classification. Cant alone is the only element which has definite relations with philology, and which rivets and satisfies the philosophic mind. Mr. Hotten must rest his reputation on Cant, on his conferences with the cadgers, on the mine of real learning which he is exploring and expounding in his intercourse with the ballad chanters and costermongers of this metropolis. He will go down to posterity as the ardent interpreter between us and a seething, fathomless life all about us, or a life that would, at least, have been fathomless in great measure, but for his own keen interest in its manifestations, and his respectable erudition in its analysis and display.

We have not mentioned his acquaintance with two other languages—the *Back Slang* spoken by 30,000 London costers, and the *Rhyming Slang* spoken by 30,000 to 40,000 tramps and cadgers, both of which, or rather the principles of their construction, are given (for the first time, we believe) at the end of this dictionary. The most attractive part of the volume is, perhaps, the Cadgers' Map, facing the title-page of the dictionary, and of the hieroglyphics of which there is a full explanation on pp. 27—32. Little do you know, you inhabitants of green England, how many secret marks by hedgeside and doorstep record to the eye of the observant cadger the description of the degree to which you may be induced to dispense to him your curses, or your coppers, or your broken meat. He can see those chalk marks, *he* can tell their interpretation; he has a hieroglyphic map of a begging district, of which you have never had a conception, and the very existence of which you have never noticed, but of which you will find a fac-simile in Mr. Hotten's volume, which will at least, my gentle friends, open your peepers for the rest of time.

END OF VOL. I.

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